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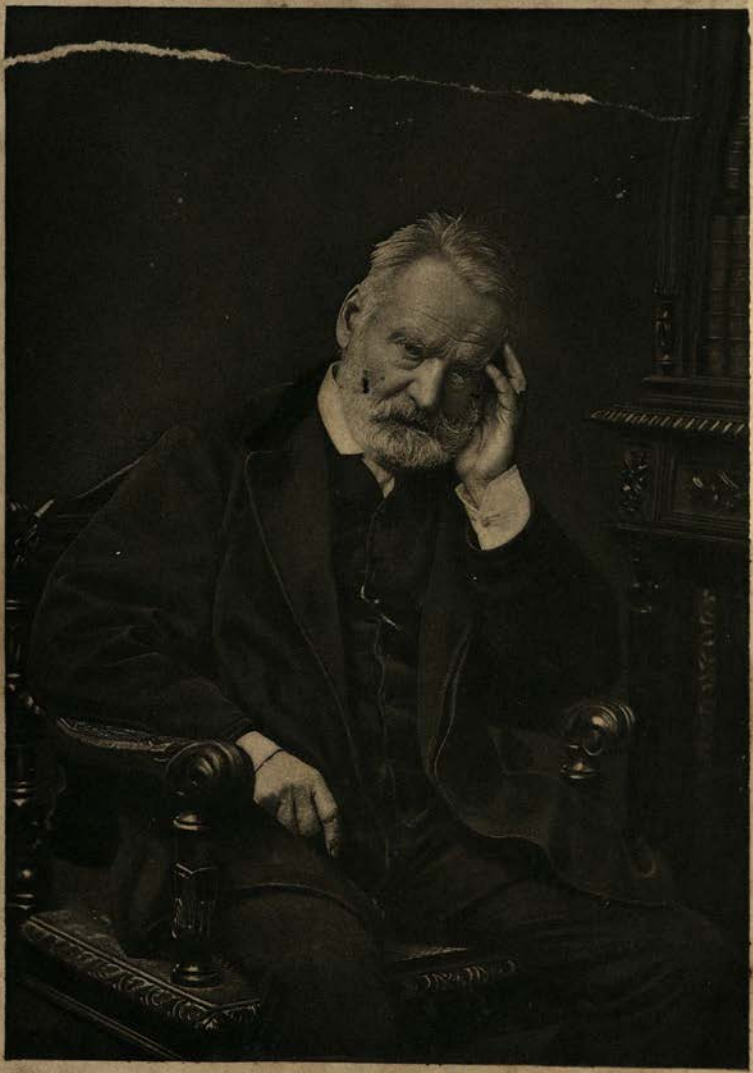
THINGS SEEN

(*CHOSES VUES*)

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THINGS SEEN

(CHOSES VUES)

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BY

VICTOR HUGO

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW AND NEW YORK
1888

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PART I.

1838—1847

CONTENTS.

1838.

PAGE

TALLEYRAND 1

1839.

DIARY OF A PASSER-BY DURING THE RIOT OF THE TWELFTH OF MAY 4

1840.

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON 15

1841.

ORIGIN OF *FANTINE* 47

1842.

FIESCHI 53

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS 57

A DREAM 64

1843.

ROYER-COLLARD 68

1844.

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE 74

1845.

PAGE

VILLEMAIN 82

1846.

ATTEMPT OF LECOMTE 91
ATTEMPT OF JOSEPH HENRI 106
VISIT TO THE CONCIERGERIE 118
COUNT MORTIER 157
SOIRÉE AT M. GUIZOT'S 162

1847.

LORD NORMANBY 166
DINNER AT M. DE SALVANDY'S 167
FUNERAL OF MLLE. MARS 171
FÊTE AT THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER'S 174

THINGS SEEN.

1838.

TALLEYRAND.

May 19*th.*

In the Rue Saint-Florentin, there are a palace and a sewer.

The palace, which is of a rich, handsome and gloomy style of architecture, was long called: *Hôtel de l'Infantado;* now-a-days may be seen on the frontal of its principal doorway: Hotel Talleyrand. During the forty years that he resided in this street, the last tenant of this palace never, perhaps, cast his eyes upon this sewer.

He was a strange, redoubtable, and important personage; his name was Charles Maurice de Périgord; he was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself; the nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade-ground then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through

1

a score of exposures and a voluntary separation, the understanding which he disgraced by acts of baseness.

This man, nevertheless, had grandeur; the splendours of the two régimes were united in him: he was Prince de Vaux in the kingdom of France, and a Prince of the French Empire. During thirty years, from the interior of his palace, from the interior of his thoughts, he had almost controlled Europe. He had permitted himself to be on terms of familiarity with the Revolution, and had smiled upon it: ironically, it is true, but the Revolution had not perceived this. He had come in contact with, known, observed, penetrated, influenced, set in motion, fathomed, bantered, inspired all the men of his time, all the ideas of his time, and there had been moments in his life when, holding in his hand the four or five great threads which moved the civilized universe, he had for his puppet Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation. That is the game which was played by this man.

After the Revolution of July, the old race, of which he was the high chamberlain, having fallen, he found himself once more on his feet, and said to the people of 1830, seated bare-armed upon a heap of paving-stones:—Make me your ambassador!

He received the confession of Mirabeau, and the first confidence of Thiers. He said of himself that he was a great poet, and that he had composed a trilogy in three dynasties:—Act I., *the Empire of Bonaparte;* Act II., *the House of Bourbon;* Act III., *the House of Orleans.*

He did all this in his palace, and, in this palace, like a

spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession, heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, Kings, Princes, Emperors, Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis-Philippe, all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance bearing upon the architrave the inscription:—HOTEL TALLEYRAND.

Well, the day before yesterday, May 17th, 1838, this man died. Doctors came and embalmed the body. To do this, they, like the Egyptians, removed the bowels from the stomach, and the brain from the skull. The work done, after having transformed the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed down this mummy in a coffin lined with white satin, they retired, leaving upon a table the brain—that brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered; he saw what they had left: Hulloa! they have forgotten this. What was to be done with it? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street; he went there, and threw the brain into this sewer.

Finis rerum.

1839.

DIARY OF A PASSER-BY

DURING THE RIOT OF THE 12TH OF MAY.

SUNDAY, *May 12th.*

M. DE TOGORES has just left my house. We have been talking of Spain. To my mind, geographically since the formation of the continents, historically since the conquest of the Gauls, politically since the Duke d'Anjou, Spain forms an integral part of France. *Jose primero* is the same fact as *Felipe quinto;* the idea of Louis XIV. was continued by Napoleon. We cannot, therefore, without grave imprudence neglect Spain. In illness, she weighs upon us; well and strong, she supports us. It is one of our members; we cannot amputate it, it must be tended and cured. Civil war is a gangrene. Woe betide us if we let it grow worse, it will spread upon us. French blood is largely mixed with Spanish blood through Rousillon, Navarre, and Bearn. The Pyrenees are simply a ligature, efficacious only for a time.

M. de Togores was of my opinion. It was also, he said, the opinion of his uncle, the Duke de Frias, when he was President of the Council to Queen Christina.

We also spoke of Mdlle. Rachel, whom he considered mediocre as Eriphila, and whom I had not yet seen.

At three o'clock, I return to my study.

My little daughter, in a state of excitement, opens my door and says: "Papa, do you know what is going on? There is fighting at the Pont Saint-Michel."

I do not believe a word of it. Fresh details. A cook in our house and the neighbouring wine-shop keeper have seen the occurrence. I ask the cook to come up. It is true; while passing along the Quai des Orfèvres, he saw a throng of young men firing musket-shots at the Prefecture of Police. A bullet struck the parapet near him. From there, the assailants ran to the Place du Châtelet and to the Hôtel-de-Ville, still firing. They set out from the *Morgue*, which the good fellow calls the *Morne*.

Poor young fools! In less than twenty-four hours, a large number of those who set out from there will have returned there.

Firing is heard. The houses are in turmoil. Doors and casements open and shut violently. The women-servants chat and laugh at the windows. It is said that the insurrection has spread to the Porte Saint-Martin. I go out and follow the line of the boulevards. The weather is fine. There are crowds of promenaders in their Sunday dress. Drums beat to arms.

At the beginning of the Rue du Pont-aux-Choux are some groups of people looking in the direction of the Rue de l'Oseille. There are a great crowd and a great uproar close to an old fountain which can be seen from the boulevard, and which forms the angle

of an open space in the old Rue du Temple. In the midst of this hubbub, three or four little tricoloured flags are seen to pass. Comments. It is perceived that these flags are simply the ornamentation of a little barrow in which some trifle or other is being hawked about.

At the beginning of the Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire, groups of people look in the same direction. Some workmen in blouses pass near to me. I hear one of them say: "What does that matter to me? I have neither wife, child, nor mistress."

Upon the Boulevard du Temple the *cafés* are closing. The Cirque Olympique is also closing. The Gaîté holds out, and will give a performance.

The crowd of promenaders becomes greater at each step. Many women and children. Three drummers of the National Guard—old soldiers, with solemn mien, pass by, beating to arms. The fountain of the Château d'Eau suddenly throws up its grand holiday streams. At the back, in the low-lying street, the great railings and doorway of the Town Hall of the 5th Arrondissement are closed one inside the other. I notice in the door little loopholes for muskets.

Nothing at the Porte Saint-Martin, but a large crowd peacefully moving about across regiments of infantry and cavalry stationed between the two gateways. The Porte Saint-Martin Theatre closes its box-office. The bills are being taken down on which I see the words *Marie Tudor*. The omnibuses are running.

Throughout this journey I have not heard any firing, but the crowd and vehicles make a great noise.

I return to the Marais. In the old Rue du Temple,

the women, in a state of excitement, gossip at the doorways. Here are the details. The riot spread throughout the neighbourhood. Towards three o'clock, two or three hundred young men, poorly armed, suddenly broke into the Town Hall of the 7th Arrondissement, disarmed the guard, and took the muskets. Thence, they ran to the Hôtel-de-Ville and performed the same freak. As they entered the guard-room they gaily embraced the officer. When they had the Hôtel-de-Ville, what was to be done with it? They went away and left it. If they had France, would they be less embarrassed with it than they were with the Hôtel-de-Ville? There are among them many boys, fourteen or fifteen years old. Some do not know how to load their muskets; others cannot carry them. One of those who fired in the Rue de Paradis fell upon his hind-quarters after the shot. Two drummers, killed at the head of their columns, are placed in the Royal Printing Establishment, of which the principal doorway is shut. At this moment, barricades are being made in the Rue des Quatre Fils, at the corner of all the little Rues de Bretagne, de Poitou, de Touraine, and there are groups of persons listening. A grenadier of the National Guard passes by in uniform, his musket upon his back, looking about him with an uneasy look. It is seven o'clock; from my balcony in the Place Royale platoon-firing is heard.

Eight p.m.—I follow the boulevards as far as the Madeleine. They are covered with troops. National Guards march at the head of all the patrols. The Sunday promenaders intermingle with all this infantry,

all this cavalry. At intervals, a cordon of soldiers quietly empty the crowd from one side of the boulevard to the other. There is a performance at the Vaudeville.

One a.m.—The boulevards are deserted. There remain only the regiments, who bivouac at short distances apart. Coming back, I passed through the little streets of the Marais. All is quiet and gloomy. The old Rue du Temple is as black as a furnace. The lanterns there have been smashed.

The Place Royale is a camp. There are four great fires before the Town Hall, round which the soldiers chat and laugh, seated upon their knapsacks. The flames carve a black silhouette of some and cast a glow upon the faces of the others. The green, fresh leaves of the spring trees rustle merrily above the braziers.

I had a letter to post. I took some precautions in the matter, for everything looks suspicious in the eyes of these worthy National Guards. I recollect that at the period of the riots of April, 1834, I passed by a guard-house of the National Guard with a volume of the works of the Duke de Saint-Simon. I was pointed out as a Saint-Simonian, and narrowly escaped being murdered.

Just as I was going indoors again, a squadron of hussars, held in reserve all day in the courtyard of the Town Hall, suddenly issued forth and filed past me at a gallop, going in the direction of the Rue Saint-Antoine. As I went upstairs, I heard the horses' footfalls retreating in the distance.

MONDAY, *May 13th*, 8 A.M.

Several companies of the National Guard have come and joined the line regiments encamped in the Place Royale.

A number of men in blouses walk about among the National Guard, observed and observing with an anxious look. An omnibus comes out upon the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. It is made to go back. Just now, my floor-polisher leaning upon his broom, said: "Whose side shall I be on?" He added a moment afterwards: "What a filthy government this is! I have thirty francs owing to me, and cannot get anything out of the people!"

The drums beat to arms.

I breakfast as I read the papers. M. Duflot arrives. He was yesterday at the Tuileries. It was at the Sunday reception; the King appeared fatigued—the Queen was low-spirited. Then he went for a walk about Paris. He saw in the Rue du Grand-Hurleur a man who had been killed—a workman, stretched upon the ground, in his Sunday clothing, his forehead pierced by a bullet. It was evening. By his side was a lighted candle. The dead man had rings on his fingers, and his watch in his fob-pocket, from which issued a great bunch of trinkets.

Yesterday at half-past three o'clock, at the first musket-shots, the King sent for Marshal Soult, and said to him: "Marshal, the waters become troubled. Some ministers must be fished up."

An hour afterwards, the Marshal came to the King and said, as he rubbed his hands, in his Southern accent: "This time, Sire, I think we shall manage the business."

There is, in fact, a ministry this morning in the *Moniteur*.

Mid-day.—I go out. Firing can be heard in the Rue Saint-Louis. The men in blouses have been turned out of the Place Royale, and now only those persons who live there are allowed to enter the street. The rioting is in the Rue Saint-Louis. It is feared that the insurgents will penetrate one by one to the Place Royale and fire upon the troops from behind the pillars of the arcades.

Two hundred and twelve years, two months, and two days ago to-day, Beuvron, Bussy d'Amboise, and Buquet on the one hand, and Boutteville, Deschapelles, and Laberthe on the other, fought to the death with swords and daggers in broad daylight, at this same time and in this same Place Royale. Pierre Corneille was then twenty-one years of age. I hear a National Guard express regret at the disappearance of the railing which has just been foolishly pulled down, and of which the fragments are still at this moment lying upon the pavement.

Another National Guard says: "I myself am a Republican, as is natural, for I am a Swiss."

The approaches to the Place Royale are deserted. The firing continues, very sustained, and very close at hand.

In the Rue Saint-Gilles, before the door of the house occupied in 1784 by the famous Countess Lamothe-Valois, of the Diamond Necklace affair, a Municipal Guard bars my passage.

I reach the Rue Saint-Louis by the Rue des Douze-Portes. The Rue Saint-Louis has a singular appearance. At one of the ends can be seen a company of soldiers, who block up the whole street and advance slowly, pointing their muskets. I am hemmed in by

people running away in every direction. A young man has just been killed at the corner of the Rue des Douze-Portes.

It is impossible to go any further. I return in the direction of the boulevard.

At the corner of the Rue du Harlay, there is a cordon of National Guards. One of them, who wears the blue ribbon of July, stops me suddenly. "You cannot pass!" And then his voice suddenly became milder: "Really, I do not advise you to go that way, Sir." I raise my eyes: it is my floor-polisher.

I proceed further.

I arrive in the Rue Saint-Claude. I have only gone forward a few steps when I see all the foot-passengers hurrying. A company of infantry has just appeared at the end of the street, near the church. Two old women, one of whom carries a mattress, utter exclamations of terror. I continue to make my way towards the soldiers, who bar the end of the street. Some young scamps in blouses are bolting in every direction near me. Suddenly the soldiers bring down their muskets and present them. I have only just time to jump behind a street post, which protects, at all events, my legs. I am fired upon. No one falls in the streets. I make towards the soldiers, waving my hat, that they may not fire again. As I come close up to them, they open their ranks for me, I pass, and not a word is exchanged between us.

The Rue Saint-Louis is deserted. It has the appearance which it presents at four o'clock in the morning in summer: shops shut, windows shut, no one about, broad

daylight. In the Rue du Roi-Doré, the neighbours chat at their doorways. Two horses, unharnessed from some cart, of which a barricade has been made, pass up the Rue Saint-Jean-Saint-François, followed by a bewildered carter. A large body of National Guards and troops of the line appear to be in ambush at the end of the Rue Saint-Anastase. I make inquiries. About half-an-hour ago, seven or eight young workmen came there, dragging muskets, which they hardly knew how to load. They were youths of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They silently prepared their arms in the midst of the people of the neighbourhood and the passers-by, who looked on as they did so, then they broke into a house where there were only an old woman and a little child. There they sustained a siege of a few moments. The firing in my direction was aimed at some of them who were running away up the Rue Saint-Claude.

All the shops are closed, except the wine-shop where the insurgents drank, and where the National Guard are drinking.

Three o'clock.—I have just explored the boulevards. They are covered with people and soldiers. Platoon-firing is heard in the Rue Saint-Martin. Before the windows of Fieschi, I saw a lieutenant-general, in full uniform, pass by, surrounded by officers and followed by a squadron of very fine dragoons, sabre in hand. There is a sort of camp at the Château d'Eau ; the actresses of the Ambigu are on the balcony of their green-room, looking on. No theatre on the boulevards will give a performance this evening.

All signs of disorder have disappeared in the Rue Saint-Louis. The rioting is concentrated in the great central markets. A National Guard said to me just now: "There are in the barricades over there more than four thousand of them." I said nothing in reply to the worthy fellow. In moments like this, all eyes are overflowing vessels.

In a house in course of erection in the Rue des Coutures-Saint-Gervais, the builder's men have resumed work. A man has just been killed in the Rue de la Perle. In the Rue des Trois-Pavillons, I see some little girls playing at battledore and shuttlecock. In the Rue de l'Echarpe there is a laundryman in a fright, who says he has seen cannon go by. He counted eight.

Eight p.m.—The Marais remains tolerably quiet. I am informed that there are cannon in the Place de la Bastille. I proceed there, but cannot make out anything; the twilight is too deep. Several regiments stand in silent readiness, infantry and cavalry. A crowd assembles at the sight of the waggons from which supplies are distributed to the men. The soldiers make ready to bivouac. The unloading of the wood for the night-fires is heard.

Midnight.—Complete battalions go the rounds upon the boulevards. The bivouacs are lighted up in all directions, and throw reflections as of a conflagration on the fronts of the houses. A man dressed as a woman has just passed rapidly by me, with a white hat and a very thick black veil, which completely hides his face. As the church

clocks were striking twelve I distinctly heard, amidst the silence of the city, two very long and sustained reports of platoon-firing.

I listen as a long file of carts, making a heavy iron clatter, pass in the direction of the Rue du Temple. Are these cannon?

Nine a.m.—I return home. I notice from a distance that the great bivouac fire lighted at the corner of the Rue Saint-Louis and the Rue de l'Echarpe has disappeared. As I approach, I see a man stooping before the fountain and holding something under the water of the spout. I look. The man looks uneasy. I see that he is extinguishing at the fountain some half-burnt logs of wood; then he loads them upon his shoulders and makes off. They are the last brands which the soldiers have left on the pavement on quitting their bivouacs. In fact, there is nothing left now but a few heaps of red ashes. The soldiers have returned to their barracks. The riot is at an end. It will at least have served to give warmth to a poor wretch in winter time.

1840.

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

NOTES TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

December 15th.

I HAVE heard the drums beat to arms in the streets since half-past six o'clock in the morning. I go out at eleven. The streets are deserted, the shops shut; no passer-by is to be seen save, perhaps, an old woman here and there. It is evident that all Paris has poured forth towards one side of the city like fluid in a slanting vessel. It is very cold; a bright sun, slight mists overhead. The gutters are frozen. As I reach the Louis-Philippe bridge a cloud descends, and a few snowflakes, driven by the northerly wind, lash me in the face. Passing near Notre-Dame I notice that the great bell does not ring.

In the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts the fevered commotion of the fête begins to manifest itself. Aye, it is a fête, the fête of an exiled coffin returning in triumph. Three men of the lower classes, of those poor workmen in rags who are cold and hungry the whole winter-time, walk in front of me rejoicing. One of them jumps about, dances and goes through a thousand absurd antics, crying: "Vive l'Empereur!" Pretty *grisettes*, smartly dressed

pass by, led by their student companions. Hired carriages are making rapidly in the direction of the Invalides. In the Rue du Four the snow thickens. The sky becomes black. The snowflakes are interspersed with white teardrops. Heaven itself seems to wish to hang out signs of mourning.

The storm, however, lasts but a short time. A pale streak of light illumines the angle of the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue du Bac, and there the Municipal Guards stop the vehicles. I pass by. Two great empty waggons conducted by artillerymen come from behind me, and return to their quarters at the end of the Rue de Grenelle just as I come out on the Place des Invalides. Here I fear at first that all is over, and that the Emperor has passed by, so many are the passers-by coming towards me who appear to be returning. It is only the crowd flowing back, driven by a cordon of Municipal Guards on foot. I show my ticket for the first platform on the left, and pass the barrier.

These platforms are immense wooden structures, covering, from the quay to the dome-shaped building, all the grass-plots of the Esplanade. There are three of these on each side.

At the moment of my arrival, the side of the platforms on the right as yet hides the square from my view. I hear a formidable and dismal noise. It seems like innumerable hammers beating time upon the boarding. It is the hundred thousand spectators crowded upon the platforms, who, being frozen by the northerly wind, are stamping to keep themselves warm until such time as the procession shall arrive. I climb up on the platform.

The spectacle is no less strange. The women, nearly all of them wearing heavy boots, and veiled like the female ballad-singers of the Pont-Neuf, are hidden beneath great heaps of furs and cloaks; the men display neckerchiefs of extraordinary size.

The decoration of the square, good and bad. Shabbiness surmounting magnificence. On the two sides of the avenue two rows of figures, heroic, colossal, pale in this cold sunlight, producing rather a fine impression. They appear to be of white marble; but this marble is of plaster. At the extremity, opposite the building, the statue of the Emperor in bronze; this bronze is also of plaster. In each gap between the statues a pillar of painted cloth, and gilded in rather bad taste, surmounted by a brazier, just now filled with snow. Behind the statues, the platforms and the crowd; between the statues, a straggling file of the National Guard; above the platforms, masts, on top of which grandly fluttered sixty long tricoloured pennants.

It appears that there has been no time to finish the decoration of the principal entrance to the building. Above the railings has been roughly constructed a sort of funeral triumphal arch of painted cloth and crape, with which the wind plays as with old linen clothes hung out from the garret of a hovel. A row of poles, plain and bare, rise above the cannon, and, from a distance, look like those small sticks which little children plant in the sand. Cloths and rags, which are supposed to be black drapery with silver spangles, flutter and flap together feebly between these poles. At the end, the Dome, with its flag and mourning drapery, sparkling with a metallic

lustre, subdued by the mist in a brilliant sky, has a sombre and splendid appearance.

It is mid-day.

The cannon at the building is fired at quarter-hour intervals. The crowd stamp their feet. Gendarmes, disguised in plain clothes, but betraying themselves by their spurs and the stocks of their uniforms, walk hither and thither. In front of me a ray of light shows up vividly a rather poor statue of Joan of Arc, who holds in her hand a palm-branch, which she appears to use as a shade, as though the sun affected her eyes.

At a few steps from the statue a fire, at which a number of men of the National Guard warm their feet, is alight in a heap of sand.

From time to time military bandsmen invade an orchestra, raised between the two platforms on the opposite side, perform a funeral flourish, then come down again hastily and disappear in the crowd, only to reappear the moment after. They leave the music for the wine-shop.

A hawker passes along the platform, selling dirges at a half-penny each, and accounts of the ceremony. I buy two of these documents.

All eyes are fixed upon the corner of the Quai d'Orsay, whence the procession is to come out. The cold adds to the feeling of impatience. Black and white lines of vapour ascend here and there through the thick mist of the Champs-Élysées, and detonations are heard in the distance.

Of a sudden, the National Guards hasten to arms. An orderly officer crosses the avenue at a gallop. A line is

formed. Workmen place ladders against the pillars and begin to light the braziers. A salvo of heavy artillery explodes loudly at the east corner of the Invalides; a dense yellow smoke, mingled with golden flashes, fills this whole corner. From the position in which I am placed, the firing of the guns can be seen. They are two fine old engraved cannon of the seventeenth century, which one hears from the noise are of bronze. The procession approaches.

It is half-past twelve.

At the far end of the esplanade, near the river, a double row of mounted grenadiers, with yellow shoulder-belts, solemnly debouch. This is the Gendarmerie of the Seine. It is the head of the procession. At this moment the sun does its duty, and appears in its glory. It is the month of Austerlitz.

After the bearskins of the Gendarmerie of the Seine, the brass helmets of the Paris Municipal Guard, then the tricoloured pennants of the lancers, fluttering in the air in charming fashion. Flourishes of trumpets and beating of drums.

A man in a blue blouse climbs over the outside woodwork, at the risk of breaking his neck on the platform in front of me. No one assists him. A spectator in white gloves looks at him as he does so, and does not hold out a hand to him. The man, however, reaches his destination.

The procession, including generals and marshals, has an admirable effect. The sun, striking the cuirasses of the carabiniers, lights up the breast of each of them with a dazzling star. The three military schools pass by with

erect and solemn bearing, then the artillery and infantry, as though going into action. The ammunition waggons have the spare wheel at the rear, the soldiers carry their knapsacks upon their backs. A short distance off, a great statue of Louis XIV., of ample dimensions and tolerably good design, gilded by the sun, seems to view with amazement all this splendour.

The mounted National Guard appear. Uproar in the crowd. It is sufficiently well disciplined notwithstanding, but it is an inglorious regiment, and this detracts from the effect of a procession of this kind. People laugh. I hear this conversation: "Just look at that fat colonel! How strangely he holds his sword!" "Who is that fellow?" "That is Montalivet."

Interminable legions of the infantry of the National Guard now march past, with arms reversed, like the line regiments, beneath the shadow of this grey sky. A mounted National Guard, who lets fall his shako, and so gallops bareheaded for some time, although successful in catching it, causes much amusement to the gallery, that is to say, to a hundred thousand people.

From time to time the procession halts, then continues on its way. The lighting of the braziers is completed, and they smoke between the statues like great bowls of punch.

Expectation rises higher. Here is the black carriage with silver ornamentation of the chaplain of the Belle-Poule, in the inside of which is seen a priest in mourning; then the great black velvet coach with mirror panels of the St. Helena Commission, four horses to each of these two carriages.

Suddenly the cannon are discharged simultaneously from three different points on the horizon. This triple sound hems in the ear in a sort of triangle, formidable and superb. Drums beat a salute in the distance. The funeral carriage of the Emperor appears. The sun, obscured until this moment, reappears at the same time. The effect is prodigious.

In the distance is seen, in the mist and sunlight, against the grey and russet background of the trees in the Champs-Élysées, beyond the great white phantom-like statues, a kind of golden mountain slowly moving. All that can be distinguished of it as yet is a sort of luminous glistening, which makes now stars, now lightning, sparkle over the whole surface of the car. A mighty roar follows this apparition. It would seem as though this car draws after it the acclamation of the whole city as a torch draws after it its smoke.

As it turns in the avenue of the esplanade, it remains for a few moments at a standstill, through some contingency, before a statue which stands at the corner of the avenue and of the quay. I have since ascertained that this statue was that of Marshal Ney.

At the moment when the funeral car appeared, it was half-past one.

The procession resumes its progress. The car advances slowly. The shape begins to display itself.

Here are the saddle-horses of the marshals and generals who hold the cords of the Imperial pall. Here are the eighty-six subaltern legionaries bearing the banners of the eighty-six departments. Nothing prettier to be conceived than this square, above which flutter a forest of

flags. It might be supposed that a gigantic field of dahlias is on the march.

Here comes a white horse covered from head to foot with a violet pall, accompanied by a chamberlain in pale blue, embroidered with silver, and led by two footmen, dressed in green, with gold lace. It is the Emperor's livery. A shudder goes through the crowd. It is Napoleon's charger! The majority firmly believed it. Had the horse been ridden only for two years by the Emperor, he would be thirty years old, which is a good age for a horse.

The fact is that this palfrey is a good old supernumerary horse, who has filled for some ten years the office of charger in all the military burials over which the Funeral Administration presides. This charger of straw carries on his back the genuine saddle of Bonaparte at Marengo: a crimson velvet saddle with a double row of gold lace, tolerably well worn.

After the horse come, in close and regular formation, the five hundred sailors of the Belle-Poule, youthful faces for the most part, dressed for action, with round jackets, round varnished hats, each with his pistol in his belt, his boarding-axe in hand, and at his side a sword, a cutlass with a large handle of polished iron.

The salvoes continue. At this moment the story goes the round of the crowd that the first discharge of cannon at the Invalides has cut off the legs of a Municipal Guard at the thighs. By an oversight, the gun had not been unloaded. It is added that a man has fallen down in the Place Louis XV. under the wheels of the cars, and has been crushed to death.

The car is now very near. It is almost immediately preceded by the officers of the Belle-Poule, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, on horseback. The Prince de Joinville's face is covered with a beard (fair), which appears to me contrary to the rules of the naval forces. He wears for the first time the grand ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Hitherto, he figured upon the roll of the Legion only as a plain knight.

Arriving immediately in front of me, a slight momentary interruption, I know not from what cause, takes place; the car halts. It remains stationary for a few minutes between the statue of Joan of Arc and the statue of Charles V.

I can survey it at leisure. The effect, as a whole, is not wanting in grandeur. It is an enormous mass, gilt all over, of which the tiers rise pyramid-like above the four great gilt wheels which bear it. Under the violet pall, studded with bees, which covers it from top to bottom, some tolerably fine details may be observed: the wild-looking eagles of the base, the fourteen Victories of the top-piece bearing upon a golden support the representation of a coffin. The real coffin is invisible. It has been deposited inside the basement, which detracts from the sensational effect. That is the grave defect of this car. It conceals what one would wish to see, what France has demanded, what the people expect, what every eye seeks—the coffin of Napoleon.

Upon the sham sarcophagus have been deposited the insignia of the Emperor, the crown, the sword, the sceptre, and the robe. In the gilded orifice which divides the Victories on the summit from the eagles at the base,

can be distinctly seen, in spite of the gilding already partly chipped off, the joins in the deal planks. Another defect. This gold is merely imitation. Deal and pasteboard, that is the reality. I could have wished for the Emperor's funeral car a splendour of a genuine character.

Nevertheless, the greater part of this sculptural composition has some boldness and artistic merit, although the conception of the design and the ornamentation hesitate between the Renaissance and the Rococo.

Two immense bundles of flags, conquered from all the nations of Europe, rise in glorious splendour from the front and rear of the car.

The car, with all its load, weighs twenty-six thousand pounds. The coffin alone weighs five thousand pounds.

Nothing more surprising and more superb could be imagined than the set of sixteen horses who draw the car. They are terrific creatures, adorned with white plumes flowing down to the haunches, and covered from head to foot with a splendid caparison of gold-cloth, leaving only their eyes visible, which gives them an indescribable air of phantom steeds.

Valets in the Imperial livery lead this imposing cavalcade.

On the other hand, the worthy and venerable generals who hold the cords of the pall have an appearance as far removed from the fantastic as could well be conceived. At the head, two marshals, the Duke de Reggio,* diminu-

* The Duke de Reggio is not really blind in one eye. A few years ago, as the result of a cold, the marshal had an attack of local paralysis which affected the right cheek and pupil. Since that time

tive and blind in one eye, to the right; to the left, Count Molitor; in the rear, on the right, an admiral, Baron Duperre, a stout and jovial sailor; on the left, a lieutenant-general, Count Bertrand—old, exhausted, broken-down, a noble and illustrious figure. All four wear the red ribbon.

The car, let it be said by the way, was not intended to be drawn by more than eight horses. Eight horses is a symbolical number which has a significance in the ceremonial. Seven horses, nine horses, are a waggoner's team; sixteen horses are for a stonemason's dray; eight horses are for an Emperor.*

he cannot open the one eye. However, throughout this ceremony he displayed wonderful courage. Covered with wounds and seventy-five years of age, he remained in the open air, in a temperature of fourteen degrees, from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, in full uniform and without a cloak, out of respect for his general. He made the journey from Courbevoie to the Invalides on foot, *on his three broken legs*, as the Duchess de Reggio wittily said to me. The Marshal, in fact, having suffered two fractures of the right leg and one of the left, has really had three legs broken.

After all, it is remarkable that, out of so many veterans exposed for so great a length of time to this severe cold, no mishap should have happened to any one of them. Strange to say, this funeral did not bury anybody.

* 29*th of December*, 1840.—It has since been ascertained that the magnificent saddle-cloths of gold brocade which caparisoned the sixteen horses were of spun glass. An unworthy saving. An unseemly deception. This singular announcement now appears in the newspapers:—

"A large number of persons who came to the spun-glass warehouse at No. 97, Rue de Charonne, to see the mantle which adorned the sides of the funeral car of Napoleon, wished to keep a souvenir of the great ceremony by buying a few eagles from this mantle. The manager of the establishment, who, in obedience to the command of

The spectators upon the platforms have continued without intermission to stamp with the soles of their boots, except at the moment when the catafalque passed before them. Then only are the feet silent. One can tell that a great thought flashes through the crowd.

The car has resumed its progress, the drums beat a salute, the firing of the cannon is more rapid. Napoleon is at the gates of the Invalides. It is ten minutes to two.

Behind the bier come in civilian dress all the survivors of the Emperor's household, then all the survivors of the soldiers of the Guard, clad in their glorious uniforms, already unfamiliar to us.

The remainder of the procession, made up of regiments of the regular army and the National Guard, occupies, it is said, the Quai d'Orsay, the Louis XVI. bridge, the Place de la Concorde and the Avenue des Champs-Élysées as far as the Arc de l'Étoile.

The car does not enter the courtyard of the Invalides; the railings planted by Louis XIV. are too low. It turns off to the right; sailors are seen to enter into the basement and issue forth again with the coffin, then disappear beneath the porch erected at the entrance to the enclosure. They are in the courtyard.

All is over for the spectators outside. They descend very noisily and hurriedly from the platforms. Knots of

the government, was obliged to refuse them, is now in a position to accede to their request."

So we have a bronze statue in plaster, solid gold Victories in pasteboard, an Imperial mantle in spun glass, and—a fortnight after the ceremony—eagles for sale.

people stop at short distances apart before some posters stuck to the boards and running thus: *Leroy, refreshment contractor, Rue de la Serpe, near the Invalides. Choice wines and hot pastry.*

I can now examine the decoration of the avenue. Nearly all these statues in plaster are bad. Some are ridiculous. The Louis XIV. which, at a distance, had solidity, is grotesque at near sight. Macdonald is a good likeness. Mortier the same. Ney would be so if he had not had so high a forehead given to him. In fact, the sculptor has made it exaggerated and ridiculous in the attempt to be melancholy. The head is too large. In reference to this, it is said that in the hurry of improvising the statues, the measurements have been given incorrectly. On the day when they had to be delivered, the statuary sent in a Marshal Ney a foot too tall. What did the people of the Beaux-Arts department do? They sawed out of the statue a slice of the stomach twelve inches wide, and stuck the two pieces together again as well as they were able.

The bronze-coloured plaster of the statue of the Emperor is stained and covered with spots, which make the imperial robe look like a patchwork of old green baize.

This reminds me, for the generation of ideas is a strange mystery, that this summer, at the residence of M. Thiers, I heard Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, say how Napoleon loved old coats and old hats. I understand and share this taste. For a brain which works, the pressure of a new hat is insupportable.

The Emperor, said Marchand, took away with him when he quitted France, three coats, two surtouts and two hats; he got through his six years at St. Helena with this wardrobe; he did not wear any uniform.

Marchand added other curious details. The Emperor, at the Tuileries, often appeared to rapidly change his attire. In reality this was not so. The Emperor usually wore civilian dress, that is to say, breeches of white kerseymere, white silk stockings, shoes with buckles. But there was always in the next apartment a pair of riding-boots, lined with white silk up to the knees. When anything happened which made it necessary for the Emperor to mount on horseback, he took off his slippers, put on his boots, got into his uniform, and was transformed into a soldier. Then he returned home, took off his boots, put on his slippers again, and became once more a civilian. The white breeches, the stockings and the shoes were never worn more than one day. On the morrow these Imperial cast-off clothes belonged to the valet-de-chambre.

It is three o'clock. A salvo of artillery announces that the ceremony at the Invalides is at an end. I meet B. . . He has just come out. The sight of the coffin has produced an ineffable impression.

The words which were spoken were simple and grand. The Prince de Joinville said to the king: "*Sire, I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.*" The king replied: "*I receive it in the name of France.*" Then he said to Bertrand: "*General, place upon the coffin the*

glorious sword of the Emperor." And to Gourgaud: "*General, place upon the coffin the hat of the Emperor.*"

Mozart's *Requiem* had but little effect. Beautiful music already faded with age. Music too, alas, becomes faded with age!

The catafalque was only finished one hour before the arrival of the coffin. B. . . was in the church at eight o'clock in the morning. It was as yet only half draped, and ladders, tools and workmen encumbered it. The crowd were coming in during this time. Large gilt palms of five or six feet in height were tried on the four corners of the catafalque. But after being put in position they were seen to produce but a poor effect. They were removed.*

The Prince de Joinville, who had not seen his family for six months, went up and kissed the hand of the Queen, and heartily shook hands with his brothers and sisters. The Queen received him in stately fashion without demonstration, as a Queen rather than as a mother.

During this time, the archbishops, *curés* and priests sang the *Requiescat in pace* around the coffin of Napoleon.

The procession was fine, but too exclusively military, sufficing for Bonaparte, not for Napoleon. All the bodies in the State should have figured in it, at least

* 23*rd of December.*—Since the transfer of the coffin, the church of the Invalides is open to the crowd who visit it. There pass through it daily a hundred thousand persons, from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the evening. The lighting of the chapel costs the State 350 francs a day. M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior (who it may be stated by the way is said to be a son of the Emperor), groans aloud at this expense.

by deputy. The fact is, the thoughtlessness of the government has been extreme. It was in haste to be done with the affair. Philippe de Ségur, who followed the car as a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor, told me how at Courbevoie, on the banks of the river, in an atmosphere of fourteen degrees, this morning, there was not even a waiting-room with a fire in it. These two hundred veterans of the Emperor's household had to wait for an hour and a half in a kind of Greek temple exposed to the wind from all quarters of the compass.

The same neglect was shewn with respect to the steam-boats which took the body from Havre to Paris, a journey remarkable nevertheless for the earnest and solemn demeanour of the riverside populations. None of these boats was suitably fitted up. Victuals were wanting. No beds. Orders given that no one should land. The Prince de Joinville was obliged to sleep, one of a party of twenty, in a common room upon a table. Others slept underneath. The men slept on the ground, and the more fortunate upon benches or chairs. It seemed as though those in authority were in ill-humour. The Prince complained openly of it, and said: In this affair all that emanates from the people is great, all that emanates from the government is paltry.

Wishing to reach the Champs-Élysées, I crossed the suspension bridge where I paid my half-penny. A real act of generosity, for the mob which crowds the bridge neglects to pay.

The legions and regiments are in battle array in the

Avenue de Neuilly. The avenue is decorated, or, rather, dishonoured along its entire length by fearful statues in plaster representing figures of Fame and triumphal columns crowned with golden eagles and placed in a blank space upon grey marble pedestals. The street-boys amuse themselves by making holes in this marble which is made of cloth.

Upon each column are seen between two bundles of tricoloured flags, the name and the date of one of the victories of Bonaparte.

An inferior theatrical looking group occupies the top of the Arc de Triomphe : the Emperor erect upon a car surrounded by figures of Fame, having on his right, Glory, and on his left, Grandeur. What is the meaning of a statue of grandeur? How can grandeur be expressed by means of a statue? Is it in making it larger than the others? This is monumental nonsense.

This scenic effect, poorly gilt, is turned towards Paris. By going to the other side of the Arc, one can see the back of it. It is a regular theatrical set piece. On the side looking towards Neuilly, the Emperor, the Glories, and the Fames become simply pieces of framework clumsily shaped.

With regard to this matter, the figures in the Avenue des Invalides have been strangely chosen, be it said by the way. The published list gives bold and singular conjunctions of names.—Here is one: *Lobau. Charlemagne. Hugues Capet.*

A few months ago, I was taking a walk in these same Champs-Elysées with Thiers, then Prime Minister. He

would without doubt have managed the ceremony with greater success. He would have put his heart into it. He had ideas. He loves and appreciates Napoleon. He told me some anecdotes of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat allowed him to see the unpublished memoirs of his mother. There are in them a hundred details. The Emperor was good-natured and loved to tease people. To tease is the malice of good men. Caroline, his sister, wanted to be a Queen. He made her a Queen—Queen of Naples. But the poor woman had many troubles from the moment she had a throne, and became as she sat on it somewhat careworn and faded. One day, Talma was breakfasting with Napoleon—etiquette permitted Talma to come only to breakfast. Hereupon, Queen Caroline, just arrived from Naples, pale and fatigued, calls upon the Emperor. He looks at her, then turns towards Talma, much embarrassed between these two majesties. "My dear Talma," he said, "they all want to be Queens, they lose their beauty in consequence. Look at Caroline. She is a Queen; she is ugly."

As I pass, the demolition is just being finished of the innumerable stands, draped with black, and ornamented with rout seats, which have been erected by speculators at the entrance to the Avenue de Neuilly. Upon one of them, facing the Beaujon garden, I read this inscription: —*Seats to let. Austerlitz grand stand. Apply to M. Berthellemot, confectioner.*

On the other side of the Avenue, upon a showman's booth adorned with frightful pictorial signs representing, one of them the death of the Emperor, the other the

encounter at Mazagran, I read another inscription: *Napoleon in his coffin. Three half-pence.*

Men of the lower classes pass by and sing: *Long live my great Napoleon! Long live old Napoleon!* Hawkers make their way through the crowd, shouting: Tobacco and cigars! Others offer to the passers-by some kind of hot and steaming liquor out of a copper tea-urn covered with a black cloth. An old woman at a stall coolly puts on an under-garment in the midst of the hurly-burly. Towards five o'clock, the funeral car, now empty, returns by way of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées to be put up under the Arc de Triomphe. This is a capital idea. But the magnificent spectre-horses are tired. They walk with difficulty, and slowly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the drivers. Nothing stranger can be imagined than the shouts of *hu-ho* and *dia-hu* lavished upon this Imperial, but at the same time fantastic, team.

I return home by the boulevards. The crowd there is immense; suddenly it falls back and looks round with a certain air of respect. A man passes proudly by in its midst. He is an old huzzar of the Imperial Guard, a veteran of great height and lusty appearance. He is in full uniform, with tight-fitting red trousers, a white waistcoat with gold braid, a sky-blue pelisse, a busby with a grenade and plaited loop, his sword at his side, his sabretache beating upon his thighs, an eagle upon his satchel. All round him the little children cry: Vive l'Empereur!

It is certain that all this ceremony has been curiously like a juggle. The government appeared to fear the phantom which it had raised. It seemed as though the

object was both to show and to hide Napoleon. Everything which would have been too grand or too touching was left out of sight. The real and the grandiose were concealed beneath more or less splendid coverings, the Imperial procession was juggled into the military procession, the army was juggled into the National Guard, the Chambers were juggled into the Invalides, the coffin was juggled into the cenotaph.

What was wanted on the contrary was that Napoleon should be taken up frankly, honoured, treated royally and popularly as Emperor, and then strength would have been found just where a failure almost took place.

To-day, the 8th of May, I returned to the Invalides to see the St. Jérôme chapel, where the Emperor is temporarily placed. All traces of the ceremony of the 15th of December have disappeared from the esplanade. The quincunxes have been cut out afresh; the grass, however, has not yet grown again. There was some sunshine, accompanied now and then by clouds and rain. The trees were green and lusty. The poor old pensioners were talking quietly to a group of youngsters, and walking in their little gardens full of bouquets. It is that delightful period of the year when the late lilacs have shed their petals, when the early laburnums are in bloom. The great shadows of the clouds pass rapidly across the forecourt, where stands under an archivault on the first floor, a plaster equestrian statue of Napoleon, a rather pitiful counterpart to the equestrian Louis XIV. boldly chiselled in stone over the great portal.

All round the court, below the eaves of the building,

are still stuck up, as the last vestiges of the funeral, the long narrow strips of black cloth upon which had been painted in golden letters, three by three, the names of the generals of the Revolution and the Empire. The wind begins, however, to tear them down here and there. On one of these strips, of which the torn end floated in mid-air, I read these three names:

SAURET—CHAMBURE—HUG . . .

The end of the third name had been torn and carried off by the wind. Was it *Hugo* or *Huguet?*

Some young soldiers were entering the church. I followed these *tourlourous*, as the phrase goes now-a-days. For in time of war the soldier calls the citizen a *pékin*, in time of peace the citizen calls the soldier a *tourlourou*.

The church was bare and cold, almost deserted. At the end, a large gray cloth covering, stretched from top to bottom, hid the enormous archivault of the dome. Behind this covering could be heard the muffled and almost funereal sound of hammers.

I walked about for an instant or two reading upon the pillars the names of all the warriors buried there.

All along the nave above our heads, the flags conquered from the enemy, that accumulation of splendid tatters, were gently wafted near the roof. In the intervals between the blows of the hammers, I heard a muttering in a corner of the church. It was an old woman at confession.

The soldiers went out and myself behind them. They turned to the right along the Metz corridor, and we mixed with a tolerably large and very well-dressed crowd

going in that direction. The corridor leads to the inner court in which the minor entrance to the Dome is situated.

There I found three more statues, of lead, taken I know not where from, which I remember to have seen on this same spot as a little child in 1815, at the time of the mutilation of buildings, dynasties, and nations, which took place at that period. These three statues, in the worst style of the Empire, cold as allegory, gloomy as mediocrity, stand alongside the wall there, on the grass, amidst a mass of architectural capitals, with an indescribable suggestion of tragedies which have been damned. One of them leads a lion by a chain, and represents Might. Nothing can appear so much out of place as a statue standing upon the ground without a pedestal; it looks like a horse without a rider, or a king without a throne. There are but two alternatives for the soldier,—battle or death; there are but two for the king,—empire or the tomb; there are but two for the statue,—to stand erect against the sky or to lie flat upon the ground. A statue on foot puzzles the mind and bothers the eye. One forgets that it is of plaster or bronze, and that bronze does not walk any more than plaster, and one is tempted to say to this poor creature with a human face so awkward and wretched-looking in its ostentatious attitude: 'Now then, go on, be off with you, march, keep going, move yourself! The ground is beneath your feet. What stops you? Who hinders you?' The pedestal at least explains the want of motion. For statues as for men, a pedestal is a small space, narrow and respectable, with four precipices around it.

After having passed by the statues, I turned to the

right and entered the church by the great door at the rear, facing the boulevard. Several young women pass through the doorway at the same time as myself, laughing and calling to each other. The sentry allowed us to pass. He was a bent and melancholy-looking old soldier, sword in hand, perhaps an old grenadier of the Imperial Guard, silent and motionless in the shadow, and resting the end of his worn wooden leg upon a marble fleur-de-lys, half chipped out of the stone.

To get to the chapel where Napoleon is, one has to walk over a pavement tesselated with fleurs-de-lys. The crowd, women and soldiers, were in haste. I entered the church with slow steps.

A light from above, wan and pale, the light of a workshop rather than of a church, illuminated the interior of the dome. Immediately under the cupola, at the spot where the altar was and the tomb will be, stood, covered on the side of the aisle by the mass of black drapery, the immense scaffolding used in pulling down the baldachin erected under Louis XIV. No trace of this baldachin remained save the shafts of six great wooden columns supporting the head. These columns, destitute of capital or abacus, were still supported vertically by six shaped logs which had been put in place of the pedestals. The gold foliage, the spirals of which gave them a certain appearance of twisted columns, had already disappeared, leaving a black mark upon the six gilt shafts. The workmen perched up here and there inside the scaffolding looked like great birds in an enormous cage.

Others, below, were tearing up the stone floor. Others

again passed up and down the church, carrying their ladders, whistling and chatting.

On my right, the chapel of Saint-Augustin was full of *débris*. Huge blocks, broken and in heaps, of that splendid mosaic work in which Louis XIV. had set his fleurs-de-lys and sunflowers, concealed the feet of Saint Monica and Saint Alipa, looking wonder-stricken and shocked in their niches. The statue of Religion by Girardon, erect between the two windows, looked gravely down upon this confusion.

Beyond the chapel of Saint-Augustin, some large marble slabs, which had formed the covering of the dome, placed vertically against each other, half hid a white, war-like, recumbent figure of a warrior beneath a rather high pyramid of black marble fixed in the wall. Underneath this figure, in a gap between the flagstones, could be read the three letters—

U B A

It was the tomb of Vauban.

On the opposite side of the church, in front of the tomb of Vauban, was the tomb of Turenne. The latter had been treated with greater respect than the other. No accumulation of ruins rested against that great sculptural design, more pompous than funereal, made for the stage rather than the church, in harmony with the frigid and exalted etiquette which ruled the art of Louis XIV. No palisade, no mound of rubbish prevented the passer-by from seeing Turenne attired as a Roman Emperor dying of an Austrian bullet above the bronze bas-relief of the battle of Turckheim, or from

deciphering this memorable date: 1675, the year in which Turenne died, the Duke de Saint-Simon was born, and Louis XIV. laid the foundation-stone of the Hôtel des Invalides.

On the right, against the scaffolding of the dome and the tomb of Turenne, between the silence of this sepulchre and the noise of the workmen, in a little barricaded and deserted chapel, I could discern behind a railing, through the opening of a white arch, a group of gilt statues, placed there pell-mell, and doubtless torn from the baldachin, conversing apparently in whispers on the subject of all this devastation. There were six of them, six winged and luminous angels, six golden phantoms, gloomily illuminated by a pale stream of sunlight. One of these statues indicated to the others with uplifted finger the chapel of Saint-Jérôme, gloomy, and in mourning drapery, and seemed to utter with consternation the word: Napoleon. Above these six spectres, upon the cornice of the little roof of the chapel, a great angel in gilt wood was playing upon a violoncello with eyes upturned to heaven, almost in the attitude which Veronese ascribes to Tintoretto in the Marriage at Cana.

By this time, I had arrived at the threshold of the chapel of Saint-Jérôme.

A great archivault, with a lofty door-curtain of rather paltry violet cloth, *stamped* with a fret-work pattern, and with golden palm-leaves; at the top of the door-curtain, the Imperial escutcheon in painted wood; on the left, two bundles of tricoloured flags, surmounted with eagles

looking like cocks touched up for the occasion; pensioners wearing the Legion of Honour, carrying pikes; the crowd, silent and reverential, entering under the archway; at the extremity, eight or ten paces distant, an iron gateway, bronzed; upon the gateway, which is of a heavy and feeble style of ornamentation, lions' heads, gilt N.'s with a tinsel-like appearance, the arms of the Empire, the *main-de-justice** and sceptre, the latter surmounted by a seated miniature of Charlemagne, crowned and globe in hand; beyond the gateway, the interior of the chapel, a something indescribably august, formidable, and striking: a swinging lamp alight, a golden eagle with wide-spread wings, the stomach glistening in the gloomy reflection of the lamplight, and the wings in the reflection of the sunlight; under the eagle, beneath a vast and dazzling bundle of enemies' flags, the coffin, the ebony supports and brass-handles of which were visible; upon the coffin, the great Imperial crown like that of Charlemagne, the gold laurel diadem like that of Cæsar, the violet velvet pall studded with bees; in front of the coffin, upon a credence-table, the hat of St. Helena and the sword of Eylau; upon the wall, to the right of the coffin, in the centre of a silver shield, the word *Wagram;* on the left, in the centre of another shield, another word: Austerlitz; all round, upon the wall, a hanging of violet velvet embroidered with bees and eagles; at the top, on the spandrel of the nave, above the lamp, the eagle, the crown, the sword, and

* The *main-de-justice* was the sceptre, surmounted by a hand, which was used at the coronation of the kings of France.—*Translator's note.*

the coffin, a fresco, and in this fresco the angel of judgment sounding the trumpet over Saint-Jérôme asleep—that is what I saw at a glance, and that is what a minute sufficed to engrave upon my memory for life.

The hat, low-crowned, wide-brimmed, but little worn, trimmed with a black ribbon, out of which appeared a small tricoloured cockade, was placed upon the sword, of which the chased gold hilt was turned towards the entrance to the chapel and the point towards the coffin.

There was some admixture of meanness amidst all this grandeur. It was mean on account of the violet cloth, which was stamped and not embroidered; of the pasteboard painted to look like stone; of the hollow iron made to look like bronze; of that wooden escutcheon; of those N.'s in tinsel; of that canvas Roman column, painted to look like granite; of those eagles almost like cocks. The grandeur was in the spot, in the man, in the reality, in the sword, in the hat, in that eagle, in those soldiers, in that assemblage of people, in that ebony coffin, in that ray of sunlight.

The people were there as before an altar, in which the Supreme Being should be visible. But in leaving the chapel, after having gone a hundred steps, they entered to see the kitchen and the great saucepan. Such is the nature of the people.

It was with profound emotion that I contemplated that coffin. I remembered that, less than a twelvemonth previously, in the month of July, a M. —— presented himself at my house, and after having told me that he was in business as a cabinet-maker in the Rue des

Tourelles, and a neighbour of mine, begged me to give him my advice respecting an important and precious article which he was commissioned to make just then. As I am greatly interested in the improvement of that small internal architecture which is called furniture, I responded favourably to the request, and accompanied M. —— to the Rue des Tourelles. There, after having made me pass through several large, well-filled rooms, and shown me an immense quantity of oak and mahogany furniture, Gothic chairs, writing-tables with carved rails, tables with twisted legs, among which I admired a genuine old sideboard of the Renaissance, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and marble, very dilapidated and very charming—the cabinet-maker showed me into a great workshop full of activity, bustle and noise, where some twenty workmen were at work upon some kind or other of pieces of black wood which they had in their hands. I saw, in a corner of the workshop, a kind of large black ebony box, about eight feet long and three feet wide, ornamented at each end with big brass rings. I went towards it. "That is precisely," said the employer, "what I wanted to show to you." This black box was the coffin of the Emperor. I saw it then, I saw it again to-day. I saw it empty, hollow, wide open. I saw it once more full, tenanted by a great souvenir, for ever closed.

I remember that I contemplated the inside for a long time. I looked especially at a long pale streak in the ebony which formed the left-hand side, and I said to myself: 'In a few months the lid will be closed upon this coffin, and my eyes will perhaps have been closed for three or four thousand years before it will be given to

any other human eyes to see what I see at this moment—the inside of the coffin of Napoleon.'

I then took all the pieces of the coffin which were not yet fastened. I raised them and weighed them in my hands. The ebony was very fine and very heavy. The head of the establishment, in order to give me an idea of the general effect, had the lid put on the coffin by six men. I did not like the commonplace shape given to the coffin, a shape given nowadays to all coffins, to all altars, and to all wedding caskets. I should have preferred that Napoleon should have slept in an Egyptian tomb like Sesostris, or in a Roman sarcophagus like Merovée. That which is simple is also imposing.

Upon the lid shone in tolerably large characters the name: Napoleon. "What metal are these letters made of?" I asked the man. He replied: "In copper, but they will be gilded." "These letters," I rejoined, "must be in gold. In less than a hundred years, copper letters will have become oxydised and will have eaten into the woodwork of the coffin. How much would gold letters cost the State?" "About twenty thousand francs, sir." The same evening, I called on M. Thiers, who was then President of the Council, and I explained the matter to him. "You are right," said M. Thiers, "the letters shall be of gold; I will go and give the necessary order for them." Three days afterwards, the treaty of the 15th of July burst upon us; I do not know whether M. Thiers gave the order, whether it was executed, or whether the letters on the coffin are gold letters.

I left the chapel of Saint-Jérôme as four o'clock was

striking, and I said to myself as I left: 'To all appearance, here is a tinsel N which smashes, eclipses, and supersedes the marble L's with their crowns and fleurs-de-lys of Louis XIV.; but, in reality, it is not so. If this dome is narrow, history is wide. A day will come when Louis XIV. will have his dome restored to him, and a sepulchre will be given to Napoleon. The great King and the great Emperor will each be at home, in peace the one with the other, both venerated, both illustrious—the one because he personifies royalty in the eyes of Europe, the other because he represents France in the eyes of the world.'

To-day, the 11th of March, 1841, three months afterwards, I saw once more the Esplanade of the Invalides.

I went to see an old officer who was ill. The weather was the finest imaginable; the sun was warm and young; it was a day for the end rather than the beginning of spring.

The whole esplanade is in confusion. It is encumbered with the ruins of the funeral. The scaffolding of the platforms has been removed. The squares of grass which they covered have reappeared, hideously cut up by the deep ruts of the builder's waggons. Of the statues which lined the triumphal avenue, two only remain standing—*Marceau* and *Duguesclin*. Here and there heaps of stone, the remains of the pedestals. Soldiers, pensioners, apple-women, wander about amidst this fallen poetry.

A merry crowd was passing rapidly in front of the Invalides, going to see the artesian well. In a silent corner of the Esplanade stood two omnibuses, painted a

chocolate colour (*Béarnaises*), bearing this inscription in large letters :—

PUITS DE L'ABATTOIR DE GRENELLE.

Three months ago they bore this one :—

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON AT THE INVALIDES.

In the courtyard of the building, the sun cheered and warmed a crowd of youngsters and old men, the most charming sight imaginable. It was public visiting day. The curious presented themselves in great numbers. Gardeners were clipping the hedges. The lilacs were bursting into bud in the little gardens of the pensioners. A little boy of fourteen years of age was singing at the top of his voice while sitting up on the carriage of the last cannon on the right, the same one which killed a gendarme in firing the first funeral salvo on the 15th of December.

I may mention, by the way, that during the last three months, these excellent sixteenth and seventeenth century pieces have been perched upon hideous little cast-iron carriages, producing a most mean and wretched effect. The old wooden carriages, enormous, squat, massive, worthily supported these gigantic and magnificent bronzes. A bevy of children, languidly looked after by their nurses, each of whom was leaning against her soldier, were playing amongst the twenty-four great culverins brought from Constantine and Algiers.

These gigantic engines, at least, have been spared the affront of *uniform* carriages. They lie flat on the ground

on the two sides of the gateway. Time has painted the bronze a light and pretty green colour, and they are covered with arabesques on large plates. Some of them, the least handsome, it must be admitted, are of French manufacture. Upon the breech is the inscription:—*François Durand, metal-founder to the King of France, Algiers.*

While I copied the inscription, a tiny little girl, pretty and fresh-coloured, dressed all in white, amused herself by filling with sand, with her ruddy little fingers, the touch-hole of one of these great Turkish cannons. A pensioner, with bare sword, standing upon two wooden legs, and no doubt guarding this artillery, looked at her as she did so, and smiled.

Just as I was leaving the Esplanade, towards three o'clock, a little group walked slowly across it. It was composed of a man dressed in black, with a band of crape on his arm and hat, followed by three others, of whom one, clad in a blue blouse, held a little boy by the hand. The man with the crape had under his arm a kind of box of a lightish colour, half hidden under a black cloth, which he carried as a musician carries the case in which his instrument is kept. I approached them. The black man was an undertaker's mute; the box was a child's coffin.

The course taken by the little procession, parallel with the front of the Invalides, intersected at a right angle that which three months ago had been followed by the hearse of Napoleon.

1841.

ORIGIN OF FANTINE.

V. H. was elected to the Académie one Tuesday. Two days afterwards, Madame de Girardin, who lived at that time in the Rue Laffitte, invited him to dinner.

At this dinner was Bugeaud, as yet only a general, who had just been appointed Governor-General of Algeria, and who was just going out to his post.

Bugeaud was then a man of sixty-five years of age, vigorous, with a very fresh complexion, and pitted with small-pox. He had a certain abruptness of manner which was never rudeness. He was a mixture of rustic and man of the world, old-fashioned and easy mannered, having nothing of the heaviness of the old martinet, witty and gallant.

Madame de Girardin placed the general on her right and V. H. on her left. A conversation sprang up between the poet and the soldier, Madame de Girardin acting as interpreter.

The general was in very bad humour with Algeria. He maintained that this conquest precluded France from speaking firmly to Europe; that nothing was easier to conquer than Algeria, that the forces could easily be

blockaded there, that they would be taken like rats, and that they would make but one mouthful; moreover, that it was very difficult to colonize Algeria, and that the soil was unproductive; he had examined the land himself, and he found that there was a distance of a foot and a half between each stalk of wheat.

"So then," said V. H., "that is what has become of what was formerly called the granary of the Romans! But even supposing it were as you say, I think our new conquest is a fortunate and grand affair. It is civilization trampling upon barbarism. It is an enlightened people which goes out to a people in darkness. We are the Greeks of the world; it is for us to illumine the world. Our mission is being accomplished, I only sing Hosanna! You differ from me, it is clear. You speak as a soldier, as a man of action. I speak as a philosopher and a thinker."*

V. H. left Madame de Girardin rather early. It was on the 9th of January. It was snowing in large flakes. He had on thin shoes, and when he was in the street he saw that it was impossible to return home on foot. He went

* In 1846—five years afterwards—the opinion of Marshal Bugeaud had completely changed. He came to see Victor Hugo, then a Peer of France, to beg him to speak on the subject of the Budget. Bugeaud said, experience had convinced him that the annexation of Algeria to France had excellent points; that he had discovered a suitable system of colonisation; that he would people the Mitidja—a great table-land in the interior of Africa—with civilian colonists; that, side by side, he would establish a colony of soldiers. He took a lance as a comparison: the handle would be the civilians, the spear the troops; so that the two colonies would join without being intermingled, &c., &c. To sum up, General Bugeaud, whom Africa had made a Marshal and Duke d'Isly, had become very favourable to Africa.

along the Rue Taitbout, knowing that there was a cab-rank on the boulevard at the corner of that street. There was no cab there. He waited for one to come.

He was thus waiting like an orderly on duty when he saw a young man, well and stylishly dressed, stoop and pick up a great handful of snow and put it down the back of a woman of the streets who stood at the corner of the boulevard, in a low-necked dress. The woman uttered a piercing shriek, fell upon the dandy and struck him. The young man returned the blow, the woman responded, and the battle went on in a *crescendo*, so vigorously and to such extremities that the police hastened to the spot.

They seized hold of the woman and did not touch the man.

Seeing the police laying hands upon her, the unfortunate woman struggled with them. But, when she was securely seized, she manifested the deepest grief. While two policemen were pushing her along, each holding one of her arms, she shouted: "I have done no harm, I assure you! It is the gentleman who interfered with me. I am not guilty; I implore you leave me alone! I have done no harm, really, really!"

"Come, move on; you will have six months for this business."

The poor woman, at these words: "*You will have six months for this business,*" once more began to defend her conduct, and redoubled her supplications and entreaties. The policemen, not much moved by her tears, dragged her to a police station in the Rue Chauchat, at the back of the Opéra.

V. H., interested in spite of himself in the unhappy woman, followed them, amidst that crowd of people which is never wanting on such an occasion.

Arriving near the station, V. H. conceived the idea of going in and taking up the cause of the woman. But he said to himself that he was well known, that just then the newspapers had been full of his name for two days past, and that to mix himself up in such an affair was to lay himself open to all kinds of disagreeable banter. In short, he did not go in.

The office into which the girl had been taken was on the ground-floor, overlooking the street. He looked through the windows at what was going on. He saw the poor woman lie down upon the floor in despair and tear her hair; he was moved to pity, he began to reflect, and the result of his reflections was that he decided to go in.

When he set foot in the office, a man who was seated before a table, lighted by a candle, writing, turned round and said to him in a sharp, peremptory tone of voice: "What do you want, sir?" "Sir, I was a witness of what took place just now; I come to make a deposition as to what I saw, and to speak to you in this woman's favour." At these words, the woman looked at V. H. in mute astonishment, and as though dazed. "Your deposition, more or less interested, will be unavailing. This woman has been guilty of an assault in a public thoroughfare. She struck a gentleman. She will get six months' imprisonment for it."

The woman once more began to cry, scream, and roll over and over. Other women, who had come and joined

her, said to her: "We will come and see you. Never mind. We will bring you some linen things. Take that for the present." And at the same time they gave her money and sweetmeats.

"When you know who I am," said V. H., "you will, perhaps, change your manner and tone, and will listen to me."

"Who are you, then?"

V. H. saw no reason for not giving his name.

He gave his name. The Commissary of Police, for he was a Commissary of Police, was prolific of excuses, and became as polite and deferential as he had before been arrogant; offered him a chair, and begged him to be good enough to be seated.

V. H. told him that he had seen with his own eyes a gentleman pick up a snowball and throw it down the back of the woman; that the latter, who could not even see the gentleman, had uttered a cry indicating sharp pain; that indeed she had attacked the gentleman, but that she was within her right; that apart from the rudeness of the act, the violent and sudden cold occasioned by the snow might, in certain circumstances, do the woman the most serious injury; that so far from taking away from this woman, who had possibly a mother or a child to support, the bread so miserably earned, it should rather be the man guilty of this assault upon her whom he should condemn to pay a fine; in fact, that it was not the woman who should have been arrested, but the man.

During this defence, the woman, more and more surprised, beamed with joy and emotion. "How good the gentleman is!" she said, "how good he is! I never

knew so good a gentleman. But then I never saw him. I do not know him at all."

The Commissary of Police said to V. H.: "I believe all that you allege; but the policemen have reported the case, and there is a charge made out. Your deposition will be entered in the charge-sheet, you may be sure. But justice must take its course, and I cannot set the woman at liberty."

"What! After what I have just told you, and what is the truth—truth which you cannot and do not doubt—you are going to detain this woman? Then this justice is a horrible injustice!"

"There is only one condition on which I could end the matter, and that is that you would sign your deposition. Will you do so?"

"If the liberty of this woman depends on my signature, here it is."

And V. H. signed.

The woman continually repeated: "How good the gentleman is! How good he is!"

These unhappy women are astonished and grateful not only when they are treated with sympathy; they are none the less so when they are treated with justice.

1842.

FIESCHI.

April 14th.

In the Boulevard du Temple just now the house of Fieschi is being pulled down. The rafters of the roof are destitute of tiles. The windows, without glass or frames, lay bare the interior of the rooms. Inside, through the windows at the corner of the yard, can be seen the staircase which Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey went up and down so many times with their hideous project in their heads. The yard is crowded with ladders and carpenter's work, and the ground floor is surrounded by a timber hoarding.

What can be seen of Fieschi's room appears to have been embellished and decorated by the different lodgers who have inhabited it since. The walls and ceiling are covered with a paper sprinkled with a small pattern of greenish hue, and upon the ceiling an ornamental beading, also papered, makes the outline of a Y. This ceiling is, however, already broken in and much cracked by the builder's pick-axe.

Upon the subject of the Fieschi trial, I have from the Chancellor himself, M. Pasquier, several details which are not known.

As long as Fieschi, after his arrest, thought that his accomplices were in sympathy with him, he remained silent. One day, he learnt through his mistress, Nini Lassave, the one-eyed woman, that Morey said: "*What a pity the explosion did not kill him!*" From that moment, Fieschi was possessed with hatred; he denounced Pepin and Morey, and was as assiduous in ruining them as he had previously been anxious to save them. Morey and Pepin were arrested. Fieschi became the energetic supporter of the prosecution. He entered into the most minute details, revealed everything, threw light on, traced, explained, unveiled, unmasked everything, and failed in nothing, never telling any falsehood, and caring little about putting his head under the knife, provided the two other heads fell.

One day, he said to M. Pasquier: "Pepin is such a fool that he entered in his account-book the money he gave me for the machine, setting down what it was to be used for. Make a search at his house. Take his account-book for the six first months of 1835. You will find at the head of a page an entry of this kind made with his own hand." His instructions are followed, the search is ordered, the book is found. M. Pasquier examines the book, the Procureur-Général examines the book; nothing is discovered. This seems strange. For the first time, Fieschi was at fault. He is told of it: "Look again." Useless researches, trouble wasted. The commissioners of the Court are reinforced by an old examining magistrate, whom this affair makes a Councillor at the Royal Court in Paris (M. Gaschon, whom the Chancellor Pasquier, in telling me all this, called Gâcon or Cachon).

This judge, an expert, takes the book, opens it, and, in two minutes, finds at the top of a page, as stated, the memorandum which formed the subject of Fieschi's accusation. Pepin had been content to strike it through carelessly, but it remained perfectly legible. The President of the Court of Peers and the Procurator-General, from a certain habit readily understood, had not read the passages which were struck through, and this memorandum had escaped them.

The thing being discovered, Fieschi is brought forward, and Pepin is brought forward, and they are confronted with each other before the book. Consternation of Pepin, joy of Fieschi. Pepin falters, grows confused, weeps, talks of his wife and his three children. Fieschi triumphs. The examination was decisive, and Pepin was lost. The sitting had been long; M. Pasquier dismisses Pepin, takes out his watch, and says to Fieschi: "Five o'clock! Come, that will do for to-day. It is time for you to go to dinner." Fieschi leaped up: "Dinner! Oh! I have dined to-day. I have cut off Pepin's head!"

Fieschi was correct in the smallest particulars. He said one day that at the moment of his arrest he had a dagger upon him. No mention was to be found of this dagger in any of the depositions. "Fieschi," said M. Pasquier, "what is the use of telling lies? You had no dagger." "Ah! President," said Fieschi, "when I arrived at the station-house, I took advantage of the moment when the policemen had their backs turned to throw the dagger under the camp-bed on which I had to sleep. It must be there still. Have a search made.

Those gendarmes are a filthy lot. They do not sweep underneath their beds." A visit was made to the station-house; the camp-bed was removed, and the dagger was found.

I was at the Peers' Court the day before his condemnation. Morey was pale and motionless. Pepin pretended to be reading a newspaper. Fieschi gesticulated while talking loudly and laughing. At one moment, he rose and said: "My lords, in a few days my head will be severed from my body; I shall be dead, and I shall rot in the earth. I have committed a crime, and I render a service. As for my crime, I am going to expiate it. As for my service, you will gather the fruits of it. After me, no more riots, no more assassinations, no more disturbances. I shall have sought to kill the King; I shall have succeeded in saving him." These words, the gesture, the tone of voice, the hour, the spot, struck me. The man appeared to me courageous and resolute. I said so to M. Pasquier, who answered me: "He did not think he was to die."

He was a bravo, a mercenary, nothing else. He had served in the ranks, and he mixed up his crime with some sort of military ideas. "Your conduct is very dreadful," M. Pasquier said to him; "to blow up perfect strangers, people who have done you no harm whatever—passers-by." Fieschi coldly replied: "It is what is done by soldiers in an ambush."

1842.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

YESTERDAY, July 13th, the Duke of Orleans died of an accident.

On this subject, when one reflects upon the history of the last hundred and fifty years, an idea crosses the mind. Louis XIV. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis XV. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis XVI. reigned, his son did not reign; Napoleon reigned, his son did not reign; Charles X. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis-Philippe reigns, his son will not reign. Extraordinary fact! Six times in succession human foresight designates from amidst a whole people the head which is to reign, and it is precisely that one which does not reign. The fact is repeated with dreadful and mysterious persistency. A revolution comes about, a universal upheaval of ideas which engulfs in a few years a past of six centuries, and the whole social life of a great nation; this formidable commotion overturns everything excepting the fact to which we have referred; this, on the contrary, it causes to spring up amidst all that it demolishes; a great Empire is established, a Charlemagne appears, a new world arises, the fact continues to

repeat itself; it appears to be of the new world as well as of the old world. The Empire falls, the old blood returns; Charlemagne has vanished, exile takes the conqueror, and returns those who were proscribed; revolutions gather again and burst, dynasties change three times, event follows event, the tide ebbs and flows; still the fact remains, perfect, uninterrupted, without modification, without break. Since monarchies have existed, law says: *The eldest son of the King always reigns;* and now for a hundred and forty years, the event has answered: *The eldest son of the King never reigns.* Does it not seem as though it is a law which is revealing itself, and revealing itself, in the inexplicable order of human occurrences, with a degree of persistency and exactitude which up to the present had belonged only to material facts? Would it not be startling if certain laws of history were to be made manifest to men with the same preciseness, the same inflexibility, and, so to speak, the same harshness, as the great laws of nature?

For the Duke d'Orleans when dying, a few mattresses were hurriedly thrown upon the ground, and the head of the bed was made of an old arm-chair turned upside down.

A battered stove was at the back of the Prince's head. Pots and pans and coarse earthenware vessels ornamented a few boards along the wall. A large pair of shears, a fowling-piece, one or two penny coloured pictures fastened with four nails, represented Mazagran, the Wandering Jew, and the Attempt of Fieschi. A portrait of Napoleon and a portrait of the Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe) as

a Colonel-in-chief of huzzars, completed the decoration of the wall. The flooring was a square of plain red bricks. Two old wardrobes propped up the Prince's death-bed on the left-hand side.

The Queen's chaplain, who assisted the vicar of Neuilly at the moment of the Extreme Unction, is a natural son of Napoleon, the Abbé . . . , who much resembles the Emperor, minus the air of genius.

Marshal Gérard was present at the death, in uniform; Marshal Soult, in a black coat, with his face like that of an old bishop; M. Guizot, in a black coat; the King, in black trousers and a brown coat. The Queen had on a violet silk gown trimmed with black lace.

July 20th.

God has vouchsafed two gifts to man: hope and ignorance. Ignorance is the better of the two.

Every time the Duke d'Orleans, the Prince Royal, went to Villiers to his summer palace, he passed by a rather squalid-looking house, with only two storeys and a single window to each of its two storeys, and with a wretched shop, painted green, upon the level of the street. This shop, without any window on the roadway, had only one door through which could be seen in the shadow a counter, a pair of scales, a few common wares displayed upon the floor, above which was painted in dirty yellow letters this inscription: GROCERY STORES. It is not quite certain

that the Duke d'Orleans, young, light-hearted, merry, happy, ever noticed this doorway; or if he occasionally cast an eye upon it in passing quickly along the road on pleasure intent, he probably looked upon it as the door of some wretched shop, some rookery, some hovel. It was the doorway of his tomb.

To-day, Wednesday, I visited the spot where the Prince fell, now exactly a week ago. It is at that part of the roadway which is comprised between the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh tree on the left, counting the trees from the intersection of the road in the open circus at the Porte Maillot. The roadway from side to side is twenty-one paving-stones wide. The Prince smashed his forehead upon the third and fourth paving-stones on the left, near the edge. Had he been thrown eighteen inches further, he would have fallen on the bare earth.

The King has had the two blood-stained paving-stones removed, and to-day could still be distinguished in spite of the mud of a rainy day the two new stones just put in.

Upon the wall opposite, between the two trees, a cross has been cut in the plaster by passers-by, with the date: July 13th, 1842. At the side is written the word: *Martir* (*sic*).

From the spot where the Prince fell can be seen, on the right, through a vista formed by the houses and trees, the Arc de l'Étoile. On the same side, and within pistol-shot, rises a great white wall surrounded by sheds and rubbish, bordered by a moat and surmounted by a confused mass of cranes, windlasses and scaffoldings. These are the fortifications of Paris.

While I examined the two paving-stones and the cross traced upon the wall, a gang of schoolboys, all in straw-hats, suddenly surrounded me, and these young fresh-looking and merry faces grouped themselves with heedless curiosity around the fatal spot. A few steps further on a young nurse kissed and caressed a little baby, at the same time shouting with laughter.

The house in which the Prince expired is No. 4, and is situated between a soap manufactory and a low eating-house and wine-shop keeper's. The shop on the ground-floor is shut. Against the wall, on the right-hand side of the door, was placed a rough wooden seat, upon which two or three old women were basking in the sun. Over their heads was stuck up, upon the green ground of the coloured wall, a large bill, bearing these words: *Esprit Putot Mineral Water.* A pair of white calico curtains at the window of the first floor seem to indicate that the house is still occupied. A number of men, sitting at tables and drinking at the neighbouring wine-shop, talked and laughed noisily. Two doors further on, upon the house No. 6, nearly opposite the spot where the Prince was killed, is painted up this sign in black letters: Chanudet, stone-mason.

Singular fact; the Prince fell to the left, and the *post-mortem* examination shewed that the body was contused and the skull smashed on the right-hand side.

M. Villemain (it was he himself who told me this the day before yesterday) arrived at the Prince's side hardly half-an-hour after the accident. All the royal family were already there.

On seeing M. Villemain enter, the King hastened

towards him and said: "It is a terrible fall; he is still unconscious, but there is no fracture, the limbs are all supple and uninjured." The King was right; the whole body of the Prince was healthy and intact save the head, which, without outward tear or cut, was broken under the skin *like a plate*, Villemain told me.

In spite of what has been said on the subject, the Prince neither wept nor spoke. The skull being shattered and the brain torn, this would have been impossible. There was but a particle of organic life. The dying man did not see, feel, or suffer. M. Villemain only saw him move his legs twice.

The left-hand side of the road is occupied by gardens and summer-houses; on the right-hand side there is nothing but hovels.

On the 13th of July, when the Prince quitted the Tuileries for the last time, he passed, first of all, that human monument which awakens most powerfully the idea of endurance, the obelisk of Rameses; but he might have called to mind that on this same spot had been raised the scaffold of Louis XVI. He next passed the monument which awakens in most splendid fashion the idea of glory, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile; but he might have called to mind that under this same arch had passed the coffin of Napoleon. Five hundred steps further on, he passed a road which owes its ominous name to the insurrection of the 6th of October, fomented by Philippe-Égalité against Louis XVI. This road is called the Route de la *Révolte*. Just as they entered it, the horses which conveyed the grandson of Égalité ran away, *revolted*,

so to speak, and two-thirds of the distance down this fatal road the Prince fell.

The Duke d'Orleans was named Ferdinand after his grandfather of Naples, Philip after his father and his grandfather of France, Louis after Louis XVI., Charles after Charles X., and Henry after Henry V. In his burial certificate was omitted (was it by design?) his Sicilian name of Rosolino. I confess I regretted the omission of this pleasing name, which recalled Palermo and Sainte-Rosalie. Some sort of ridicule was feared. Rosolino sounds charming to poets and whimsical to commonplace people.

As I came back towards six o'clock in the evening, I noticed a bill printed in large letters, stuck here and there upon the walls, with the words: "*Fête at Neuilly, July 3rd.*"

A DREAM.

November 14th.

HERE is a dream which I dreamt this night. I write it solely on account of the date.

I was at home, but in a home which is not my own and which I do not know. There were several large reception-rooms, very handsome, and brilliantly lighted. It was evening. A summer evening. I was in one of these rooms near a table with some friends, who were my friends in the dream, but not one of whom do I know. A lively conversation was going on, accompanied by shouts of laughter. The windows were all wide open. Suddenly I hear a noise behind me. I turn round, and I see coming towards me, amidst a group of persons whom I do not know, the Duke d'Orleans.

I went up to the Prince with an expression of delight, but otherwise without surprise. The Prince appeared very lively and in good humour. I do not remember what clothes he wore.

I held out my hand to him, thanking him for coming thus cordially to my house without sending up his name. I remember very distinctly having said to him: "Thank you, Prince." He answered me with a shake of the hand.

At that moment I turned my head and saw three or four men placing upon the mantelpiece a bust of the Duke d'Orleans in white marble. I then perceived that there was already on the same mantelpiece another bust of the Prince in bronze. The men placed the marble bust in the place of the bronze bust and silently withdrew. The Prince led me towards one of the windows, which, as I have said, were open. It seems to me that in doing so we went out of one room into another. My mind is not clear as to this. The Prince and I sat down near the window, which looked out upon a splendid prospect. It was the interior of a city. In my dream I perfectly recognised this city, but in reality it was a place I had never seen.

Underneath the window stretched for a long distance between two dark blocks of buildings a broad stream, made resplendent in parts by the light of the moon. At the far end, in the mist, towered the two pointed and enormous steeples of a strange sort of cathedral; on the left, very near to the window, the eye looked in vain down a little dark alley. I do not remember that there were in this city any lights in the windows or inhabitants in the streets.

This place was known to me, I repeat, and I was speaking of it to the Prince as of a city which I had visited, and which I congratulated him in having come to see in his turn.

The sky was of a tender blue and a lovely softness. In one place some trees, barely visible, were wafted in a genial wind. The stream rippled gently. The whole scene had an indescribable air of calm. It seemed as

though in this spot one could penetrate into the very soul of things. I called the attention of the Prince to the fineness of the night, and I distinctly remember that I said these words to him: "You are a Prince; you will be taught to admire human politics; learn also to admire nature."

As I was speaking to the Duke d'Orleans, I felt that my nose began to bleed; I turned, and I recognised, among some persons who were conversing at a little distance behind us in low tones, M. Mélesville and M. Blanqui. The blood which I felt streaming down my mouth and cheeks was very dark and thick. The Prince looked at it as it streamed, and continued to speak to me without betraying any surprise. I tried to stop this bleeding with my handkerchief, but without success. At length I turned to M. Blanqui, and said: "You are a doctor; stop this bleeding, and tell me what it means." M. Blanqui, who was a doctor only in my dream, and who in reality is a political economist, did not answer me. I continued to converse with the Prince, and the blood continued to flow.

I do not quite know how it was that I ceased to take any notice of the blood which deluged my face. At this point there is a brief interval of mist and confusion, in which I no longer distinguish, except very imperfectly, the figures of the dream. What I do know is, that suddenly I heard in the apartment which we had just left a fresh commotion, similar to that which had ushered in the arrival of the Duke d'Orleans. One of my friends came in and said to me: "It is General La Fayette who has come to see you." I hastily rose, and re-entere

the first apartment. General La Fayette was really there; I recognised him perfectly, and I looked upon his visit quite as a matter of course. He was leaning upon his son George, who was broad-faced, ruddy, and jovial looking, and who laid hold of my hands, shaking them very heartily. The general was very pale. He was surrounded by many unknown persons.

It is impossible for me to recall what I said to the general, and what he said to me in reply. At the end of a few moments, he said to me: "I am in a hurry, I must go; give me your arm to the door." Then he leant his left elbow upon my right shoulder, and his right elbow upon the left shoulder of his son George, and we made our way at a very slow pace towards the door.

Just as I arrived at the staircase, and was about to descend with the general, I turned and cast a glance behind me. My look evidently darted at this instant through the thickness of all the walls, for I saw all over several large apartments. There was no one in them now; there were lights everywhere still, but all was deserted. But I saw, alone and still seated in the same place in the recess of the same window, the Duke d'Orleans looking sadly at me. At this moment I awoke.

I had this dream on the night of the 13th to the 14th of November, 1842, precisely four months after the death of the Duke d'Orleans, who was killed on the 13th of July, and on the very night of the day when the period of mourning for the death of the Prince expired.

1843.

ROYER-COLLARD.

June 16th.

YESTERDAY, at the Académie, the sitting not yet having begun, M. Royer-Collard and M. Ballanche came and sat beside me. We entered into conversation. It was rather a conversation between two than three. I listened more than I spoke.

"The hot weather has come at last," said M. Royer-Collard.

"Yes," replied M. Ballanche, "but it is too hot. The heat is already too much for me."

"What! are you not a Southerner, then?"

"No. This heat overpowers me. I submit to it. I resign myself."

"We must resign ourselves to the seasons as to men," said M. Royer-Collard.

"Resignation is the basis of everything."

"If we could not learn resignation," continued M. Royer-Collard, "we should die of rage." Then, after a moment's silence, and emphasizing his words in the manner peculiar to him: "I do not say we should die *in* a rage; I say we should die *of* rage."

"As for me, anger is no longer a part of my disposition. I have none left."

"I no longer get angry," rejoined M. Royer-Collard, "because I reflect that half-an-hour afterwards I shall no longer be angry."

"And I," replied M. Ballanche, "no longer get angry, because it upsets my mind."

After a moment's silence he added with a smile: "The last time I was angry was at the period of the Coalition. The Coalition—yes, yes; the Coalition was my last fit of anger."

"Even so early as that? I no longer got angry," replied M. Royer-Collard. "I looked on at what was being done. I protested a great deal more inside than outside myself, as a man protests who does not speak. After that time, I remained three years longer in the Chamber. I regret it. It was three years too long. I remained too long in the Chamber; I should have retired from it sooner. Not, however, at the period of the Revolution of July; not at the period of the refusal of the oath of allegiance; my motives would have been misunderstood."

I said: "You are right; there was in the Revolution of July a basis of justice which you cannot ignore; you were not one of those who could protest against it."

"Neither did I do so," replied M. Royer-Collard, smiling. "I do not blame those who acted otherwise than as I did. Everyone has his conscience, and in public affairs there are many ways of being honest. Men are honest according to their lights."

He remained silent for a moment, as though scraping up his recollections; then he resumed:

"Well, after all, Charles X., too, was honest." Then he relapsed into silence.

I left him to ponder for a moment, and, wishing to know his innermost thoughts, I resumed:

"Whatever may have been said of him, he was, as a king, an honest man; and whatever may have been said of him also, he only fell through his own fault. Historians may represent the matter as they please, but there it is. It was Charles X. who overthrew Charles X."

"Yes," replied M. Royer-Collard, at the same time nodding his head with a grave token of assent; "it is true he overthrew himself; he would have it. It is said he had bad advisers. It is false—false. No one advised him. It has been said that he consulted Cardinal de la Farre, M. de Latil, M. de Polignac, his suite. Would to Heaven he had done so! None of those who surrounded him had lost their heads as completely as he did; none of them would have given him such bad advice as he gave himself. All those who surrounded the King—those who were called the courtiers—were wiser than himself."

M. Royer-Collard remained silent for a moment, then continued, with a sad smile, which he often assumed during the conversation:

"Wiser, that is to say, less insane."

Another pause; then he added:

"No, nobody advised him."

And after another pause:

"And nothing advised him. He had always, from his youth upwards, preserved his own identity. He was still the Count d'Artois; he had not changed. Not to change, if one should live to be eighty years of age, that was the

only quality which he valued. He called that having a *personality*. He said that, since the Revolution, there had been in France and in the era only two men, M. de La Fayette and himself. He esteemed M. de La Fayette."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "they were two brains fashioned in very much the same way. But they harboured a different idea—that is all."

"And they were both of them constructed," continued M. Royer-Collard, "to pursue their idea to the end. Charles X. was destined to do what he did. It was fatal. I knew it; I was acquainted with the King. I saw him from time to time. As I was a Royalist, he used to receive me with friendliness, and treat me kindly. I readily foresaw the stroke which he was meditating. M. de Chateaubriand, however, did not believe in it. He came to see me on his return from his mission as Ambassador at Rome, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him how it was. Opinions were divided. The best authorities doubted whether such madness was possible. But I myself did not doubt. I may say, that on the day when I took up to the King the Address of the two hundred and twenty-one—it was towards the end of February, 1830—I read the events of July in his looks."

"How did he receive you?" I asked.

"Very coldly. With solemnity. With gentleness. I read the Address to him, simply but firmly, without emphasizing any of the passages, but without slurring any of them. The King listened to it as he would have done to anything else. When I had finished——" Here M. Royer-Collard stopped short, and then added, with the same sad smile: "What I am going to tell you is not

very king-like. When I had finished speaking—the king was seated on what was called the throne—he drew forth from under his thigh a paper, which he unfolded and read to us. It was his reply to our Address. He showed no anger. He showed a good deal two years previously, at the period of the other Address—you know, M. Ballanche, that which was drawn up by M. Delalot. It was the custom to communicate the Address to the Chamber on the previous evening, so that the King might prepare his reply. When the King received the Delalot Address, in the presence of the Ministers, he burst into such a fit of rage, that his shouts could be heard from the Carrousel. He declared point-blank that he would not receive the Address, and that he would dissolve the Chamber. The King was in a state of fury, and this was at its height. The moment was a perilous one. M. de Portalis, who was then Keeper of the Seals, risked it. You know M. de Portalis, Monsieur Victor Hugo; I do not tell you he is a hero, but see the influence of a candid word upon an obstinate disposition. M. de Portalis, standing before Charles X., simply said to him: 'If such are the intentions of the King for to-morrow, the King must give us now his orders for the day after to-morrow.' Strange to say, these few words appeased the anger of Charles X.: *exigui pulveris jactu.* He turned with an air of vexation towards M. de Martignac, and said to him: 'Well, Martignac, I will receive them; but sit down at the table, take a pen, and prepare me a plain and uncompromising reply, worthy of a king of France.' M. de Martignac obeyed. As he wrote, the anger of the King further subsided; and when M. de

Martignac had finished, and he read to the King the draft of the answer, already much softened by the conciliatory disposition of Martignac, Charles X. seized the pen to strike out half of it, and tone down the remainder. That is how anger disappears—even the anger of a king; even the anger of a stubborn man; even the anger of Charles X."

At this moment, as the sitting had already begun a few minutes ago, the Director of the Académie (M. Flourens) rang his bell, and an usher cried: "To your seats, gentlemen."

M. Royer-Collard rose, and said to me: "But none of these details will be gathered up, and they will never appear in history."

"Perhaps," I replied.

1844.

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

September.

King Louis-Philippe said to me the other day:

"I was never in love but once in my life."

"And who with, Sire?" "With Madame de Genlis." "Ah! but she was your tutor."

The King laughed, and replied:

"As you say. And a strict tutor, I declare to you. She brought up my sister and myself quite ferociously. Getting up at six in the morning, summer and winter; fed upon milk, roast meats and bread; never any luxuries, never any sweetmeats; plenty of work and no play. It was she who accustomed me to sleep upon boards. She made me learn a great variety of manual work; thanks to her I can work a little at every trade, including that of a barber-surgeon. I bleed my man like Figaro. I am a cabinet-maker, a groom, a mason, a blacksmith. She was systematic and severe. From a very little boy I was afraid of her; I was a weak, lazy, and cowardly boy; I was afraid of mice! She made me a tolerably bold man, with some amount of spirit. As I grew up, I perceived that she was very pretty. I knew not what possessed me

when she was present. I was in love, and did not know it. She, who was an adept in the matter, understood, and guessed what it was at once. She used me very badly. It was at the time when she was intimate with Mirabeau. She constantly said to me: 'Come, now, Monsieur de Chartres, you great booby, why are you always at my skirts?' She was thirty-six years of age, I was seventeen."

The King, who saw that I was interested, continued:

"Madame de Genlis has been much talked about and little known. She has had children ascribed to her of whom she was not the mother, Pamela and Casimir. This is how it was: she loved anything beautiful or pretty, she liked to have smiling faces around her. Pamela was an orphan whom she took up on account of her beauty; Casimir was the son of her doorkeeper. She thought the child charming; the father used to beat the son: 'Give him to me,' she said, one day. The man consented, and that is how she got Casimir. In a little while Casimir became the master of the house. She was old then. Pamela she had in her youth, in our own time. Madame de Genlis adored Pamela. When it became necessary to go abroad, Madame de Genlis set out for London with my sister and a hundred louis in money. She took Pamela to London. The ladies were wretched, and lived meanly in furnished apartments. It was winter time. Really, Monsieur Hugo, they did not dine every day. The tit-bits were for Pamela. My poor sister sighed and was the victim, the Cinderella. That is just how it was. My sister and Pamela, in order to economise the wretched hundred louis, slept in the same

room. There were two beds, but only one blanket. My sister had it at first; but one evening Madame de Genlis said to her: 'You are well and strong; Pamela is very cold, I have put the blanket on her bed.' My sister was annoyed, but dared not rebel; she contented herself with shivering every night. However, my sister and myself loved Madame de Genlis."

Madame de Genlis died three months after the Revolution of July. She lived just long enough to see her pupil King. Louis-Philippe was really in some degree of her making; she had educated him as though she had been a man, and not a woman. She positively refused to crown her work with the supreme education of love. A strange thing this in a woman of so few scruples, that she should have first shaped the heart, and that she should have disdained to complete the work.

When she saw the Duke d'Orleans King, she simply said: "I am glad of it." Her last years were poor, and almost wretched. It is true she had no skill in management, and scattered her money broadcast in the gutter. The King often went to see her; he visited her up to the last days of her life. His sister, Madame Adelaide, and himself, never ceased to pay every kind of respect and deference to Madame de Genlis.

Madame de Genlis complained somewhat of what she called the stinginess of the King. She said: "He was a Prince, I made a man of him; he was clumsy, I made a ready man of him; he was a bore, I made an entertaining man of him; he was a coward, I have made a brave man of him; he was stingy, I could not make a generous man of him. Liberal if you like, generous, no."

September.

M. Guizot goes out every day after breakfast, at mid-day, and spends an hour at the residence of the Princess de Liéven, in the Rue Saint-Florentin. In the evening he returns, and except on official days, he spends his whole evenings there.

M. Guizot is fifty-seven years of age; the Princess is fifty-eight. With regard to this, the King said one evening to M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior: "Has not Guizot a friend to advise him? Let him beware of those North-country women. He does not understand them. When a North-country woman is old, and gets hold of a man younger than herself, she sucks him dry." Then the King bursts out laughing. M. Duchâtel, who is fat and stout, who wears whiskers, and who is forty-five years of age, turns very red.

October.

The King, when at home in the evening, does not usually wear any decoration. He is attired in a brown coat, black trousers, and a waistcoat of black satin or white piqué. He has a white cravat, silk stockings, with open-work in front, and polished shoes. He wears a grey toupet only slightly concealed, and arranged in the style of the Restoration. No gloves. He is lively, good-natured, affable, and chatty.

His travels in England delighted him. He spoke to

me about them for an hour and a half, with much gesticulation, accompanied by many imitations of English pronunciation and ways.

"I was exceedingly well received," he said. "Mobs of people, acclamations, salvoes of artillery, banquets, ceremonies, fêtes, visits from the Corporation, an address from the City of London, nothing was wanting. In all this, two things especially touched my feelings. Near Windsor, at a posting stage, a man who had run after my carriage, came and stood close to me at the window, shouting: '*Vive le roi! Vive le roi! Vive le roi!*' in French. Then he added, also in French: 'Sire, welcome to this old English nation; you are in a country which knows how to appreciate you.' That man had never seen me before and will never see me again. He expects nothing of me. It seemed to me as though it was the voice of the people. This affected me more than any other compliment. In France, at the next stage beyond Eu, a drunken man seeing me pass, shouted: 'There is the King come back; it is all right now: the English are satisfied, and the French will be at peace.' The contentment and peace of the two peoples, that indeed was my aim. Yes, I was well received in England. And, if the Emperor of Russia compared his reception with mine, it must have been quite painful to him, he is so vain. He went to England before me to prevent me from making my journey. It was a foolish proceeding. He would have done better to go after me. They would then have been obliged to treat him in the same way. In London, in particular, he is not liked. I do not know whether they would have got

the members of the Corporation to take the trouble to go and see him. Those aldermen are very resolute."

Louis-Philippe used to make great fun of the elder M. Dupin, who, thinking to heighten the refinements of Court language, calls Madame Adelaide, the sister of the King, *Ma belle demoiselle.*

SAINT CLOUD.

November.

The King yesterday looked fatigued and careworn. When he perceived me, he led me into the apartment behind the Queen's room and said to me, as he showed me a large-sized tapestry couch, with parrots worked upon it in medallions: "Let us sit down on these birds." Then he took my hand, and said, in a somewhat bitter tone of complaint: "Monsieur Hugo, I am misunderstood. I am said to be proud, I am said to be clever. That means that I am a traitor. It grieves me. I am simply an honest man. I go the straight road. Those who are acquainted with me know that I am not wanting in frankness. Thiers, when he was acting with me, told me one day that we were disagreed: 'Sire, you are proud, but I am prouder than you.' 'The proof that that is not so,' I replied, 'is that you tell me so.' M. de Talleyrand said to me one day: 'You will never make anything of Thiers, who, for all that, would be an excellent instrument. But he is one of those men who can only

be used on condition of satisfying their requirements. And he will never be satisfied. The misfortune for himself as well as for you is that there is no longer any possibility of his being a Cardinal.' Thiers is clever, but he has too much of the conceit of a self-made man. Guizot is better. He is a man of weight, a fulcrum; the species is a rare one, and I appreciate it. He is superior even to Casimir Périer, who had a narrow mind. His was the soul of a banker, weighted to earth like an iron-chest. Ah! How rare is a true minister! They are all like schoolboys. The attendances at the Council are irksome to them; the most important affairs are disposed of at a gallop. They are in a hurry to be off to their departments, their commissions, their offices, their gossippings. In the period which followed 1830, they had a look of uneasiness and humiliation when I presided. Moreover, no real appreciation of power, little grandeur at heart, no sustained aim in policy, no persistency of will. They leave the Council as a boy leaves his class-room. On the day he left the Ministry, the Duke de Broglie jumped for joy in the Council chamber. Marshal Soult arrives. 'What is the matter with you, my dear Duke?' 'Marshal, we are leaving the Ministry.' 'You entered it like a wise man,' said the Marshal, who had humour, 'and you leave it like a madman.' Count Molé now, had a way of yielding to me and resisting at one and the same time. 'I am of the King's opinion as to the general question, but not as to the expediency.' Monsieur Hugo, if you only knew how things go on sometimes at the Council! The Right of Search treaty, the famous Right of Search, would you believe it, was not even read

at the Council? Marshal Sebastiani, at that time Minister, said: 'Pray read the treaty, gentlemen.' I said: 'My dear Ministers, pray read the treaty.' 'Oh, we have no time, we know what it is; let the King sign it,' they said. And I signed."

1845.

VILLEMAIN.

December 7th.

During the first days of December, 1845, I called on Villemain. I had not seen him since the 3rd of July, exactly five months previously. Villemain had been seized during the last days of December, 1844, with the cruel complaint which marked the close of his political career.

It was cold, the weather was melancholy, I was melancholy myself: this was the time to go and console somebody. Consequently I went to see Villemain.

He was then living in the rooms allotted to the life-Secretary of the Académie Française, on the second floor of the right-hand staircase, at the far end of the second courtyard of the Institute. I ascended this staircase and rang at the door on the right; no one came. I rang a second time; the door opened. It was Villemain himself. He was pale, dejected, attired in a long black frock-coat, buttoned at the top with one solitary button, his gray hair unkempt. He looked at me with a melancholy look, and said without a smile: "Ah! it is you; good morning."

Then he added: "I am alone; I do not know where my servants are; come in."

He led me through a long corridor into an apartment, and thence into his bedroom. The whole abode is depressing, and seems in some way like the attic of a convent. In the bedroom, lighted by two windows opening on the courtyard, the only furniture was a mahogany bedstead, without curtains or counterpane; a sheet of white paper carelessly thrown upon the bed; one or two horsehair chairs; a chest of drawers between the two windows, and a writing-table covered with papers, books, newspapers, and opened letters. Nearly all these letters had printed headings, such as: *House of Peers, Institute of France, Council of State, Journal des Savants,* &c. Upon the mantelpiece, the *Moniteur* of the day, a few letters and a few books, among them the History of the Consulate and the Empire by M. de Lacretelle, which has just appeared.

Near the bed was a child's cot with mahogany rails, covered with a green counterpane. Upon the wall, opposite the bed, hang three frames containing the lithographed portrait of Villemain and the portraits of the two eldest of his little daughters, painted in oil and tolerably like. Upon the mantelpiece a clock, which is out of order, and shews the wrong time; in the fireplace, a fire nearly out.

Villemain made me sit down and took hold of my hands. He was rather disordered looking, but gentle and earnest. He asked me what I had been doing this summer, and said he had been on a journey, spoke of one or two common friends,—some with affection, others

with distrust. Then his appearance became calmer, and he conversed for a quarter-of-an-hour on literary topics, adopting a high tone, clear, simple, elegant, thoughtful, although still gloomy and not laughing once.

Suddenly, he looked straight at me and said: "I have a painful matter in my mind, I am in trouble, I have distressing anxieties. If you only knew what conspiracies there are against me!"

"Villemain," I said, "be calm."

"No," he rejoined, "it is really dreadful." After a pause, he added, as though speaking to himself: "They began by separating me from my wife. I loved her, and still love her. She had some mental failing; that may have engendered delusions. But what is much more certain is that they succeeded in arousing in her an antipathy towards me, and then they separated me from her, and afterwards separated my children from me. Those poor little girls are charming. You saw them; they are my delight. Well, I do not dare to go and see them, and when I see them I simply assure myself that they are well, that they are bright and gay and fresh-looking, and I am afraid even to kiss them on the forehead. Great Heavens, my very touch would be made an excuse, perhaps, for harming them. How do I know what devices they are capable of? Therefore, I am separated from my wife, separated from my children, and now I am alone."

After a pause, he continued:—"No, I am not alone. I am not even alone. I have enemies, everywhere—here, outside, around me, in my dwelling. The fact is, my friend, that I made a mistake; I ought not to have entered

upon political affairs. To succeed in them, to be firm and strong, I should have had a support; an internal support, happiness; an external support . . . . some one." (He referred, doubtless, to the King.) "These supports both failed me. I foolishly threw myself amidst men's hatreds. I was naked and unarmed. They fell violently upon me; at present I have done with everything."

Then suddenly looking at me with a certain look of anguish: "My friend, whatever may be said to you, whatever you may be told, whatever may be alleged about me, my friend, promise me that you will not believe any of the calumnies. They are so scandalous. My life is very gloomy, but quite blameless. If you only knew what things they concoct; they are inconceivable. Oh! how infamous they are. It is enough to drive me mad. If it were not for my little girls, I should kill myself. Do you know what they say? Oh! I will not repeat it . . . . They say that at night, workmen come in through that window to sleep in my bed."

I burst out laughing. "And that distresses you? Why, it is foolish and absurd."

"Yes," he said, "I am on the second floor, but they are so cunning that they put great ladders at night against the wall to make people believe it. And when I think that these things, these villainies, are secretly told and openly believed, and—— no one defends me. Some look on me coldly, others with dissimulation. Victor Hugo, swear to me that you will not believe any calumny."

He stood up. I was profoundly touched; I said a few kind and friendly words to quiet him.

He continued:

"Ah! What abominable hatreds! This is how it began. When I went out of doors, they managed so that everything I saw should have an ominous look. I met only men buttoned up to the chin, people dressed in red, extraordinary costumes; women dressed half in black, half in violet, who looked at me and shouted for joy; and everywhere hearses of little children followed by other little children, some in black, others in white. You will tell me: 'But those are mere omens, and a vigorous mind is not disturbed by omens.' Well, I know that. It is not the omens which alarm me, it is the thought that I was so much hated that people took all this trouble to bring round about me so many depressing sights. If a man hates me sufficiently to surround me constantly with a flight of crows, what appals me is not the crows, but his hatred."

Here I again interrupted him. "You have enemies," I said to him; "but you also have friends, think of that."

He abruptly withdrew his hands from mine. "Now, just listen to what I am going to say to you, Victor Hugo, and you will know what I have in my mind. You will be able to tell how I suffer and how my enemies have succeeded in destroying all confidence and excluding all the light from within me. I no longer know what I am doing, or what is wanted of me. Now, you, for instance, are as noble a man as any that exists. You are of the blood of La Vendée, of military blood; I will go further, and say of warriors' blood; there is nothing in you that

is not pure and loyal; you are independent of everybody; I have known you for twenty years, and I have never seen you do any act which was not upright and honourable. Well, you may imagine my misery, for in my soul and conscience, I am not sure you have not been sent here by my enemies to spy upon me."

He was in such anguish that I could not but pity him. I took his hand once more. He looked at me with a haggard look.

"Villemain," I said, "doubt that the sky is blue, but do not doubt that the friend who addresses you is loyal."

"Forgive me," he rejoined, "forgive me. Ah! I know the things I have been saying are absurd. You, at least, have never failed me, although you may have had sometimes to complain of me. But I have so many enemies. If you only knew! This house is full of them. They are everywhere, concealed, invisible; they beset me. I feel that their ears are listening to me, I feel that their looks are fixed upon me. What an anxiety it is to live like this!"

At this moment, by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes happen as though by design, a little door hidden in the wainscoting near the fireplace suddenly opened. He turned round on hearing the noise.

"What is it?" He went to the door. It communicated with a little corridor. He looked into the corridor.

"Is there any one there?" he asked.

There was no one.

"It is the wind," I said.

He came back to me, placed his finger on his lips,

looked straight at me, and said in a low tone, and with an indescribable tone of horror, "Oh! no."

Then he remained for some moments motionless and silent, with his finger upon his lips like someone listening for something, and with his eyes half turned towards the door, which he had left open.

I felt that it was time to speak earnestly to him. I made him sit down again, and took him by the hand.

"Listen, Villemain," I said, "you have your enemies, numerous enemies, I admit——" He interrupted me, his face lighted up with a sad joy.

"Ah!" he said, "you, at all events, admit it. All these fools tell me that I have no enemies, and that I am dreaming."

"Yes," I replied, "you have your enemies; but who has not? Guizot has enemies, Thiers has enemies, Lamartine has enemies. Have I not myself been fighting for twenty years? Have I not been for twenty years past hated, rended, sold, betrayed, reviled, hooted, taunted, insulted, calumniated? Have not my books been parodied and my deeds travestied? I also am beset and spied upon, I also have traps set for me, and I have even been made to fall in them. Who knows that I was not followed this very day as I came from my house to yours? But what is all that to me? I disdain it. It is one of the most difficult yet necessary things in life to learn to disdain. Disdain protects and crushes. It is a breastplate and a club. You have enemies? Why, it is the story of every man who has done a great deed or created a new idea. It is the cloud which thunders around everything which shines. Fame must have

enemies, as light must have gnats. Do not bother yourself about it; disdain. Keep your mind serene as you keep your life clear. Do not give your enemies the satisfaction of thinking that they cause you grief or pain. Be happy, be cheerful, be disdainful, be firm."

He shook his head sadly. "That is easy for you to say, Victor Hugo. As for me, I am weak. Oh! I know myself. I know my limitations. I have some talent in writing, but I do not know how far it goes; I have some precision of thought, but I do not know how far it goes. I am soon fatigued. I have no staying power. I am weak, irresolute, hesitating. I have not done all that I could have done. In the realms of thought, I do not possess all that is needful for creating. In the sphere of action, I do not possess all that is needful for struggling. Strength is precisely what I am wanting in. And disdain is a form of strength."

He was lost in thought for a moment, then added, this time with a smile: "Anyhow, you have done me good; you have quieted me, I feel better. Equanimity is infectious. Oh! if I could only bring myself to treat my enemies as you treat yours."

At this moment the door opened, and two persons entered, a M. Fortoul, I think, and a nephew of Villemain's. I rose.

"Are you going already?" he said to me.

He conducted me through the corridor as far as the staircase. "There, my friend," he said to me, "I believe in you."

"Well," I said, "I have told you to despise your enemies. Do so. But you have two whom you must

take into account, and of whom you must rid yourself. These two enemies are solitude and brooding. Solitude brings sadness; brooding brings uneasiness. Do not remain alone, and never brood. Move about, go out, walk, mix your ideas with the surrounding air, breathe freely and with long breaths, visit your friends, come and see me."

"But will you be at home to me?" he said.

"I shall be delighted."

"When?"

"Every evening if you like."

He hesitated, then said: "Well, I will come. I want to see you often. You have done me good. Good-bye. I shall see you before long."

He hesitated again, then added:

"But supposing I do not come?"

"Then," I said, "I shall come to you."

I shook hands with him and went down the stairs.

As I reached the bottom, and was about to step into the courtyard, I heard his voice saying, "I shall see you before long, eh?" I looked up. He had come down one flight of stairs to bid me good-bye with a gentle smile.

1846.

ATTEMPT OF LECOMTE.

May 31st.

THE Court of Peers is summoned to try the case of another attempt upon the person of the King.

On the 16th of April last the King went for a drive in the forest of Fontainebleau, in a char à bancs. At his side was M. de Montalivet, and behind him were the Queen and several of their children. They were returning home towards six o'clock, and were passing by the walls of the Avon enclosure, when two gunshots were fired from the left. No one was hit. Rangers, gendarmes, officers of hussars who escorted the King, all sprang forward. A groom climbed over the wall and seized a man whose face was half masked with a neckerchief. He was an ex-Ranger-general of the forests of the Crown, who had been dismissed from his post eighteen months before for a grave dereliction of duty.

June 1st, midday.

The orators' tribune and the President's chair have been removed.

The accused is seated on the spot where the tribune usually stands, and is placed with his back to a green baize curtain, placed there for the trial, between four gendarmes with grenadiers' hats, yellow shoulder-straps and red plumes. In front of him are five barristers, with white bands at their necks and black robes. The one in the centre has the Cross of the Legion of Honour and grey hair. It is Maître Duvergier, the *Bâtonnier*.* Behind the prisoner, red benches, occupied by spectators, cover the semicircle where the Chancellor usually presides.

The prisoner is forty-eight years of age; he does not appear to be more than about thirty-six. He has nothing in his appearance which would suggest the deed which he has done. It is one of those calm and almost insignificant countenances which impress rather favourably than otherwise. General Voirol, who sits beside me, says to me: "He looks a good-natured fellow." However, a dark look gradually overspreads the face, which is somewhat handsome, although of a vulgar type, and he looks like an ill-natured fellow. From the seat which I occupy, his hair and moustache appear black. He has a long face with ruddy cheeks. He casts his eyes almost

* The *Bâtonnier* is the head of the Bar, and presides over the Council which regulates the etiquette of the profession.—*Translator's note.*

continually downwards; when he raises them, every now and then, he looks right up at the ceiling; if he were a fanatic, I should say up to Heaven. He has a black cravat, a white shirt, and an old black frock-coat, with a single row of buttons, and wears no ribbon although belonging to the Legion of Honour.

General Berthuzène leans forward towards me, and tells me that Lecomte yesterday remained quiet all day, but that he became furious when he was refused a new black frock-coat which he had asked for to *appear in before the High Court.* This is a trait of character.

While the names of the Peers were being called over his eyes wandered here and there. To the preliminary questions of the Chancellor he replied in a low tone of voice. Some of the Peers called out: "Speak up!" The Chancellor told him to look towards the Court.

The witnesses were brought in, amongst whom were one or two women, very stylishly dressed, and some peasant women. They are on my right, in the lobby on the left of the tribune. M. Decazes walks about among the witnesses. M. de Montalivet, the first witness, is called. He wears the red ribbon, together with two stars, one of a foreign order. He comes in limping on account of his gout. A footman, in a russet livery with a red collar, assists him.

I have examined the articles brought forward in support of the indictment, which are in the right-hand passage. The gun is double-barrelled, with twisted barrels, the breech ornamented with arabesques in the style of the Renaissance; it is almost a fancy weapon. The

blouse worn by the assassin is blue, tolerably well worn. The neckerchief with which he hid his face is a cotton neckerchief, coffee coloured, with white stripes. On these articles is hung a small card bearing the signatures of the prosecuting officials and the signature of *Pierre Lecomte.*

June 5th.

During an interval in the sitting I observed the man from a short distance. He looks his age. He has the tanned skin of a huntsman and the faded skin of a prisoner. When he speaks, when he becomes animated, when he stands upright, his appearance becomes strange. His gesture is abrupt, his attitude fierce. His right eyebrow rises towards the corner of his forehead and gives him an indescribably wild and diabolical appearance. He speaks in a muffled but firm tone.

At one point, explaining his crime, he said:

"I stopped on the 15th of April at the Place du Carrousel. It was raining. I stood under a projecting roof and looked mechanically at some engravings. There was a conversation going on in the shop at the side, where there were three men and a woman. I listened mechanically also. I felt sad. Suddenly I heard the name of the King; they were talking of the King. I looked at these men. I recognized them as servants at the Castle. They said that the King would go the next day to Fontainebleau. At that instant my idea appeared. It

appeared to me plainly, dreadfully. It left off raining. I stretched out my hand from beneath the projection of the roof. I found that it no longer rained, and I went away. I returned home to my room, to my little room, bare of furniture and wretched. I remained there alone for three hours. I mused, I pondered, I was very unhappy. My project continually recurred. And then the rain began to come down again. The weather was gloomy; a strong wind was blowing; the sky was nearly black. I felt like a madman. Suddenly I got up. It was settled. I had made up my mind. That is how the idea came into my head."

At another moment, when the Chancellor said that the crime was without a motive, he said:

"How so? I wrote to the King, once, twice, three times. The King did not reply. Oh! then . . ."

He did not finish what he had to say; but his fist clutched the rail fiercely. At this moment he was terrific. He was a veritable wild man. He sits down. He is now composed. Calm and fierce.

While the Procurator-General spoke, he moved about like a wolf, and appeared furious. When his counsel (Duvergier) spoke, tears came into his eyes. They ran down his cheeks, heavy and perceptible.

June 6th.

This is how it takes place. On his name being called in a loud voice by the clerk of the Court, each Peer rises and pronounces sentence also in a loud voice.

The thirty-two Peers who have voted before me have all declared for the parricide's penalty. One or two have mitigated this to capital punishment.

When my turn came, I rose and said:

"Considering the enormity of the crime and the smallness of the motive, it is impossible for me to believe that the delinquent acted in the full possession of his moral liberty, of his will. I do not think he is a human creature having an exact perception of his ideas and a clear consciousness of his actions. I cannot sentence this man to any other punishment but imprisonment for life."

I said these words in very loud tones. At the first words all the Peers turned round and listened to me in the midst of a silence which seemed to invite me to continue. I stopped short there, however, and sat down again.

The calling of the names continued.

The Marquis de Boissy said:

"We have heard these solemn words. Viscount Victor Hugo has given utterance to an opinion which deeply impresses me, and to which I give my adhesion. I think, with him, that the delinquent is not in full possession of his reason. I declare for imprisonment for life."

The calling of the names continues with the lugubriously monotonous rejoinder: "Capital punishment, parricide's penalty."

Proceeding by seniority, according to the dates at which the members of the House have taken their seats, the list comes down to the names of the oldest Peers. Viscount Dubouchage being called in his turn, said:

"Being already uneasy in my mind during the trial, owing to the manner of the accused, but fully convinced by the observations of M. Victor Hugo, I declare that, in my opinion, the delinquent is not of sound mind. Viscount Hugo gave the reasons for this opinion in a few words, but in a way which appears to me conclusive. I support him in his vote, and I declare, like himself, for imprisonment for life."

The other Peers, of whom a very small number remained, all voted for the parricide's penalty.

The Chancellor, being called on last, rose and said:

"I declare for the parricide's penalty. Now a second vote will be taken. The first vote is only provisional, the second alone is final. All are, therefore, at liberty to retract or confirm their votes. An opinion worthy of profound consideration in itself, not less worthy of consideration owing to the quarter whence it emanates, has been put forward with authority, although supported by a very small minority, during the progress of the voting. I think it right to declare here that during the continuance of the long enquiry preceding the prosecution, during seven weeks, I saw the accused every day, I examined him, pressed him, questioned him, and, as old Parliamentarians say, 'turned him round' in every direction. Never for a single moment was his clearness of perception obscured. I always found that he reasoned correctly according to the frightful logic of his deed, but without mental derangement, as also without repentance. He is

not a madman. He is a man who knows what he wanted to do, and who admits what he has done. Let him suffer the consequences."

The second call has begun. The number of Peers voting for the parricide's penalty has increased. On my name being called, I rose. I said:

"The Court will appreciate the scruples of one in whose conscience such formidable questions are suddenly agitated for the first time. This moment, my lords, is a solemn one for all, for no one more than for myself. For eighteen years past I have had fixed and definite ideas upon the subject of irreparable penalties. Those ideas you are acquainted with. As a mere author, I have published them; as a politician, with God's help, I will apply them. As a general rule, irreparable penalties are repugnant to me; in no particular instance do I approve of them. I have listened attentively to the observations of the Chancellor. They are weighty, coming from so eminent a mind. I am struck by the imposing unanimity of this imposing assembly. But, while the opinion of the Chancellor and the unanimity of the Court are much, from the point of view of discussion, they are nothing in face of one's conscience. Before the speeches began, I read, re-read, studied all the documents of the trial; during the pleadings, I studied the attitude, the looks, the gestures, I scrutinised the soul of the accused. Well, I tell this Court, composed as it is of just men, and I tell the Chancellor, whose opinion has so much weight, that I persist in my vote. The accused has led a solitary life. Solitude is good for great, and bad for little minds. Solitude disorders those minds which it does not en-

lighten. Pierre Lecomte, a solitary man with a small mind, was necessarily destined to become a savage man with a disordered mind. The attempt upon the King, the attempt on a father, at such a time, when he was surrounded by his family; the attempt upon a small crowd of women and children, death dealt out haphazard, twenty possible crimes inextricably added to a crime determined upon,—there is the deed. It is monstrous. Now, let us examine the motive. Here it is: A deduction of twenty francs out of an annual allowance, a resignation accepted, three letters remaining unanswered. How can one fail to be struck by such a reconciliation and such an abyss? I repeat, in conclusion, in the presence of these two extremes, the most monstrous crime, the most insignificant motive, it is evident to me that the thing is absurd, that the mind which has made such a reconciliation and crossed such an abyss, is an illogical mind, and that this delinquent, this assassin, this wild and solitary man, this fierce, savage being, is a madman. To a doctor, perhaps, he is not a madman; to a moralist he certainly is. I will add that policy is here in harmony with justice, and that it is always well to deny human reason to a crime which revolts against nature, and shakes society in its foundations. I adhere to my vote."

The Peers listened to me with profound and sympathetic attention. M. de Boissy and M. Dubouchage remained firm, as I did.

There were 232 voters. This is how the votes were distributed:—

196 for the parricide's penalty;
33 for capital punishment;
3 for imprisonment for life.

The entire House of Peers may be said to have been displeased at the execution of Lecomte. He had been condemned in order that he might be pardoned. It was an opportunity for mercy held out to the King. The King eagerly seized such opportunities, and the House knew this. When it learned that the execution had actually taken place, it was surprised, almost hurt.

Immediately after the condemnation, the Chancellor and Chief President Franck-Carré were summoned by the King. M. Franck-Carré was the Peer who had been delegated to draw up the case. They went to the King in the Chancellor's carriage. M. Franck-Carré, although he voted for the parricide's penalty, was openly in favour of a pardon. The Chancellor also leant in this direction, although he would not declare himself on the subject. On the way he said to President Frank-Carré: "I directed the enquiry, I directed the prosecution, I directed the trial. I had some influence over the vote. I will not give my opinion on the subject of a pardon. I have enough responsibility as it is. They will do what they like."

In the cabinet of the King he respectfully adopted the same tone. He declined to commit himself to a definite opinion on the subject of a pardon. President Frank-

Carré was explicit. The King saw what was the real opinion of the Chancellor.

Maître Duvergier had conceived an affection for his client, as a barrister always does for the client he has to defend. It is a common result. The Public Prosecutor ends by hating the accused, and the counsel for the defence by loving him. Lecomte was sentenced on a Friday. On the Saturday, M. Duvergier went to see the King. The King received him in a friendly manner, but said: "I will see about it; I will consider it. The matter is a grave one. My danger is the danger of all. My life is of consequence to France, so that I must defend it. However, I will think the matter over. You know that I detest capital punishment. Every time I have to sign the dismissal of an appeal for a pardon I am the first to suffer. All my inclinations, all my instincts, all my convictions are on the other side. However, I am a Constitutional King; I have Ministers who decide. And then naturally I must think a little of myself too."

M. Duvergier was dreadfully grieved. He saw that the King would not grant a pardon.

The Council of Ministers was unanimously in favour of the execution of the sentence of the Court of Peers.

On the following day, Sunday, M. Duvergier received by express a letter from the Keeper of the Seals, Martin du Nord, announcing to him that *the King thought it right to decide that the law should take its course.* He was still under the influence of the first shock of hope definitively shattered, when a fresh express arrived. Another letter. The Keeper of the Seals informed the Bâtonnier that the King, wishing to accord to the con-

demned man, Pierre Lecomte, a *further* token of his goodwill, had decided that the yearly allowance of the said Lecomte should revert to his sister for her lifetime, and that His Majesty had placed an immediate sum of three thousand francs at the disposal of the sister for her assistance. "I thought, M. le Bâtonnier," said the Keeper of the Seals, in conclusion, "that it would be agreeable to you to communicate yourself to the unhappy woman this evidence of the royal favour."

M. Duvergier thought he had made some mistake in reading the first letter. "A *further* token," he said to one of his friends, who was present. "I was mistaken, then. The King grants the pardon." But he re-read the letter, and saw that he had read it only too correctly. A *further token* remained inexplicable to him. He refused to accept the commission which the Keeper of the Seals asked him to undertake.

As to the sister of Lecomte, she refused the three thousand francs and the pension; she refused them, with something of scorn and also of dignity. "Tell the King," she said, "that I thank him. I should have thanked him better for something else. Tell him that I do not forget my brother so quickly as to take his spoils. This is not the boon that I expected of the King. I want nothing. I am very unhappy and miserable, I am nearly starving of hunger, but it pleases me to die like this, since my brother died like that. He who causes the death of the brother, has no right to support the sister."

M. Marilhac plays throughout this affair a lugubriously active part. He was a member of the Commission of the

Peers during the preliminaries to the trial. He wanted to omit from the brief for the prosecution the letter of Doctor Gallois, in which he spoke of Lecomte as a madman. It was at one moment proposed to suppress the letter.

Lecomte displayed some courage. At the last moment, however, on the night preceding the execution, he asked, towards two o'clock, to see the Procurator-General, M. Hébert, and M. Hébert, on leaving him after an interview of a quarter of an hour, said: "He has completely collapsed; the mind is gone."

June 12th.

I dined yesterday at the house of M. Decazes with Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Palmerston is a stout, short, fair man, who is said to be a good talker. His face is full, round, broad, red, merry and shrewd, slightly vulgar. He wore a red ribbon and a star, which I think is that of the Bath.

The Marquis of Lansdowne affords a striking contrast to Lord Palmerston. He is tall, dark, spare, grave and courteous, with an air of breeding, a gentleman. He had a star upon his coat, and round his neck a dark-blue ribbon to which hung a gold-enamelled decoration, round-shaped, and surmounted by the Irish harp.

M. Decazes brought these two gentlemen to meet me. We spoke for some minutes of Ireland, of bread-stuffs, and of the potato disease.

"Ireland's disease is graver still," I said to Lord Palmerston.

"Yes," he replied; "the Irish peasants are very wretched. Now, your country folk are happy. Ah! You are favoured by the skies. What a climate is that of France!"

"Yes, my Lord," I rejoined, "but you are favoured by the sea. What a citadel is England!"

Lady Palmerston is graceful and talks well. She must have been charming at one time. She is no longer young. Lord Palmerston married her four years ago, after a mutual passion which had lasted for thirty years. I conclude from this that Lord Palmerston belongs a little to history and a great deal to romance.

At table, I was between M. de Montalivet and Alexandre Dumas. M. de Montalivet wore the cross of the Legion of Honour, and Alexandre Dumas the cross of an order, which he told me was that of St. John, and which I believe to be Piedmontese.

I led up in conversation with M. Montalivet to the event of the 16th of April. He was, it is well known, in the *char à bancs* by the King's side.

"What were you conversing with the King about at the moment of the report?" I said.

"I cannot remember," he replied. "I took the liberty of questioning the King upon this subject. He could not recall it either. The bullet of Lecomte destroyed something in our memory. All I know is that while our conversation was not important, we were very intent upon it. If it had not absorbed our attention, we should certainly have perceived Lecomte when he stood

up above us to fire; the King, at all events, would have done so, for I myself was turning my back somewhat to speak to the King. All that I remember is that I was gesticulating very much at the moment. When the first shot was fired, some one in the suite cried: 'It is a huntsman unloading his gun.' I said to the King: 'A strange kind of huntsman to fire the remains of his powder at kings.' As I finished speaking, the second shot went off. I cried: 'It is an assassin!' 'Oh!' said the King, 'not so fast; do not let us judge too hastily. Wait, we shall see what it means.' You see in that the character of the King, do you not? Calm and serene in the presence of the man who has just fired at him, almost kindly. At this moment, the Queen touched me gently on the shoulder; I turned round. She shewed me, without uttering a word, the wadding of the gun which had fallen upon her lap, and which she had just picked up. There was a certain calmness in this silence which was solemn and touching. The Queen, when the carriage leans over a little, trembles for fear she will be upset; she makes the sign of the cross when it thunders; she is afraid of a display of fireworks; she alights when a bridge has to be crossed. When the King is fired upon in her presence she is calm."

ATTEMPT OF JOSEPH HENRI.

July 29th, Midnight.

SUZANNE, the chambermaid, has just returned home. She has been to the *fête* to see the fireworks. On coming in—she was radiant—she said: "Oh! what a lucky thing, madam. It was my cousin who arrested the man who fired upon the King." "What! Has anyone fired at the King?" "Yes, and my cousin arrested the man. What a lucky thing! It was this evening, just now. The King was on the balcony. The man fired two pistol-shots together, and missed the King. Oh! how people applauded! The King was pleased. He pointed out himself where the smoke came from. But my cousin, who is a policeman in plain clothes, was there close to the man. He only had to turn round. He took the man into custody." "What is his name?" "Joseph Legros." "The assassin?" "No, my cousin. He is a tall fellow. The man is little. I do not know his name. I have forgotten it. He looked sad; he pretended to be crying. When he was taken away, he said: 'Oh! dear, I must die then.' He is fifty years old. Some gold was found on him. I should think he will have a bad time of it to-night. My cousin is delighted, and the curé also is delighted." (This is a canon of Notre-Dame who resides

in the same building as the cousin in the police.) "What luck, eh! Madam, what luck!"

July 30th.

There is close to here, in the Rue de Limoges, a house with a carriage-way of solemn and gloomy appearance, some old court-house, with a little square yard. On the left-hand side of the door is a great black board, in the centre of which are the Arms of France. Upon this board is an inscription in wooden letters, formerly gilt, and running thus:

SOUVENIRS & USEFUL ARTICLES for Ladies.

Patented by Government, without Guarantee. ARMS.

OFFICE REQUISITES of every kind.

MANUFACTORY OF FANCY ARTICLES IN EMBOSSED STEEL

AND OTHER GOODS.

8 — JOSEPH HENRI — 8

Joseph Henri is the assassin. He has a wife and three children.

On the right-hand side in the courtyard there is a house-door, above which is seen :

JOSEPH HENRI.

THE WAREHOUSE IS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

The whole house is of a fallen and dismal appearance.

August 1st.

The day before yesterday I went to inscribe my name at the palace of the King, who has gone to Eu. This is done upon a kind of register, with a green parchment back like a laundress's book. There are five registers, one for each member of the Royal family. Every evening the registers are forwarded to the King, and the Queen carefully reads them.

I do not suppose people inscribed their names at the residence of Louis XIV. or of Napoleon.

This reminds me of the first time I dined at the Tuileries. A month afterwards I met M. de Rémusat, who was among the guests, and who says : "Have you paid your visit of digestion ?"

Homely manners are charming and graceful, but they go rather too far sometimes. I thoroughly understand royalty living a homely life, but this granted, I prefer the patriarchal style to the homely style. Patriarchal life is as simple as homely life, and as majestic as royal life.

M. Lebrun, who came to leave his name at the same time as I did, was telling me that a few years ago the King of the Belgians was at the Tuileries. M. Lebrun goes to see him. He speaks to the hall-porter. "Can I see the King of the Belgians, please?" "The King of the Belgians? Oh! yes, sir, in the second courtyard through the little door. Go up to the third floor and turn to the left along the corridor. The King of the Belgians is No. 9."

The Prince de Joinville lives in a little attic at the Tuileries. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is lodged in the Louvre in a corridor. Like the King of the Belgians, he has his card nailed upon the door: Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

August 25th.

The trial of Joseph Henri begins to-day in the Court of Peers.

The prisoner is brought in after the Court is seated by four gendarmes, of whom two hold him by the arms. There were six to Lecomte. Joseph Henri is a little man, who appears over fifty years of age. He is dressed in a black frock-coat, he has a black silk waistcoat and black cravat, whiskers, black hair, a long nose. He wears eye-glasses.

He enters, bows three times to the Court, as an actor bows to the pit, and sits down. During the calling of the names he takes snuff with a profound look of ease.

The Chancellor tells him to rise, and asks him his surname and Christian names. He replies in a low tone of voice, in a subdued and timid manner. "Speak louder," said the Chancellor. The prisoner repeats his replies loudly and very distinctly. He looks like a worthy citizen who is taking out a passport, and who is being questioned by the government employé. He sits down and whispers a few words to his counsel, M. Baroche, Bâtonnier of the order of barristers. There are five barristers at the bar. Among the crowd which throngs the semi-circle behind the prisoner is a priest. Not far from the priest is a Turk.

The prisoner is so short that when he stands up he does not reach above the heads of the gendarmes seated beside him. From time to time he blows his nose loudly in a white handkerchief with blue squares. He has the appearance of a country registrar. His person altogether suggests something ineffably mild, sad and subdued. Every now and then, however, he holds his head in his two hands, and a look of despair penetrates through the air of indifference. He is, in fact, despairing and indifferent at one and the same time. When the Procurator-General and the Chancellor tell him that he is playing a part, he looks at them without any appearance of resentment, and like a man who does not understand.

He speaks a great deal, rather fast, sometimes in low, at others in very loud, tones. He appears to see things only through a veil, and to hear only through a screen. One would imagine there was a wall, barely transparent, between the real world and himself. He looks fixedly, just as if he is seeking to make out things and dis-

tinguish faces from behind a barrier. He utters rambling words in a subdued manner. They have a meaning, however, for a thoughtful person.

He concludes a long explanation thus: "My crime is without a stain. At present my soul is as in a labyrinth."

The Procurator-General said to him: "I am not to be imposed on by you. You have an object, and that is to escape the death penalty by appearing to invite it, and in this way to secure some less grave penalty."

"Pooh!" he exclaimed; "how can you say so? Other penalties are a punishment, the penalty of death is annihilation."

He stood musing for a moment, and then added: "For eighteen years my mind has suffered. I do not know what state my mind is in; I cannot say. But you see I am not trying to play the madman."

"You had," the Chancellor said, "ferocious ideas."

He replies: "I had no ferocious ideas; I had only ideas" (here he indicates with a gesture an imaginary flight of birds hovering round his head) "which I thought came to me from God."

Then he remains silent for a moment, and continues, almost violently: "I have suffered a great deal, a great deal" (folding his arms). "And do you think I suffer no longer?"

Objection is made to certain passages of what he has written.

"Just as you please. All that I have written I have written, written, written; but I have not read it."

At another moment he breaks out unexpectedly

amidst the examination with this: "I have beliefs. My principal belief is that there are rewards and punishments above."

The names of all the regicides, of Fieschi, of Alibaud, of Lecomte, are mentioned to him. His face becomes clouded, and he exclaims: "How is it you speak to me of all those whose names you have just mentioned?"

At this moment Viennet comes to the back of me and says: "He is not a madman, he is a fool."

For myself I should have said the precise contrary.

He is asked: "Why did you write to M. de Lamartine and M. Raspail?"

He replies: "Because I had read some of their writings, and they appeared to me to be philanthropists; and because I thought that philanthropy should not be found only in a pen point."

He frequently concludes his replies with this word addressed to the Court, and uttered almost in a whisper: "*Appreciate!*"

The Procurator-General recapitulates all the charges, and concludes by asking him: "What have you to say in reply?"

"I have no reply to make."

And he places his hand on his forehead as if he had a pain there.

In the midst of a long rambling statement, mingled here and there with flashes of intelligence, and even of thoughtfulness, he stops short to ask for a basin of soup, and gives a number of directions to the attendant who brings it to him. He has a fit of trembling which is plainly perceptible. He drinks a glass of water several

times during the examination. He trembles so violently that he cannot carry the glass to his lips without holding it with both hands.

He calls the Procurator-General *Monsieur le Procureur.* When he speaks of the King, he says *His Majesty.*

During the very violent speech for the prosecution of the Procurator-General he makes signs of approval. During the speech for the defence of his counsel he makes signs of disagreement. However, he listens to them with profound attention. At one point M. Hébert said: "The prisoner has no political animus. He even protests his respect and admiration for the King." Joseph Henri nods his head twice in token of assent. At another moment the Procurator-General says that the prisoner wants to secure a ludicrously inadequate punishment. He says "No," with a shake of his head, and takes snuff.

During the temporary rising of the Court, Villemain came to me in the reading-room and said: "What do you think of all this? It seems to me that no one here is genuine: neither the prisoner, nor the Procurator-General, nor the Chancellor. They all look to me as though they are shamming, and as though not one of them says what he thinks. There is something false, equivocal, and confused in this affair."

During the trial Villemain contemplated Joseph Henri with fixed and melancholy interest.

August 27th.

The deliberation began at twenty minutes past eight o'clock. The Peers, without swords or hats, sit with closed doors; only the clerks are present. On taking their seats the Peers cried out on all sides: "Open the ventilators; let us have some light; give us some air!"

The heat that was in the hermetically sealed room was overpowering.

Two questions were asked by the Chancellor:

"Is the prisoner Henri guilty of the attempt upon the life of the King? Is he guilty of an attempt upon the person of the King?"

I should not omit to say that during the calling of the names, Lagrenée said to me: "I shall be the only one of the diplomatic body who will not vote for the sentence of death." I congratulated him, and he went and sat down again behind the bench occupied by Bussière.

Another Peer, one of the new ones, whom I did not know, left his seat, came towards me, and seated himself upon the empty chair at the side, saying to me: "You do not know me?" "No." "Well, I nursed you when you were little, no higher than that, upon my knees. I am a friend of your father's. I am General Rapatel."

I remembered the name, which my father had often mentioned. I shook hands with the general. We conversed affectionately. He spoke to me of my childhood, I spoke to him of his great battles, and both of us became younger again. Then silence took place. The voting had begun.

The voting went on, on the question of an attempt on

the life or an attempt on the person, without its being ascertained beforehand whether the difference in the crime involved any difference in the penalty. However, it was soon evident that those peers who decided that it was an attempt on the person did not desire the death penalty, and the majority of this opinion became larger and larger.

As the second vote was about to be taken, I said: "It results from the deliberation on the whole, and from the earnest views which have been put forward, that, in the opinion of all the judges, the words 'person of the King' have a double sense, and that they signify the physical person and the moral person. These two senses, however, are distinct to the conscience, although they are confounded in the vote. The physical person has not been injured, has not been seriously menaced, as nearly all my noble colleagues are agreed. It is only the moral person who has been not only menaced, but even injured. Having given this explanation, and with this reserve, that it is perfectly understood that it is the moral person only that is injured, I associate myself with the immense majority of my colleagues, who declare the prisoner, Joseph Henri, guilty of an attempt upon the person of the King."

The clerk proclaimed the result:—

One hundred and twenty-two Peers decided for an attempt on the person; thirty-eight for an attempt on the life; four for an act of contempt.

The sitting was suspended for a quarter-of-an-hour. The Peers left the Court, and became scattered in groups in the lobby. I conversed with M. de la Redorte, and I

told him, that if it came to the point, I admitted State policy as well as justice, but on the condition that I should consider State policy as the human voice, and justice as the Divine voice. M. de Mornay came up to me and said that the *Anciens* abandoned the death penalty; that they were sensible of the feeling of the House, and gave way to it; but that, in agreement with the majority, they would vote for penal servitude for life, and I was asked to give my support to this vote. I said that it was impossible for me to do so; that I congratulated our *Anciens* on having abandoned the death penalty, but that I should not vote for penal servitude; that, in my opinion, the punishment exceeded the offence; that, moreover, it was not in harmony with the dignity of the Chamber or its precedents.

The sitting was resumed at half-past four.

When my turn came, I simply said: "Detention for life."

Several Peers gave the same vote. Thirteen in all. Fourteen voted the death penalty; a hundred and thirty-three penal servitude for life.

Several Peers said to me: "You ought to be satisfied; there is no death sentence. The judgment is a good one." I replied: "It might have been better."

The Procurator-General and the Advocate-General were brought in, in scarlet robes; then the public rushed in noisily. There were a number of men in blouses. Two women who were among the crowd were turned out. The names of the Peers were called; then the Chancellor read the judgment amidst profound silence.

P.S.—*September 12th.*

The punishment has not been commuted; the judgment will be carried out.

Joseph Henri, who had been transferred from the Luxembourg and from the Conciergerie to the prison of La Roquette, started the day before yesterday for Toulon in a prison van with cells, accompanied by eight felons. While the irons were being placed upon him, he was weak, and trembled convulsively; he excited the compassion of everybody. He could not believe that he was really a convict. He muttered in an undertone: "Oh, dear! if I had but known!"

VISIT TO THE CONCIERGERIE.

I REMEMBER that, on Thursday the 10th of September 1846, St. Patient's day, I decided to go to the Académie. There was to be a public meeting for the award of the Montyon prize, with a speech by M. Viennet. Arriving at the Institute, I ascended the staircase rather irresolutely. In front of me, ran up boldly and cheerfully, with the nimbleness of a schoolboy, a member of the Institute in full dress, with his coat buttoned up, tight-fitting, and nipped in at the waist—a lean, spare man, with active step and youthful figure. He turned round. It was Horace Vernet. He had an immense moustache, and three crosses of different orders suspended from his neck. In 1846, Horace Vernet was certainly more than sixty years of age.

Arriving at the top of the staircase, he entered. I felt neither so young nor so bold as he, and I did not enter.

In the street outside the Institute, I met the Marquis of B. "You have just come away from the Académie?" he asked. "No," I replied; "one cannot come away without going in. And you, how is it you are in Paris?" "I have just come from Bourges." The Marquis, a very warm Legitimist, had been to see Don Carlos, son of

him who took the title of Charles V. Don Carlos, whom the faithful called Prince of the Asturias, and afterwards King of Spain, and who was known to European diplomacy as the Count de Montemolin, looked with some amount of annoyance upon the marriage of his cousin, Dona Isabella, with the Infante Don Francisco d'Assiz, Duke of Cadiz, which had just been concluded at this very moment. He plainly showed the Marquis how surprised he felt, and even let him see a letter addressed by the Infante to him, the Count de Montemolin, in which this phrase occurred, word for word: "I will abandon all thought of my cousin as long as you remain between her and me."

We shook hands, and M. de B. left me.

As I was returning by the Quai des Morfondus, I passed by the lofty old towers of Saint-Louis, and I felt an inclination to visit the prison of the Conciergerie at the Palais de Justice. It is impossible to say how the idea came into my head to go in and see how man had contrived to render hideous in the inside what is so magnificent on the outside. I turned to the right, however, into the little courtyard, and rang at the grating of the doorway. The door was opened, I gave my name. I had with me my Peer's medal. A doorkeeper was put at my service to serve as a guide wherever I wished to go.

The first impression which strikes one on entering a prison is a feeling of darkness and oppression, diminished respiration and perception, something ineffably nauseous and insipid, intermingled with the funereal and the lugubrious. A prison has its odour as it has its *chiaroscuro*. Its air is not air, its daylight is not daylight. Iron bars

have some power, it would seem, over those two free and heavenly things,—air and light.

The first room we came to was no other than the old guard-room of Saint-Louis, an immense hall cut up into a large number of compartments for the requirements of the prison. Everywhere are elliptical-pointed arches and pillars with capitals; the whole scraped, pared, levelled, and marred by the hideous taste of the architects of the Empire and the Restoration. I make this remark once for all, the whole building having been served in the same fashion. In this warders' room could still be seen on the right-hand side the nook where the pikes were stacked, marked out by a pointed moulding at the angle of the two walls.

The outer office in which I stood was the spot where the *toilet* of condemned criminals took place. The office itself was on the left. There was in this office a very civil old fellow, buried in a heap of cardboard cases, and surrounded by nests of drawers, who rose as I entered, took off his cap, lighted a candle, and said:

"You would like, no doubt, to see Héloïse and Abélard, Sir?" "By all means," I said, "there is nothing I should like better."

The old man took the candle, pushed on one side a green case bearing this inscription: *Discharges for the month,* and showed me in a dark corner behind a great nest of drawers, a pillar and capital, with a representation of a monk and a nun back to back, the nun holding in her hand an enormous phallus. The whole was painted yellow, and was called Héloïse and Abélard.

My good man continued:

"Now that you have seen Héloïse and Abélard, you would no doubt like to see the condemned cell?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Show the gentleman the way," said the good man to the turnkey.

Then he dived once more into his cases. This peaceful creature keeps the register of the sentences and terms of imprisonment.

I returned to the outer office, where I admired as I passed by a very large and handsome shell-work table in the brightest and prettiest Louis XV. taste, with a marble border; but dirty, unsightly, daubed with colour which had once been white, and relegated to a dark corner. Then I passed through a gloomy room, encumbered with wooden bedsteads, ladders, broken panes of glass, and old window-frames. In this room, the turnkey opened a door with a fearful noise of heavy keys and drawn bolts, and said: "That is it, Sir."

I went into the condemned cell.

It was rather a large place, with a low arched ceiling, and paved with the old stone flooring of St. Louis, square blocks of lias stone alternating with slabs of slate.

Some of the paving-stones were missing here and there. A tolerably large semi-circular vent-hole, protected by its iron bars and projecting shaft, cast a pale and wan sort of light inside. No furniture, save an old cast-iron stove of the time of Louis XV., ornamented with panels in relief, which it is impossible to distinguish owing to the rust, and in front of the skylight a large arm-chair, in oak, with an opening in the seat. The chair was of the period of Louis XIV., and covered with leather, which

was partly torn away so as to expose the horsehair. The stove was on the right of the door. My guide informed me that when the cell was occupied, a folding bedstead was placed in it. A gendarme and a warder, relieved once every three hours, watched the condemned man day and night, standing the whole time, without a chair or bed, so that they might not fall asleep.

We returned to the outer office, which led to two more rooms, the reception-room of the privileged prisoners who were able to receive their visitors without standing behind a double row of iron bars, and the saloon of the barristers, who are entitled to communicate freely and in private with their clients. This "saloon," for so it was described in the inscription placed over the door, was a long room, lighted by an opening in the wall, and furnished with long wooden benches like the other one. It appears that some young barristers had been guilty of abusing the privilege of a legal *tête-à-tête*. Female thieves and poisoners are occasionally very good-looking. The abuse was discovered, and the "saloon" was provided with a glazed doorway. In this way it was possible to see, although not to hear.

At this juncture, the Governor of the Conciergerie, whose name was Lebel, came up to us. He was a venerable old man, with some shrewdness in his looks. He wore a long frock-coat, and in his buttonhole the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He begged to be excused for not having ascertained before that I was in the place, and asked me to allow him to accompany me in the tour of inspection which I wished to make.

The outer office led through an iron barrier into a long, wide, and spacious vaulted passage.

"What is that?" I asked M. Lebel.

"That," he said, "was formerly connected with the kitchens of Saint-Louis. It was very useful to us during the riots. I did not know what to do with my prisoners. The Prefect of Police sent and asked me: 'Have you plenty of room just now? How many prisoners can you accommodate?' I replied: 'I can accommodate two hundred.' They sent me three hundred and fifty, and then said to me: 'How many more can you accommodate?' I thought they were joking. However, I made room by utilizing the Women's Infirmary. 'You can,' I said, 'send a hundred prisoners.' They sent me three hundred. This rather annoyed me; but they said: 'How many can you still find room for?' 'You can now send as many as you like.' Sir, they sent me six hundred! I placed them here; they slept upon the ground on trusses of straw. They were very excitable. One of them, Lagrange, the Republican from Lyons, said to me: 'Monsieur Lebel, if you will let me see my sister, I promise you I will make all the men keep quiet.' I allowed him to see his sister; he kept his word, and the place, with all its six hundred devils, became a little heaven. My Lyons men thus continued well behaved and civil until the day when, the House of Peers having begun to move in the matter, they were brought in contact, during the official inquiry, with the Paris rioters, who were of Sainte-Pélagie. The latter said to them: 'You must be mad to remain quiet like that. Why, you should complain, you should shout, you should be

furious.' My Lyons men now became furious, thanks to the Parisians. They became perfect Satans. Oh! what trouble I had! They said to me, 'Monsieur Lebel, it is not because of you, but of the government. We want to show our teeth to the government.' And Reverchon then undressed himself and stood stark naked."

"He called that showing his teeth, did he?" I asked M. Lebel.

In the meantime, the turnkey had opened the great railings at the far end of the corridor, then other railings and heavy doors, and I found myself in the heart of the prison.

I could see, through the railed arches, the men's exercise-yard. It was a tolerably large oblong courtyard, above which towered on every side the high walls of Saint-Louis, now-a-days plastered and disfigured. A number of men were walking up and down in groups of two or three; others were seated in the corners, upon the stone benches which surround the yard. Nearly all wore the prison dress—large waistcoats with linen trousers; two or three, however, wore black coats. One of the latter was clean and sedate-looking, and had a certain indescribable air of a town-bred man. It was the wreck of a gentleman.

This yard had nothing repulsive-looking about it. It is true that the sun was shining brightly, and that everything looks smiling in the sun—even a prison. There were two beds of flowers with trees, which were small but of a bright green, and, between the two beds, in the middle of the yard, an ornamental fountain with a stone basin.

This yard was formerly the cloister of the Palace. The Gothic architect surrounded the four sides with a gallery ornamented with pointed arches. The modern architects have covered these arches with masonry; they have placed steps and partitions in them and made two stories. Each arcade made one cell on the ground floor and one on the first floor. These cells, clean and fitted with timber floorings, had nothing very repulsive about them. Nine feet long by six feet wide, a door opening on to the corridor, a window overlooking the ground, iron bolts, a large lock and a railed opening in the door, iron bars to the window, a chain, a bed in the angle on the left of the door, covered with coarse linen and coarse blanketing, but very carefully and neatly made, that is what these cells were like. It was recreation time. Nearly all the cells were open, the men being in the yard. Two or three, however, remained closed, and some of the prisoners, young workmen—shoemakers and hatters, for the most part—were working there, making a great noise with their hammers. They were, I was told, hard-working and well-conducted prisoners, who preferred to do some work rather than go out for exercise.

The quarters of the privileged prisoners were above. The cells were rather larger, and, as a result of the greater liberty enjoyed here at a cost of *sixteen centimes* a day, rather less clean. As a general rule, in a prison, the greater the cleanliness the less liberty there is. These wretched beings are so constituted that their cleanliness is the token of their servitude. They were not alone in their cells; there were, in some cases, two

or three together; there was one large room in which there were six. An old man with a kindly and honest-looking face was engaged in reading. He lifted up his eyes from his book when I entered, and looked at me like a country curé reading his breviary and seated upon the grass with the sky above his head. I made inquiries, but I could not discover of what this *goodman* * was accused. Upon the whitewashed wall, near the door, these four lines were written in pencil:—

Dans la gendarmerie,
Quand un gendarme rit,
Tous les gendarmes rient
Dans la gendarmerie.†

Beneath them, a parodist had added:—

Dans la Conciergerie,
Quand un concierge rit,
Tous les concierges rient
Dans la Conciergerie.

M. Lebel called my attention in the yard to the spot where a prisoner had made his escape a few years before. The right angle formed by the two walls of the yard at the northernmost end had sufficed for the accomplishment of the man's purpose. He planted his back in this angle and drew himself up solely by the muscular force of

* *Sic* in the original.—*Translator's note.*

† An untranslatable pun upon the words *une gendarmerie*, or a station of the mounted police, and *un gendarme rit*, in English, "a policeman laughs." In the parody which follows, the jest is heightened, of course, by making all the *concierges* laugh in the Conciergerie, as though it were a place full of *concierges*, or door-keepers.—*Translator's note.*

his shoulders, elbows, and heels, as far as the roof, where he caught hold of a stove-pipe. Had this stove-pipe given way under his weight, he would have been a dead man. On reaching the roof, he climbed down again into the outer enclosure and fled. All this in broad daylight. He was captured again in the Palais de Justice. His name was Bottemolle. "Such an escape was deserving of better luck," said M. Lebel. "I was almost sorry to see him brought back."

At the beginning of the men's yard there was, on the left, a little office reserved for the chief warder, with a table placed at a right angle before the window, a leather-covered chair, and all kinds of card-board cases and papers upon the table. Behind this table and chair was an oblong space of about eight feet by four. It was the site of the cell formerly occupied by Louvel. The wall which divided it from the office had been demolished. At a height of about seven feet the wall ended, and was replaced by an iron grating reaching to the ceiling. The cell was lighted only through this and through the window in the door, the light coming from the corridor of the office and not from the courtyard. Through this grating and through the window of the door Louvel, whose bed was in the corner at the far end, was watched night and day. For all that, moreover, two turnkeys were placed in the cell itself. When the wall was pulled down, the architect preserved the door,—a low-lying door, armed with a great square lock and round bolt,—and had it built into the outer wall. It was there I saw it.

I remember that in my early youth I saw Louvel cross

the Pont-au-Change on the day on which he was taken to the Place de Grève. It was, I think, in the month of June. The sun shone brightly. Louvel was in a cart, with his arms tied behind his back, a blue coat thrown over his shoulders, and a round hat upon his head. He was pale. I saw him in profile. His whole countenance suggested a sort of earnest ferocity and violent determination. There was something harsh and frigid in his appearance.

Before we left the men's quarters, M. Lebel said: "Here is a curious spot." And he made me enter a round, vaulted room, rather lofty, about fifteen feet in diameter, without any window or opening in the wall, and lighted only through the doorway. A circular stone bench stretched all round the chamber.

"Do you know where you are now?" asked M. Lebel.

"Yes," I replied.

I recognised the famous chamber of torture. This chamber occupies the ground-floor of the crenellated tower, the smallest of the three round towers on the quay.

In the centre was an ominous and singular-looking object. It was a sort of long and narrow table of lias-stone, joined with molten lead poured into the crevices, very heavy, and supported on three stone legs. This table was about two and a half feet high, eight feet long, and twenty inches wide. On looking up I saw a great rusty iron hook fastened in the round stone which forms the key-stone of the arch.

This object is the rack. A leather covering used to be

put over it, upon which the victim was stretched. Ravaillac remained for six weeks upon this table, with his feet and hands tied, bound at the waist by a strap attached to a long chain hanging from the ceiling. The last ring of this chain was slipped on to the hook which I still saw fixed above my head. Six gentlemen guards and six guards of the Provost's department watched him night and day. Damiens was guarded like Ravaillac in this chamber, and tied down upon this table during the whole time occupied by the inquiry and the trial of his case. Desrues, Cartouche, and Voisin were tortured upon it. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was stretched upon it stark naked, fastened down, and, so to speak, quartered by four chains attached to the four limbs, and there suffered the frightful "extraordinary torture by water," which caused her to ask: "How are you going to continue to put that great barrel of water in this little body?"

A whole dark history is there, having filtered, so to speak, drop by drop into the pores of these stones, these walls, this vault, this bench, this table, this pavement, this door. There it all is; it has never quitted the place. It has been shut up there, it has been bolted up. Nothing has escaped from it, nothing has evaporated; no one has ever spoken, related, betrayed, revealed anything of it. This crypt, which is like the mouth of a funnel turned upside down, this case made by the hands of man, this stone box, has kept the secret of all the blood it has drunk, of all the shrieks it has stifled. The frightful occurrences which have taken place in this judge's den still palpitate and live, and exhale all sorts of horrible

miasms. What a strange abomination is this chamber, what a strange abomination this tower placed in the very middle of the quay, without any moat or wall to separate it from the passer-by! Inside, the saws, the boots, the wooden horses, the wheels, the pincers, the hammers which knock in the wedges, the hissing of flesh touched with the red-hot iron, the spluttering of blood upon the live embers, the cold interrogatories of the magistrates, the despairing shrieks of the tortured man; outside, within four paces, citizens coming and going, women chattering, children playing, tradespeople selling their wares, vehicles rolling along, boats upon the river, the roar of the city, air, sky, sun, liberty!

It is a gloomy reflection that this tower without windows has always seemed silent to the passer-by; it made no more noise then than it does now. What must be the thickness of these walls, for the sound of the street not to have reached the tower, and for the sound of the tower not to have reached the street!

I contemplated this table in particular with a curiosity filled with awe. Some of the prisoners had carved their names upon it. Towards the centre, eight or ten letters beginning with an M and forming a word which was illegible were rather deeply cut. At one end had been written with a punch the name of *Merel.* (I quote from memory and may be mistaken, but I think that is the name.)

The wall was hideous in its nakedness. It seemed as though one felt its fearful and pitiless solidity. The paving was the same kind of paving as in the condemned cell, that is to say, the old black and white stones of Saint-

Louis in alternate squares. A large square brick stove had taken the place of the old heating furnace for the instruments of torture. This chamber is used in winter-time as a place of warmth for the prisoners.

We then proceeded to the women's building. After being in the prison for an hour, I was already so accustomed to the bolts and bars that I no longer noticed them, any more than the air, peculiar to prisoners, which suffocated me as I went in. It would be impossible, therefore, for me to say what doors were opened to enable us to walk from the men's to the women's quarters. I do not remember. I only recollect that an old woman, with a nose like a bird of prey, appeared at a railing and opened the gate to us, asking us if we wished to look round the yard. We accepted the offer.

The women's exercise-yard was much smaller and much more gloomy than that of the men. There was only one bed of shrubs and flowers, a very narrow one, and I do not think there were any trees. Instead of the ornamental fountain there was a wash-house in the corner. A female prisoner, with bare arms, was inside, washing her clothes. Eight or ten women were seated in the yard in a group, talking, sewing and working. I raised my hat. They rose, and looked at me with curiosity. They were for the most part apparently of the lower middle class, and presented the appearance of small shopkeepers about forty years of age. That appeared to be the average age. There were, however, two or three young girls.

By the side of the yard there was a little chamber into which we entered. There were two young girls there,

one seated, the other standing. The one who was seated appeared ill; the other was tending her.

I asked: "What is the matter with that young girl?"

"Oh! it is nothing," said the other, a tall and rather handsome dark girl with blue eyes; "she is subject to it. She is not very well. She was often taken like it at Saint-Lazare. We were there together. I look after her."

"What is she charged with?" I continued.

"She is a servant. She stole six pairs of stockings of her employers."

Just then the invalid turned pale and fainted. She was a poor girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age.

"Give her some air," I said.

The big girl took her in her arms like a child, and carried her into the yard. M. Lebel sent for some ether.

"She took six pairs of stockings," he said; "but it is her third offence."

We returned to the yard. The girl lay upon the stones. The women crowded round her, and gave her the ether to smell. The old female warder took off her garters, while the big dark girl unlaced her clothing. As she undid her stays, she said:

"This comes over her every time she puts on stays. I will give you stays, you little fool!"

In those words, *little fool*, there was somehow or other a tone which was tender and sympathising.

We left the place.

One of the peculiarities of the Conciergerie is that all the cells occupied by regicides since 1830, are in the women's quarters.

I entered, first of all, the cell which had been occupied by Lecomte, and which had just been tenanted by Joseph Henri. It was a tolerably large chamber, almost vast, well lighted, and having nothing of the cell about it but the stone floor, the door, armed with the biggest lock in the Conciergerie, and the window, a large railed opening opposite the door. This chamber was furnished as follows: in the corner near the window a boat-shaped mahogany bedstead, four and a half feet wide, in the most imposing style of the Restoration; on the other side of the window, a mahogany writing-table; near the bed, a mahogany chest of drawers, with lacquered rings and handles; upon the chest of drawers, a looking-glass, and in front of the looking-glass a mahogany clock in the form of a lyre, the face gilded and chased; a square carpet mat at the foot of the bed; four mahogany chairs covered with Utrecht velvet; between the bed and the writing-table, a china stove. This furniture, with the exception of the stove, which would shock the taste of commonplace people, is the very ideal of a rich shopkeeper. Joseph Henri was dazzled by it. I asked what had become of this poor madman. After having been transferred from the Conciergerie to the prison of La Roquette, he had set out that very morning, in the company of eight felons, for the convict-prison of Toulon.

The window of this cell looked out on the women's exercise-yard. It was ornamented with a rusty old projecting shaft full of holes. Through these holes could be seen what was going on in the yard, an amusement for the prisoner not altogether without drawbacks for the

women, who thought themselves alone and secluded from observation in the yard.

Near by was the cell formerly occupied by Fieschi and Alibaud. Ouvrard, who was the first to occupy it, had a marble chimney-piece placed in it (Saint Anne marble, black, with white veins) and a large wooden partition, forming a recess and dressing-room. The furniture was of mahogany, and very similar to that of the apartment of Joseph Henri. After Fieschi and Alibaud, this cell had had for its occupants the Abbé de Lamennais and the Marchioness de Larochejacquelein, then Prince Louis Napoleon, and finally, that "stupid Prince de Berghes," as M. Lebel put it.

Opposite these two cells was the entrance to the Women's Infirmary, a long and broad chamber, too low-lying for its size. There were a score of beds there, with no one in the beds. I expressed surprise at this.

"I hardly ever have any invalids," said M. Lebel. "In the first place, the prisoners only stay here a short time. They come to await their trial, and go away immediately afterwards; if acquitted, at liberty; if convicted, to their destination. As long as they are here, the anticipation of their trial keeps them in a state of excitement, which leaves room for nothing else. Yes, they have no time to get ill in; they have another sort of feverishness than fever. At the period of the cholera, which was also the great period of riots, I had seven hundred prisoners here. They were everywhere, in the doorways, in the offices, in the waiting-rooms, in the yards, on the beds, on straw, on the paving-stones." I said: Good Heavens! It is to be hoped the cholera

will not come in addition to all this. Sir, I did not have a single man invalided."

There is certainly a moral in these facts. They show that strong mental excitement is a preservative against all ailments. In times of pestilence, while sanitary and hygienic measures should not be neglected, the people should be entertained with grand *fêtes*, grand performances, noble impressions. If no one troubled about the epidemic, it would disappear.

"When they had, in the cells on the opposite side, a prisoner guilty of an attempt on the person of the King, the Women's Infirmary was converted into a guard-room. Here were installed fifteen or twenty warders, kept secluded from the outer world like the prisoner himself, seeing no one, not even their wives, and this for the whole time of the preliminaries of the trial, sometimes six weeks, at others two months. That is what is done," added M. Lebel, from whom I had these details, "when I have regicides."

This phrase fell from him in the most natural manner possible; to him it was a sort of habit *to have regicides.*

"You spoke," I said, "in a contemptuous manner of the Prince de Berghes. What do you think of him?"

He wiped his eye-glasses on his sleeve, and replied:

"Oh! as for that, I do not think anything about him; he was a wretched great simpleton, well bred, with excellent manners, and a gentle expression, but a fool. When he arrived here, I put him at first in this chamber, in this Infirmary, which is of a good size, so that he might have space and air. He sent for me. 'Is my case a serious one, sir?' he asked. I stammered a few

hesitating words. 'Do you think,' he added, 'that I shall be able to get away this evening?' 'Oh, no,' I said. 'Well, to-morrow, then?' 'Nor to-morrow,' I replied. 'What! do you really think they will keep me here for a week?' 'Perhaps longer.' 'More than a week! More than a week! My case really is a serious one, then? Do you think my case is serious?' He walked about in every direction, continuing to repeat this question, to which I never replied. His family, however, did not abandon him. The Duchess his mother, and the Princess his wife, came to see him every day. The Princess, a very pretty little woman, asked if she might share his prison cell. I gave her to understand that this was impossible. As a matter of fact, what was his offence? Forgery, certainly; but without any motive. It was an act of stupidity, nothing more. The jury found him guilty because he was a prince. If he had been some rich tradesman's son, he would have been acquitted. After he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, he was left here for some time with me, and then he was transferred to a sanatorium, of which a whole wing was secured for his exclusive use. He has been there nearly a year now, and he will be left there for six months longer; then he will be pardoned. So that his being a prince damaged him at his trial, but it benefits him in his imprisonment.

As we crossed the passage, my guide stopped me and called my attention to a low door about four-and-a-half feet in height, armed with an enormous square lock and a great bolt, very similar to the door of Louvel's cell. It was the door of the cell of Marie-Antoinette, the only

thing which had been preserved just as it was, Louis XVIII. having converted her cell into a chapel. It was through this door that the Queen went forth to the Revolutionary Court; it was through it also that she went to the scaffold. The door no longer turned on its hinges. Since 1814, it had been fixed in the wall.

I have said that it had been preserved just as it was, but I was mistaken. It was daubed over with a fearful nankeen-coloured picture; but this is of no consequence. What sanguinary souvenir is there which has not been painted either a yellow or a rose colour?

A moment afterwards I was in the chapel, which had formerly been a cell. If one could have seen there the bare stone floor, the bare walls, the iron bars at the opening, the folding-bedstead of the Queen, and the camp-bedstead of the gendarme, together with the historic screen which separated them, it would have created a profound feeling of emotion and an unutterable impression. There were to be seen a little wooden altar, which would have been a disgrace to a village church, a coloured wall (yellow, of course), small stained-glass windows, as in a Turkish *café*, a raised wooden platform, and upon the wall two or three abominable paintings, in which the bad style of the Empire had a tussle with the bad taste of the Restoration. The entrance to the cell had been replaced by an archivault cut in the wall. The vaulted passage by which the Queen proceeded to the Court had been walled up. There is a respectful vandalism that is even more revolting than a vindictive vandalism, because of its stupidity.

Nothing was to be seen there of what came under the

eyes of the Queen, unless it was a small portion of the paved flooring, which the boards fortunately did not entirely cover. This floor was an old-fashioned, chevroned pavement of bricks, laid on horizontally, with the narrow side uppermost.

A straw chair, placed upon the platform, marked the spot where the bed of the Queen had rested.

On coming away from this venerable spot, profaned by a foolish piety, I went into a large apartment at the side, which had been the place of incarceration for the priests during the Terror, and which had been converted into the chapel of the Conciergerie. It was very mean-looking, and very ugly, like the chapel-cell of the Queen. The Revolutionary Court held its sittings above this apartment.

While walking about in the depths of the old building, I perceived here and there, through openings in the walls, immense cellars, mysterious and deserted chambers, with portcullises opening on to the river, fearful dungeons, dark passages. In these crypts spiders' webs abounded, as well as mossy stones, sickly gleams of light, vague and distorted forms. I asked M. Lebel: "What is this place?" He replied: "This is no longer used." What had it been used for?

We had to go back through the men's yard. As we passed through it, M. Lebel pointed out to me a staircase near the latrines. It was here that a murderer named Savoye, who had been condemned to the galleys, had hanged himself, not many days previously, to the railings of the bannister. "The jury have made a mistake," said this man; "I ought to have been condemned to death.

I will settle the matter." He settled it by hanging himself. He was put under the special supervision of a prisoner who had been raised to the functions of a warder, and whom M. Lebel dismissed.

While the Governor of the Conciergerie furnished me with these details, a decently-dressed prisoner came up to us. He seemed to wish to be spoken to. I asked him several questions. He was a young fellow who had been a working embroiderer and lace-maker, afterwards the assistant to the Paris executioner, what was formerly called the "headsman's valet," and finally, he said, a groom in the King's stables.

"Pray, sir, ask the Governor not to have me put in the prison dress, and to leave me my *fainéant*." This word, which has to be pronounced *faignant*, means a cloth coat in the latest slang. He had, in fact, a tolerably good cloth coat. I obtained permission for him to keep it, and I got him into conversation.

He spoke very highly of M. Sanson, the executioner, his former master. M. Sanson lived in the Rue du Marais-du-Temple, in an isolated house, of which the jalousies were always closed. He received many visits. Numbers of English people went to see him. When visitors presented themselves at M. Sanson's, they were introduced into an elegant reception-room on the ground floor, *furnished entirely with mahogany*, in the midst of which there was an excellent piano, always open, and provided with pieces of music. Shortly afterwards, M. Sanson arrived, and asked his visitors to be seated. The conversation turned upon one topic and another. Generally, the English people asked to see the guillotine.

M. Sanson complied with this request, no doubt for some consideration, and conducted the ladies and gentlemen to the adjoining street (the Rue Albouy, I think), to the house of the scaffold-manufacturer. There was a shed at this place, where the guillotine was permanently erected. The strangers grouped themselves around it, and it was made to *work*. Trusses of hay were guillotined.

One day, an English family, consisting of the father, the mother, and three pretty daughters, fair and with rosy cheeks, presented themselves at Sanson's residence. It was in order to see the guillotine. Sanson took them to the carpenter's and set the instrument at work. The knife fell and rose again several times at the request of the young ladies. One of them, however, the youngest, was not satisfied with this. She made the executioner explain to her, in the minutest details, what is called the *toilet of the condemned*. Still she was not satisfied. At length, she turned hesitatingly towards the executioner:

"Monsieur Sanson!" she said.

"Mademoiselle," said the executioner.

"What is done when the man is on the scaffold? How is he tied down?"

The executioner explained the dreadful matter to her, and said: "We call that 'putting him in the oven.'"

"Well, Monsieur Sanson," said the young lady, "I want you to put me in the oven."

The executioner started. He made an exclamation of surprise. The young lady insisted: "I fancy," she said, "that I should like to be able to say I have been tied down on it."

Sanson spoke to the father and mother. They replied: "As she has taken a fancy to have it done, do it."

The executioner had to give in. He made the young *miss* sit down, tied her legs with a piece of string, and her arms behind her back with a rope, fastened her to the swinging plank, and strapped her on with the leather strap. Here he wanted to stop. "No, no, that is not yet all," she said. Sanson then swung the plank down, placed the head of the young lady in the dreadful neck-piece, and closed it upon her neck. Then she declared she was satisfied.

When he afterwards told the story, Sanson said: "I quite thought she was going to say at last: '*That is not all; make the knife fall.*'"

Nearly all the English visitors ask to see the knife which cut off the head of Louis XVI. This knife was sold for old iron, in the same way as all the other guillotine-knives when they are worn out. English people will not believe it, and offer to buy it of M. Sanson. If he had cared to trade in them, there would have been as many *knives of Louis XIV.* sold as walking-sticks of Voltaire.

From his anecdotes of Sanson, the fellow, who said he had formerly been a groom at the Tuileries, wanted to proceed to anecdotes of the King. He had heard the conferences of the King with the ambassadors, &c. . . . I did not trouble him. I thought of his being a Gascon,* and an embroiderer, and his political revelations appeared to be only fancy articles of a superior description.

* The people of Gascony are proverbially supposed to be hatchet-throwers.—*Translator's note.*

Up to 1826, the Conciergerie had no other entrance but a grating opening into the courtyard of the Palais de Justice. It was through this that criminals condemned to death came out. In 1826 was made the doorway which is to be seen upon the quay between the two great round towers. These two towers had upon the ground floor, like the tower of the torture-chamber, a room without a window. The two grotesque Gothic arches, without any voussoir or equilateral triangle for a base, which are still admired here to this day, and which are masterpieces of ignorance, were opened in these splendid walls by a sort of stone-mason, named Peyre, who held the office of architect to the Palais de Justice, and who mutilated, dishonoured, and disfigured the building as may be seen. These two rooms, thus lighted, make two fine circular apartments. Their walls are ornamented with inlaid Gothic arches, of admirable purity, resting upon exquisite brackets. These charming triumphs of architecture and sculpture were never intended to see the light of day, and were made, strange to say, for horror and darkness.

The first of the two rooms, the nearest to the men's yard, had been converted into a dormitory for the warders. There were in it a dozen beds arranged like the rays of a star round a stove placed in the centre. Above each bed, a plank fixed in the wall through the delicate mullions of the architecture, held the personal belongings of the warders, generally represented by a brush, a trunk, and an old pair of boots. Over one of the beds, however, beside the pair of boots, which was not wanting in any single instance, was a little heap of books. I noticed this; it was explained to me. It was the library of a

warder named Peiset, to whom Lacenaire had imparted literary tastes. This man, seeing Lacenaire constantly reading and writing, first admired and then consulted him. He was not without intelligence; Lacenaire advised him to study. Some of the books which were there were those of Lacenaire. Lacenaire gave them to him. Peiset had bought a few other old books upon the quays; he took the advice of Lacenaire, who said: "Read this," or "do not read that." By degrees, the jailor became a thinker, and it was thus that an intelligence had been awakened and had expanded in this repulsive atmosphere.

The other room could only be entered by a door which bore this inscription: "Entrance reserved for the Governor." M. Lebel opened it for me very politely, and we found ourselves in his sitting-room. This apartment was in fact transformed into the Governor's sitting-room. It was almost identical with the other, but differently furnished. This sitting-room was made up in extraordinary fashion. The architecture of Saint-Louis, a chandelier which had belonged to Ouvrard, hideous wall-paper in the Gothic arches, a mahogany writing-desk, some articles of furniture with unbleached calico coverings, an old legal portrait without any case or frame and nailed askew upon the wall, some engravings, some heaps of paper, a table looking like a counter; altogether, the room thus furnished, had the characteristics of a palace, a prison-cell, and a shop parlour. It was patibulary, magnificent, ugly, ridiculous, sinister, royal, and vulgar.

It was into this apartment that the visitors of the privi-

leged prisoners were shown. At the time of his detention, of which many traces remained at the Conciergerie, M. Ouvrard used to see his friends here. The Prince de Berghes used to see his wife and mother here. "What does it matter to me if they do receive their visitors here?" said M. Lebel. "They think themselves in a drawing-room, and they are none the less in a prison." The worthy man looked profoundly convinced that the Duchess and Princess de Berghes must have thought they were in a drawing-room.

It was there also that the Chancellor Duke Pasquier was in the habit of preparing the preliminaries of the official inquiries confided to him in respect of the prosecutions before the House of Peers.

The Governor's room communicated with this apartment. It was very mean and ugly looking. The species of den which served as his bedroom was solely dependent upon the doors for light and air, that is to say, so far as I could see, for I passed rapidly through. It was clean, although of a rather mouldy-smelling cleanliness, and had all sorts of frames in the corners, and old-fashioned nick-nacks, and all those minutiæ which one sees in the rooms of elderly people. The dining-room was larger, and had windows. Two or three good-looking young ladies were seated there upon straw-bottomed chairs, and were at work under the eye of a lady of about fifty years of age. They rose with a modest and pleasant look as I passed, and their father, M. Lebel, kissed them on the forehead. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this Anglican Presbyterian's home, surrounded by the infamous interior of a prison, and walled round as it were

and preserved in all its purity amidst every vice, every crime, every disgrace, and every shame.

"But," I said to M. Lebel, "what has become of the hall of the chimney-pieces? Where is it?"

He appeared to turn it over in his mind like a person who fails to understand.

"The hall of the chimney-pieces? Did you say the hall of the chimney-pieces?"

"Yes," I rejoined, "a great hall which was under the *salle des pas perdus*,* and where there were in the four corners four enormous chimney-pieces, constructed in the thirteenth century. Why, I remember distinctly having come to see it some twenty years ago in company with Rossini, Meyerbeer, and David d'Angers."

"Ah!" said M. Lebel, "I know what you mean. That is what we call the Kitchens of Saint-Louis."

"Well, the Kitchens of Saint-Louis then, if that is what you call them. But what has become of this hall? Besides the four chimney-pieces, it had some handsome pillars which supported the roof. I have not seen it even now. Has your architect, M. Peyre, hidden it away?"

"Oh! no. Only he has made some alterations in it for us."

These words, quietly uttered, made me shudder. The hall of the chimney-pieces was one of the most remarkable monuments of the Royal and domestic architecture of the Middle Ages. What might not a creature like the architect Peyre have done with it? M. Lebel continued:

"We scarcely knew where to put our prisoners during

* The outer hall of a French Court of Justice, to which the public are admitted.—*Translator's note.*

the time when they have to undergo their preliminary examination. M. Peyre took the kitchens of Saint-Louis and made a magnificent *souricière* * with three compartments,—one for men, one for women and one for juveniles. He contrived this in the best manner possible, and he did not destroy the old hall to any great extent, I assure you."

"Will you take me to it?" I said to M. Lebel.

"By all means."

We passed through long, wide, low, and narrow corridors and passages. Here and there we came across a staircase crowded with gendarmes, and we saw pass amidst a hubbub of policemen and warders, some poor wretch whom the ushers handed to each other, at the same time saying to each other in a loud tone of voice, the word: *Disponible.*†

"What does that word convey?" I said to my guide.

"It means that he has a man whom the examining magistrate has done with, and who is at the disposal of the gendarme."

"To set him at liberty?"

"No, to take him back to prison."

At length the last door opened.

"Here you are," said the Governor, "in the room you are looking for."

I look round.

I was in darkness.

* A room in which prisoners are temporarily detained.—*Translator's note.*

† Available, or ready to be disposed of.—*Translator's note.*

I had a wall in front of my eyes.

My eyeballs, however, gradually became accustomed to the darkness, and after a few moments, I distinguished on my right, in a recess, a lofty and magnificent chimney-piece, in the shape of an inverted funnel, built of stone, and resting, by means of an open buttress of the most exquisite style, against a pillar which stood in face of it.

"Ah," I said, "here is one of the chimney-pieces. But where are the others?"

"This is the only one," replied M. Lebel, "which remains intact. Of the three others, two are completely destroyed, and the third is mutilated; it was necessary for a *souricière*. It is because we had to fill up the intervals between the pillars with stone-work. We had to put up partitions. The architect preserved this chimney-piece as a specimen of the architectural style of the period."

"And," I added, "of the folly of the architects of our time." Thus, there was no hall, but a number of compartments, and out of four chimney-pieces three were destroyed. This was effected under Charles X. This is what the sons of Saint-Louis made of the souvenirs of Saint-Louis.

"It is true," continued M. Lebel, "that this *souricière* might very well have been placed elsewhere. But then you know they did not think of that, and they had this hall available. However, they arranged it very well. It is divided by stone walls in longitudinal compartments, lighted each by one of the windows of the old hall. The first is that of the juveniles. Should you like to go in?"

A turnkey opened a heavy door with a peep-hole bored through it, by means of which the interior of the *souricière* could be watched, and we went in.

The juveniles' *souricière* was an oblong room, a parallelogram, provided with two stone benches on the two principal sides. There were three boys there. The eldest was rather a big boy. He appeared to be about seventeen years of age, and was clad in frightful old yellowish clothes.

I spoke to the youngest, who had a rather intelligent, although an enervated and degraded face.

"What is your age, boy?"

"I am twelve, sir."

"What have you done to be in here?"

"I took some peaches."

"Where?"

"In a garden at Montreuil."

"By yourself?"

"No, with my friend."

"Where is your friend?"

He pointed out the other one, who was clad like himself in the prison material, and was a little bigger than himself, and said: "There he is."

"You got over a wall, then?"

"No, sir. The peaches were on the ground, in the road."

"You only stooped down?"

"Yes, sir."

"And picked them up?"

"Yes, sir."

At this point, M. Lebel leaned towards me and said: "He has already been taught his lesson."

It was evident, in fact, that the child was telling a lie. There was neither decision nor candour in his look. He cast his eyes down obliquely, as he looked at me, as a sharper examines his victim, and moreover with that delighted expression of a child who makes a man his dupe.

"You are not telling the truth, my lad," I resumed.

"Yes, I am, sir."

This "Yes, I am, sir," was said with that kind of impudence in which one feels that everything is wanting, even assurance. He added, boldly:

"And for that I have been sentenced to three years' imprisonment. But, *j'en rappelle.*" *—"Have not your relatives come to claim you?"—"No, sir."—"And your friend, was he sentenced?"—"No, his relatives claimed him."—"He is a better boy than you, then?."

The boy hung down his head.

M. Lebel said to me: "He has been sentenced to be detained for three years in a House of Correction, to be brought up there—acquitted, that is to say, for not having acted 'with discretion.' The misfortune and the grief of all the little vagabonds is to be under sixteen years of age. They have a thousand ways of trying to persuade the authorities that they are sixteen years of age, and guilty *with discretion.* In fact, when they are sixteen years and one day old they are punished with a few

* For *J'en appelle*, meaning that he has appealed against the sentence.—*Translator's note.*

months' imprisonment for their pranks. If they are a day less than sixteen years old, they have three years' detention at La Roquette."

I gave a small sum of money to these poor little wretches, who, perhaps, were only wanting in education.

All things considered, society is more guilty towards them than they are guilty towards society. We may ask them: What have you done with our peaches? Very well. But they might reply: What have you done with our intelligence?

"Thank you, sir," said the youngster, putting the money in his pocket.

"I would have given you twice as much," I told him, "if you had not told a lie."

"Sir," said the boy, "I have been sentenced, but *j'en rappelle.*"

"It was bad to take peaches, but it was worse to tell a lie."

The child did not appear to understand.

"*J'en rappelle,*" he said.

We quitted the cell, and, as the door was closed, the boy followed us with a look, while still repeating: "*J'en rappelle.*" The two others did not breathe a word. The jailor bolted the door while muttering: "Keep quiet, my little *rats.*" * This word reminded us that we were in a "*souricière.*" †

The second compartment was set apart for men, and was exactly similar to the first. I did not go in, but con-

* Equivalent to "my little dears."—*Translator's note.*

† In allusion to its other signification of a mouse-trap.—*Translator's note.*

tented myself with looking through the peep-hole. It was full of prisoners, among whom the turnkey pointed out to me a youth with a prepossessing countenance, tolerably dressed, and wearing a thoughtful air. This was an individual named Pichery, the ringleader of a gang of thieves who were to be put on their trial in a few days' time.

The third slice cut out of the Kitchens of Saint-Louis was the women's jail. It was thrown open to us. I saw only seven or eight inmates, all more than forty years of age, with the exception of a youngish woman who still retained some remains of good looks. This poor creature hid herself behind the others. I understood this bashfulness, and I neither asked nor permitted any question. All kinds of little articles of women's luggage, baskets, flat baskets, work-bags, pieces of knitting just begun, encumbered the stone benches. There were also great pieces of brown bread. I took up a piece of this bread. It was of the colour of road scrapings, smelt very nasty, and stuck to the fingers like birdlime.

"What is that?" I said to M. Lebel. "It is the prison bread."—"Why, it is detestable!"—"Do you think so?"—"Look at it yourself."—"It is a contractor who supplies it."—"And who makes his fortune, does he not?"

"M. Chayet, Secretary at the Prefecture, has to examine the bread; he considers it very good, so good that he does not have any other on his own table."

"M. Chayet," I said, "is wrong to judge the bread eaten by the prisoners by the bread he receives himself. If the speculator does send him every day a delicacy,

that does not prove that he does not send filth to the prisoners."

"You are right; I will speak about it."

I learnt afterwards that the quality of the bread had been looked into and that an improvement had been effected.

On the whole, there was nothing remarkable in this cell, unless it was that the walls were covered all over with inscriptions in black marks. Here are the three which stood out prominently in larger letters than the others:—"*Corset.*"—"*Je suis codanée à six mois pour vacabonage.*"—"*Amour pour la vie.*" *

The three doors of the compartments opened on the same passage, a long dark corridor, at the two extremities of which, like two stone tiaras, were the rounded forms of the two chimney-pieces which had been preserved, and of which, as I had already said, there was only one which was perfect. The second had lost its principal ornament—its buttress. Of the others all that remained visible was the sites on which they had stood in the corners of the juvenile compartment and the women's compartment.

It was upon the easternmost of these two latter chimney-pieces that the curious figure of the demon Mahidis was carved. The demon Mahidis was a Persian demon which Saint-Louis brought back from the Crusades. It was to be seen upon the chimney-piece with

* The first appears to be the name of a prisoner. The second is an illiterate inscription by some woman, to the effect that she has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment as a vagabond. The third expresses undying affection for some person unknown.—*Translator's note.*

its five heads, for he had five heads, and each of these five heads had composed one of those songs which are called *ragas* in India, and which are the oldest music known. These ragas are still celebrated and dreaded throughout Hindostan, on account of their magic powers. There is no juggler who is bold enough to sing them. One of these ragas sung at nuddar makes the night fall instantly, and conjures up from the ground an immense circle of darkness, which spreads as far as the voice of the singer will carry. Another is called the Ihupuck raga. Whoever sings it perishes by fire. A tradition relates how the Emperor Akbar one day was smitten with a desire to hear this raga sung. He sent for a famous musician named Naïk-Gopaul, and said to him: "Sing me the Ihupuck raga." Thereupon the poor tenor, trembling from head to foot, falls upon the Emperor's knees. The Emperor had his whim and was inflexible. The only concession the tenor could obtain was to be allowed to go and see his family for the last time. He sets out, returns to the town in which he lives, makes his will, embraces his old father and mother, says adieu to all that he loves in the world, and returns to the Emperor. Six months elapsed. Eastern kings have melancholy and tenacious whims. "Ah! there you are, musician," said Shah Akbar, in a sad but friendly tone, "welcome. You are going to sing me the Ihupuck raga." Naïk-Gopaul trembles and implores once more. But the Emperor is inexorable. It was winter time. The Jumna was frozen over; people were skating upon it. Naïk-Gopaul has the ice broken and gets into the water up to his neck. He begins to sing. At the second

verse the water became warm; at the second stanza the ice melted; at the third stanza the river began to boil. Naïk-Gopaul was cooking; he was covered with blisters. Instead of singing, he cried: "Mercy, Sire!"—"Go on," said Akbar, who was no mean lover of music. The poor wretch went on singing; his face was crimson, his eyes started out of his head, but he continued to sing, the Emperor listening meanwhile with ecstasy. At length a few sparks shot out of the hair of the tenor, which stood on end.—"Mercy!" he cried, for the last time. "Sing!" said the Emperor. He began the last stanza amidst shrieks. Suddenly the flames burst forth from his mouth, then from his entire body, and the fire consumed him in the midst of the water. That is one of the habitual effects of the music of this demon Mahidis, who was represented upon the demolished chimney-piece. He had a wife named Parbutta, who is the author of what the Hindoos call the *sixth raga*. Thirty raginis, a music of a feminine and inferior character, were dictated by Boimba. It was to these three devils or gods that was due the invention of the gamut, composed of twenty-one notes, which forms the basis of the music of India.

As we withdrew, three gentlemen in black coats, conducted by a turnkey, passed near us; they were visitors. "Three new members of the Chamber of Deputies," M. Lebel informed me in a whisper. They had whiskers and high cravats, and spoke like Provincial academicians. They were lavish in expressions of admiration; they were in ecstasies more particularly at the work which had been done in the way of embellishing the prison and making it suitable to the requirements of the police authorities.

One of them maintained that Paris was being prodigiously embellished, *thanks to the architects of taste who were modernizing (sic) the ancient buildings;* and he asserted that the Académie Française ought to make these Paris embellishments the subject of a prize competition in poetry. This set me thinking that M. Peyre has done for the Palais de Justice what M. Godde has done for Saint-Germain-des-Près, and M. Debret for Saint-Denis; and while M. Lebel was giving some instructions to the warders, I wrote with a pencil upon a pillar of the hall of the chimney-pieces these verses, which might be sent in for the competition if ever the Académie should set up the competition desired by these gentlemen, and which, I hope, would secure the prize:

Un sizain vaut une longue ode
Pour chanter Debret, Peyre et Godde;
L'oison gloussant, l'âne qui brait,
Fêtent Godde, Peyre et Debret;
Et le dindon, digne compère,
*Admire Debret, Godde et Peyre.**

As M. Lebel turned round, I had finished. He conducted me to the outer door again, and I issued forth. As I went away, some one of a group of men in blouses at the back of me, who appeared to be waiting on the

* This might be rendered:

Six lines are worth a lengthy ode
To sing of Debret, Peyre, and Godde;
The gosling's hiss, the donkey's bray,
Acclaim them all, Godde, Peyre, Debret;
The turkey, too, a worthy mate,
Must worship this triumvirate.—*Translator's note.*

quay, said: "There is one of them who has been discharged. He is a lucky fellow."

It appears that I looked like a thief. However, I had spent two hours at the Conciergerie, the sitting of the Académie must still be going on, and I reflected, with much inward satisfaction, that if I had gone to it, I should not have been "discharged" thus early.

COUNT MORTIER.

November 11*th.*

YESTERDAY Chancellor Pasquier comes to the house of Mme. de Boignes, and finds her in great agitation, holding a letter in her hand. "What is the matter, madame?"—"This letter which I have received. Read it." The Chancellor took the letter; it was signed *Mortier*, and said in effect: "Madame, when you read this letter my two children and myself will no longer be alive."

It was Count Mortier, a Peer of France, and formerly an Ambassador, but where I cannot remember, who wrote. M. Pasquier was much concerned. M. Mortier was known as a confirmed hypochondriac. Four years ago, at Bruges, he ran after his wife, with a razor in his hand, with the intention of killing her. A month ago he made a similar attempt, which led to a separation by the terms of which M. Mortier retained the custody of the children, a little boy of seven years of age, and a little girl of five. His hypochondria was caused, it appears, by jealousy, and developed into uncontrollable passion.

The Chancellor sends for his carriage, and does not take a chair. "Where does M. Mortier live?"—"In the Rue Neuve Saint-Augustin, in the Hôtel Chatham," said Madame de Boignes.

M. Pasquier arrives at the Hôtel Chatham, he finds the staircase crowded, a Commissary of Police, a locksmith with his bunch of keys, the door barricaded. The alarm had been given. They were going to break open the door.

"I forbid you," said the Chancellor. "You would exasperate him; and if the mischief were not yet done, he would do it."

For some time, however, M. Mortier had not answered. There was nothing but a profound silence behind the door; a terrible silence, for it seemed that if the children were still living they should be crying. "It seemed," said the Chancellor, when he told me this to-day, "as if it was the door of a tomb."

The Chancellor called out his name:

"Count Mortier, it is I, M. Pasquier, the Chancellor, your colleague. You know my voice, do you not?"

To this a voice replied: "Yes."

It was the voice of M. Mortier.

The onlookers breathed again.

"Well," continued M. Pasquier, "you know me; open the door."

"No," replied the same voice. Then it obstinately refused to speak again. All was silence once more.

This happened several times. He replied, the dialogue continued, he refused to open, then he remained silent. Those outside trembled for fear that in these brief intervals of silence he might do the dreadful deed.

In the meantime, the Prefect of Police had arrived.

"It is I, your colleague, Delessert, and your old friend." (They were schoolfellows, I think.)

This parleying lasts for more than an hour. At length, he consents to open the door, provided they give him their word they will not enter. The word is given; he half opens the door; they go in.

He was in the anteroom, with an open razor in his hand; behind him was the inner door of his rooms, locked, and with the key removed. He appeared frenzied.

"If any one approaches me," he said, "there will be an end of him and me. I will remain alone with Delessert and speak to him; I consent to that."

A risky conversation this, with a furious man armed with a razor. M. Delessert, who behaved bravely, asked everyone else to withdraw, remained alone with M. Mortier, and after a refusal, which lasted for a space of twenty minutes, persuaded him to put down the razor.

Once disarmed, he was secured.

But were the children dead or living? It was terrible to reflect upon. To all questions on the subject he replied:

"It is nothing to do with you."

The inner door is broken open, and what is found at the further end of the rooms? The two children crouching under the furniture.

This is what had happened.

In the morning, M. Mortier said to his children: "I am very unhappy. You love me and I love you. I am going to die. Will you die with me?"

The little boy said resolutely:

"No, papa."

As for the little girl, she hesitated. In order to persuade her, the father passed the back of the razor gently round her neck, and said to her :

"There, my dear, it will not hurt you any more than that."

"Well, then, papa," said the child, "I do not mind dying."

The father goes out, probably to fetch a second razor. Directly he goes out, the little boy rushes to the key, lays hold of it, shuts the door, and locks it twice on the inside.

Then he takes his sister to the furthermost end of the rooms and gets under the furniture with her.

The doctors declared that Count Mortier was a melancholy and dangerous madman. He was taken to a madhouse.

He had a mania, in fact, for razors. When he was seized, he was searched ; besides that which he had in his hand, one was found in each of his pockets.

On the same day the news arrived in Paris that my colleague, Count Bresson, had cut his throat at Naples, where he had recently been appointed Ambassador.

This was a grief to us all, and a great surprise. From a mere worldly point of view, Count Bresson wanted nothing. He was a Peer of France, an Ambassador, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. His son had lately been created a Duke in Spain. As an Ambassador, he had a salary of two hundred thousand francs a year. He was an earnest, kindly, gentle, intelligent, sensible man, very rational in everything, of high

stature, with broad shoulders, a good square face, and at fifty-five years of age looked only forty; he had wealth, greatness, dignity, intelligence, health, and was fortunate in private as in public life. He killed himself.

Nourrit also went to Naples and killed himself.

Is it the climate? Is it the marvellous sky?

Spleen is engendered just as much under a blue sky as under a gloomy sky. More so perhaps.

As the life of even the most prosperous man is always in reality more sad than gay, a gloomy sky is in harmony with ourselves. A brilliant and joyous sky mocks us. Nature in its sad aspects resembles us and consoles us: nature, when radiant, impassive, serene, magnificent, transplendent, young while we grow old, smiling when we are sighing, superb, inaccessible, eternal, contented, calm in its joyousness, has in it something oppressive.

By dint of contemplating the sky,—ruthless, unrelenting, indifferent, and sublime,—one takes a razor and makes an end of it!

December 1st.

In the new hall for private meetings at the Académie, the statue of Racine has been placed in a corner, and the statue of Corneille in the centre, behind the President's chair.

Formerly it was Racine who was in the centre and Corneille in the corner. This is a step in the right direction. Another demolition, another reconstruction,

and it will be Molière who will be put in the place of honour.

December 18th.

Reception at M. Guizot's.

M. Guizot's aged mother is eighty-four or eighty-five years old. She attends the evening gatherings, seating herself in the corner by the fire-place, and wearing a chemisette and a black cap amidst all the laces and the stars and ribbons. In this room of velvet and gold one would think she must be an apparition from the Cevennes. M. Guizot said to her one day: "Do you remember, mother, the time when your grandmother spoke to us of the dragoons who pursued her in the mountains and of the bullets which pierced her clothes?"

At the period of M. Guizot's birth, '89 had not yet restored to Protestants their civil rights. They were outlawed. M. Guizot was thus legally a bastard when he was born. He was inscribed in no register when he came into the world, and would be unable to prove his French nationality.

M. Guizot came up during the evening to a group of which I happened to make one, and said to me:

M. Guizot: "Well, we are going to begin the struggles once more."

I: "You do not fear anything in our Chamber?"

M. Guizot: "No. The Opposition intimates to me that it will not harass me much, excepting M. de Boissy, who has not informed me beforehand of what he

intends to do at all. M. de Montalembert will speak about Cracow. But we shall have a paragraph in the Speech from the Throne, which I hope will leave nothing to be said."

I: "And you will be quite right. As for myself, my opinion is this. If the Chamber had been sitting at the time of the Cracow affair, I should have spoken and I should have said: I ask permission to congratulate France. To get rid of Cracow is to restore to us the Rhine. The treaties of 1815 no longer exist. Those treaties were made against us, they are violated against us, they will be violated again against us; the final violation will be for us to make. I congratulate France, and I glorify Poland."

VISCOUNT DE FLAVIGNY: "That may be. But is it not a misfortune that some governments . . ."

M. DE LAGRENÉE: "Monarchical governments!"

M. DE FLAVIGNY: ". . . . set the example of the infraction of treaties and the violation of international law!"

I: "It is nothing new. M. Guizot, who is a great historian, knows better than we do that nothing is more frequent in the history of Europe. All governments have from time to time violated every law, beginning with the law of nations. Cannon were called the *ultima ratio*. Who has might has right; that was the maxim. The little were devoured by the great; the fowls eaten by the foxes; the foxes eaten by the wolves; the wolves eaten by the lions: that was the practice. That which is new is the respect for law. It is the glory of the civilization of the nineteenth century to wish the weak to

be respected by the strong, and to rank eternal morality higher than pikes and muskets. The three Powers which have destroyed Cracow have committed a blunder, not because they have violated the tradition of past centuries, but because they have outraged the spirit of the time."

M. GUIZOT: "Just so."

M. DE FLAVIGNY: "But the history of the Popes then . . ."

I: "The history of the Popes is better than the history of Kings, but it has also its dark spots. Popes themselves have also been false to their word and violated their plighted faith."

M. GUIZOT (*laughing*): "Oh! do not let us say any harm of the Papacy just now. There is a Pope whom I esteem, and for whom I have a warm regard."

I: "Granted. But the preceding one, Gregory XVI.! As for Pius IX., I am also among those who live in hopes."

M. GUIZOT: "I esteem him because he appreciates and invites advice, because he asks for one's opinion, although judging rationally for himself afterwards; because he wishes to do what is right, seeks it, and often discovers it. I esteem him because he concedes gracefully, and with a goodwill, that which is just. I esteem him because he knows also how to say: '*I will never do that.*' He has gentleness and firmness."

I: "If Pius IX. likes, he may become the most powerful sovereign in Europe. No one realizes what a Pope might become. A Pope who would follow the drift of his times might govern and might move the world.

He has so enormous a lever—faith, the conscience, the mind! Every soul is a mine ready to be fired by the spark which would flash from such a Pope. What a conflagration, if it pleased him! What a coruscation, if he so willed it!"

1847.

January 6th.

The Marquis of Normanby, the English Ambassador, said to me yesterday: "When the secret history of the Cracow affair is known, it will be known that Russia said to Austria, 'Take Cracow, will you?'—'No.'—'Well, then, I will take it.' Austria yielded." "Then," I said, "her audacity is obedience, her violence cowardice, her usurpation an abdication." Lord Normanby is a man of about fifty years of age, tall, fair, with a pronounced English look, elegant, graceful, high bred, good-natured, and dandyish. He has been Viceroy of Ireland and Home Secretary in England. He is the author of two or three novels of *high-life*. He wears a blue ribbon over his white tie, and a diamond star upon his dress-coat. He speaks French with difficulty but with humour.

Lord Normanby spoke to me of O'Connell, who, in 1847, is beginning to break up. His seventy-three years weigh him down, notwithstanding his tall figure and wide shoulders. This man, of such violent and bitter eloquence, is in a drawing-room obsequious, full of compliments, modest to humility, mild to affectation. Lord Normanby said to me: "O'Connell is affected."

O'Connell has in County Kerry an old ancestral hall,

where he goes to shoot for two months in the year, receiving guests and entertaining them like an old county gentleman,* keeping up, Lord Normanby also told me, a *savage hospitality.*

His eloquence, adapted to the masses and to Ireland, had little influence upon the Commons of England. However, he had during his life two or three great successes in Parliament. But the platform suited him better than the tribune.

January 14th.

Yesterday, Thursday, I dined at the house of M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction. There were present, Lord Normanby, British Ambassador; the Duke de Caraman, a young nobleman, intelligent and artless, much occupied in philosophic studies; Dupin, the elder, with his rough *bourgeois* air; M. de Rémusat, the eight days old Academician, a keen and well-balanced mind; M. Gay-Lussac, the chemist, whom fame has made a Peer of France, and to whom nature has given the face of a worthy peasant; the other chemist, M. Dumas, a man of talent, his hair rather too elaborately curled, and displaying very prominently the ribbon of a Commander of the Legion of Honour; Sainte-Beuve, bald and little; Alfred de Musset, with his youthful hair, his fair beard, his equivocal opinions, and his intellectual countenance; M. Ponsard, a man of thirty-two years of age, with strange-looking features, large dull eyes, rather narrow forehead,

* In the original "*lord campagnard*,"—*Translator's note.*

the whole in a framework of black beard and black hair, a hero of the shop-girls, a great poet to the *bourgeois;* M. Michel Chevalier, with his close-cropped head, his receding forehead, his bird-like profile, and his spare figure; Alfred de Vigny, another fair man with a bird-like profile but with long hair; Viennet, with his grimace; Scribe, with his peaceful air, rather anxious about a piece of his which was being played the same evening at the Gymnase, and which failed; Dupaty, sad after his fall of the 7th at the sitting of the Académie; Montalembert, with his long hair and English appearance, mild and disdainful; Philippe de Ségur, a light and lively talker, with an aquiline nose, deep-sunk eyes, grey hair, combed in imitation of the Emperor; Generals Fabvier and Rapatel, in full uniform,—Rapatel with his round, homely face, Fabvier with his flat-nosed lion's face; Mignet, smiling and cold; Gustave de Beaumont, with dark, firm and energetic face; Halévy, always timid; the astronomer Leverrier, rather red-faced; Vitet, with his tall figure and his smile, which is amiable, although it lays bare his teeth; M. Victor Leclerc, the candidate for the Académie, who had that morning been rejected; Ingres, the table rising to his chin, so that his white tie and his Commander's ribbon seemed to come from under the table-cloth; Pradier, with his long hair and his air of a man of forty at sixty years of age; Auber, with his head on one side, his polite manners, and his two crosses at his button-hole.

I sat beside Lord Normanby, who is a very amiable man, although the Ambassador of ill-humour; I called his attention to the end of the table thus composed:

Ingres, Pradier, Auber; painting, sculpture, and music.

Mme. de Salvandy had Lord Normanby on her right, and M. Gay-Lussac on her left; M. de Salvandy had on his right M. Dupin, and on his left, M. de Rémusat.

February 5th.

Yesterday, I was at the Tuileries. There was a representation there. After the opera, every one went into the side-rooms in which the buffet was placed, and began to converse.

M. Guizot had made during the day in the Chamber of Deputies, a very noble, very fine, and very spirited speech about our budding dispute with England. This speech was much spoken of. Some approved, others condemned. Baron de Billing passed close to me, with a lady whom I could not see on his arm.

"Good evening," he said. "What do you think of the speech?" I replied: "I am pleased with it. I like to see that we are at length holding up our heads again in this country. It is said that this boldness is imprudent, but I do not think so. The best way not to have a war is to show that one does not fear it. See how England gave in to the United States two years ago; she will give in in the same way to France. Let us be firm, others will be gentle; if we are gentle, others will be insolent."

At this moment the lady to whom he was giving his

arm turned towards me, and I recognized the wife of the English ambassador. She looked very displeased. She said:

"Oh, Monsieur!"

I replied:

"Ah, Madame!"

And the war ended there. God send that that may be the only interchange of words between the Queen of England and the King of France!

Saturday, February 20th.

Opening of the Théâtre-Historique. I came out from it at half-past three in the morning.

March 21st.

Mdlle. Mars was the only person represented in the statuary of the porch of the Théâtre-Historique.

Mdme. d'A . . . . hearing this, said:

"This places her in the list of the dead; she has not long to live."

Mdlle. Mars died on the 20th of March, a month to a day after the opening of the Théâtre-Historique. She was sixty-nine years of age; two years older than Mdlle. Georges. Mdlle. Mars was fifty-two years old when she first performed her original part of Dona Sol, a character supposed to be seventeen.

She leaves a son, in the banking house of Edward. No letters announcing the decease, owing to the difficulty of putting:

"*Mademoiselle* Mars is dead. Her son has the honour to inform you of the fact."

March 26th.

I have been at the burial of Mdlle. Mars. I arrived at twelve o'clock. The hearse was already at the Madeleine. There was an immense crowd, and the most brilliant sun imaginable. It was the day of the flower-market in the square outside the church. I penetrated with considerable difficulty as far as the steps, but there it was impossible to go any further; the only door was crowded: no one could get in. I saw in the dark interior of the church, through the dazzling light of midday, the ruddy stars of the wax-tapers stuck round a tall catafalque. The paintings on the ceiling formed a mystic background.

I heard the funeral chant, the sound of which reached as far as where I stood, and all round me the remarks and shouts of the crowd. Nothing is so sad as a burial; one sees only people who are laughing. Every one gaily accosts his neighbour and talks of his concerns.

The church and the front gate are hung with black drapery, with an escutcheon of silver lace, containing the letter "M." I approached the hearse, which was of black velvet with silver-lace ornamentation, with the same letter "M." A few tufts of black feathers had been thrown upon the place intended for the coffin.

The people of Paris are like the people of Athens—frivolous but intelligent. There were men in blouses there, with their sleeves tucked up, who said some true and forcible things upon the stage, upon art, upon the poets. They sought and distinguished in the crowd men

whose names are famous. These people must have glory. When there is no Marengo or Austerlitz, they love and must have their Dumas and their Lamartines. These are like a light towards which all eyes are eagerly directed.

I remained under the peristyle, sheltered from the sun by a column. One or two poets came and joined me and stood round me,—Joseph Autran, Adolphe Dumas, Auguste Maquet. Alexandre Dumas came over to us with his son. The crowd recognized him by his thick head of hair, and called out his name.

Towards one o'clock the body came out of the church, together with all the people. Remarks broke forth from among those outside:

"Ah, there is Bouffé!"

"But where is Arnal?"

"Here he is."

"Hulloa, those men in black are the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre-Français!

"The Théâtre-Français has come to its own burial."

"Look at Frédéric-Lemaître; he is giving his arm to Clarisse Miroy."

"Yes, and Rachel over there, gives her arm to Mdme. Doche."

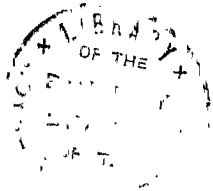
"There are some ladies — Mdme. Volnys, Mdme. Guyon, Rose Chéri."

"This one is Déjazet; she is no longer young; this ought to make her reflect," &c., &c.

The hearse began to move off, and we all followed on foot. In our rear came some ten mourning carriages and a few open carriages with some actresses inside

them. There were quite ten thousand persons on foot. They formed a dark wave which appeared to push forward the hearse, jolting its immense black plumes.

On both sides of the boulevard there was another mob, forming a hedge. Women in red bonnets sat upon a kind of step formed by the pavements, smiling; the balconies were crowded with people. Towards the Porte Saint-Martin I left the procession and went away musing.



FÊTE AT THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER'S.

July 6th.

M. DE MONTPENSIER gave a fête this evening in the Parc des Minimes, in the Forest of Vincennes.

It was splendid and delightful. The *fête* cost the Prince two hundred thousand francs. In the Forest had been erected a multitude of tents, borrowed from the government repository and the French Museum of Arms, some of which were historical. This alone cost ten thousand francs. There were the tent of the Emperor of Morocco, taken at the Battle of Isly, and exhibited three years previously at the Tuileries upon a wooden platform constructed inside the big fountain; the tent of Abd-el-Kader, taken with the Smala,* very handsome, with red and yellow arabesques embroidered in satin; another tent of the Bey of Constantine, of a wonderfully elegant shape; and, finally, the tent given to Napoleon by the Sultan Selim.

The latter eclipsed all the others. From the outside it appeared like an ordinary tent, remarkable only for

* An assemblage of tents belonging to an Arab chief.— *Translator's note.*

having in the canvas little windows, of which the frames were of rope; three windows on each side. The inside was superb. The visitor found himself inside a great chest of gold brocade; upon this brocade were flowers and a thousand fancy devices. On looking closely into the cords of the windows, one discovered that they were of the most magnificent gold and silver lace; each window had its awning of gold brocade; the inner lining of the tent was of silk, with large red-and-blue stripes. If I had been Napoleon, I should have liked to place my iron bed in this tent of gold and flowers, and to sleep in it on the eve of Wagram, Jena, and Friedland.

These splendid tents were disfigured by fearful mahogany furniture, rather sparingly placed in them.

M. de Montpensier received his guests with much cheerfulness and grace.

Dancing took place in an immense marquee, where the princesses remained. They were all there, with the exception of the Duchess of Orleans. The Duke d'Aumale came back from Brussels on purpose to take part in the fête.

Queen Maria Christina was there with her daughter, Madame de Montpensier. The *Reyna gobernadora* has some remains of beauty, but she is too stout and her hair is quite grey.

The tables were laid out under some other tents; there were ample refreshments, and buffets everywhere. The guests, while numbering more than four thousand, were neither crowded nor few and far between. Nowhere was there a crush. There were not enough ladies.

The fête had a splendid military character. Two

enormous cannon of the time of Louis XIV. formed the pillars of the entrance. The artillery soldiers of Vincennes had constructed here and there columns of pikes with pistols for chapters.

The principal avenue of the Park was illuminated with coloured glass lamps ; one might imagine that the emerald and ruby necklaces of the wood-nymphs were to be seen among the trees. Sap-matches burned in the hedges and cast their glimmering over the Forest. There were three tall poplar-trees illuminated against the dark sky in a fantastic manner, which created much surprise. The branches and leaves were wafted in the wind amidst a brilliant scenic display of lights.

Along each side of the great avenue was a row of Gothic panoplies from the Artillery Museum: some leaning against the oaks and the lime-trees, others erect and with the visor shut, seated upon dummy steeds, with caparisons and coats-of-arms, with trappings and dazzling chamfrons. These steel statues, masked and motionless in the midst of the rejoicings, and covered with flashes and streams of light, had something dazzling and sinister in their appearance. Quadrilles were danced to vocal music. Nothing more charming could be conceived than these youthful voices singing melodies among the trees in soft, deep tones ; one might have fancied the guests to be enchanted knights, tarrying for ever in this wood to listen to the song of fairies.

Everywhere in the trees were suspended coloured lanterns, presenting the appearance of luminous oranges. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this illuminated fruit appearing suddenly upon the branches.

From time to time trumpet-blasts drowned in triumphant tones the buzz of the festivities.

At the end of the avenue the artillerymen had suspended a great star of the Legion of Honour, constructed of ramrods. They had arranged in the hedges, in the form of benches and chairs, mounds of bullets, Paixhan mortars and howitzers. Two enormous siege-pieces guarded the cross of honour. Beneath it were busts of the King and Queen.

Amidst all this moved immense throngs of people, amongst whom I saw Auber, Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas with his son, Taylor, Théophile Gautier, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, Count Daru, President Franck-Carré, Generals Gourgaud, Lagrange, Saint-Yon, the Duke De Fézensac, Hébert, Keeper of the Seals, the Prince and Princess de Craon, Lord Normanby, Narvaez, Duke de Valence, and a host of peers and ambassadors, &c., &c. The dust was terrible.

Two Arabs in white burnooses were there, the Cadi of Constantine and Bou-Maza. Bou-Maza has fine eyes but an ugly look, a well-shaped mouth but a dreadful smile: it is treacherous and ferocious; there is in this man something of the fox and the tiger. I thought, however, that he had a tolerably fine expression in his face at a moment when, thinking there was no one near him in the Forest, he went up to the tent of Abd-el-Kader and stood looking at it. He appeared to be saying to it:

"What are you doing here?"

Bou-Maza is young: he appears about twenty-five years of age.

Towards one o'clock in the morning some fireworks

were let off, and the Forest was illuminated with Bengal lights. Then supper was served at the table of the Princesses; all the ladies sat down to supper, the gentlemen remaining standing. Afterwards, dancing was resumed.

I regret not having been able to remain to the end. I should have liked to see appear athwart the dark branches, amidst this festivity about to be extinguished, some of those waning lights, those expiring illuminations, those wearied dancers, those women covered with flowers, diamonds, and dust, those pale faces, those drooping eyelids, those rumpled dresses, that gleam of daylight, so pale and dismal.

However, I think, I know not why, that this fête will be remembered; it has left a certain uneasy feeling in my mind. For a fortnight previously it had been talked about, and had formed an important subject of conversation to the people of Paris. Yesterday, from the Tuileries to the Barrière du Trône, a triple hedge of onlookers lined the quays, the streets, and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as the carriages of the guests passed by. At frequent intervals this crowd hurled at the gilded and bedizened passengers in their carriages shouts of disgust and hate. It was like a mist of hatred amidst this splendour.

Everyone on his return related what had befallen him. Louis Boulanger and Achard had been hooted; the carriage of Tony Johannot had been spat into; mud and dirt had been thrown into the open carriage of General Narvaez. Théophile Gautier, so calm and impassive, so

Turk-like in his resignation, was rendered quite thoughtful and gloomy by the occurrence.

It would not seem, however, that this grand display had anything impolitic in it, or that it should have proved unpopular. On the contrary, the Duke de Montpensier, in spending two hundred thousand francs, must have caused the expenditure of a million. That makes, in this time of distress, a sum of twelve hundred thousand francs put in circulation for the benefit of the people; they ought to be gratified. Well, it is not so. Luxury is necessary to great States and to great civilizations, but there are times when the people must not see it.

But what is luxury which is not seen? This is a problem. Magnificence in the background, profusion in obscurity, a display which does not show itself, a splendour which dazzles no one's eyes; is this possible? This must be taken into consideration, however. When the people have luxury paraded before them in days of dearth and distress, their mind, which is that of a child, jumps to a number of conclusions at once; they do not say to themselves that this luxury enables them to get a living, that this luxury is useful to them, that this luxury is necessary to them; they say to themselves that they are suffering and that these people rejoice; they ask why all these things are not theirs, they examine these things not at the light of their poverty which requires work and consequently rich people, but by the light of their envy. Do not suppose that they will conclude from that: Well, this will give us so many weeks' wages and so many good days' employment. No; they, too, want not the work, not the wages, but leisure, enjoyment, carriages, horses,

lackeys, Duchesses! It is not bread they require, but luxury. They stretch out their trembling hands towards these shining realities which would vanish into thin air if they were to grasp them. The day on which the distress of the many seizes upon the riches of the few, darkness reigns, there is nothing left, nothing for anybody. This is full of perils. When the crowd looks with these eyes upon the rich, it is not ideas which occupy every mind, it is events.

That which specially irritates the people is the luxury of Princes and young men; it is, in fact, only too evident that the first have not experienced the necessity, and that the others have not had the time, to earn it. This seems unjust, and exasperates them; they do not reflect that the inequalities of this life prove the equality of the next.

Equilibrium, equity, these are the two aspects of the law of God. He shows us the first aspect in the world of matter and of the body; He will show us the second in the world of souls.

END OF VOL. I.

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PART II.

1847—1875

CONTENTS.

1847.

PAGE

THE TESTE AND CUBIÈRES TRIAL 9

THE PRISON ON THE CONDEMNED 33

THE DUKE DE PRASLIN 47

BÉRANGER 60

DEATH OF MADAME ADÉLAÏDE 64

1848.

FLIGHT OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE 67

THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY 76

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY 78

1849.

AFTER NATURE 91

CHANCELLOR PASQUIER 98

MDLLE. GEORGES 102

1850.

AT THE ACADÉMIE 105

DEATH OF BALZAC 107

1853.

PAGE
THE SPY HUBERT 114

1855.

TAPNER 152

1871.

THIERS AND ROCHEFORT 179

1875.

A RETROSPECT 182

THINGS SEEN.

1847.

THE TESTE AND CUBIÈRES TRIAL.

July.

On the evening of the day when the judicial committee of Peers determined to prosecute M. Teste, chance willed it that the Chancellor had to go to Neuilly with the Bureau of the Chamber to present to the King a bill which had been passed.

The Chancellor and the Peers of the Bureau (among whom was Count Daru) found the King in a furious state of mind. He had been informed of the prosecution of M. Teste. Immediately he caught sight of them, he advanced towards them with rapid strides.

"What, Chancellor," he said, "was not one of my former Ministers enough for you? Must you have a second? You have taken Teste now.' So that after I have spent seventeen years in France in setting up authority once more, in one day, in one hour, you have allowed it to be cast down again. You destroy the whole work of my reign! You debase authority, power, the government. And you do that, you, the Chancellor of the House of Peers!" Et cetera.

The squall was a violent one. The Chancellor was very firm. He resolutely refused to give in to the King. He said that, doubtless, policy was to be considered, but that it was necessary also to listen to justice; that the Chamber of Peers also had its independence as a legislative power, and its sovereignty as a judicial power; that this independence and sovereignty must be respected, and if need be, would make themselves respected; that, moreover, in the present state of opinion, it would have been a very serious matter to refuse satisfaction to it; that it would be doing an injury to the country and to the King not to do what this opinion demanded, and what justice required; that there were times when it was more prudent to advance than to retreat, and that finally what had been done was done. "And well done," added Daru. "We shall see," said the King.

And from anger he relapsed into uneasiness.

July 8th.

Half-past twelve. The Court enters. A crowd in the galleries. No one in the reserved galleries except Colonel Poizat, governor of the Palace. In the diplomatic galleries two persons only, Lord Normanby, the English Ambassador, and Count de Lœvenhœlm, the Swedish Minister.

The accused are brought in. Three tables, with a green baize covering, have been placed facing the Court; to each of these tables there is a chair, and at the back is a bench for the counsel. President Teste sits down at the

middle table, General Cubières at the right-hand table, Parmentier at the left-hand table. All three are dressed in black.

Parmentier entered some time after the two Peers. Teste, who is a Commander of the Legion of Honour, has the rosette of the decoration in his button-hole; Cubières, who is a Grand Officer, the plain ribbon. Before sitting down, the General converses with his counsel, then turns over, with a very busy air, the volume of documents relating to the case. He wears his ordinary look. Teste is pale and calm. He rubs his hands like a man who is pleased. Parmentier is stout, bald, has white hair, a red face, a hooked nose, a mouth like a sabre-cut, thin lips; the appearance of a rascal. He wears a white tie, as does also President Teste. The General wears a black cravat. The three defendants do not look at each other. Parmentier casts his eyes down, and affects to be playing with the gold chain of his watch, which he displays with the ostentation of a country bumpkin against his black waistcoat. A young man, with a thin black moustache, who is said to be his son, is seated on his left.

Being questioned as to his position in life, Teste rises and says: "I thought it would not be seemly to bring to this bar the honours which I have had conferred upon me." (Visible impression on the Court.) "I placed them yesterday in the hands of the King." (This makes a manifestly favourable impression.)

The indictment is read. It sets forth the following facts:

Parmentier, Director of the Mines of Gouhenans,

alleges that he remitted to General Cubières 94,000 francs for the purpose of obtaining from M. Teste, Minister of Public Works, a grant of a salt-mine. M. Teste emphatically denies having received this sum. Parmentier is quite ready to believe that it was intercepted, and that he was thus defrauded of it either by M. Cubières or another shareholder in the mines, M. Pellapra, who, it appears, acted as a go-between from the General to M. Teste. Parmentier is accused of corruption; Cubières and Pellapra of corruption and fraud; Teste of "having received gifts and presents to perform an act of his duty not subject to payment."

Pellapra has fled. Cubières, Teste and Parmentier appear.

While the indictment is being read, Cubières hides his face and forehead in his left hand, and follows the reading of the volume which has been circulated. Teste also follows it, and annotates his copy with a steel pen. He has put on his eye-glasses. From time to time he takes snuff out of a great boxwood snuff-box, and converses with his counsel, M. Paillet. Parmentier appears very attentive.

July 10*th.*

This is what I can make out of it after the two first days.

I have spoken to General Cubières four or five times in my life, and to President Teste once only, and yet, in this affair, I am as much interested in their fate as though

they were friends of mine of twenty years' standing. Why? I will say it at once. It is because I believe them to be innocent.

I "believe," is not strong enough; I see them to be innocent. This view may, perhaps, be modified, for this affair changes like the waves, and alters its aspect from one moment to another; but at the present time, after much perplexity, after many transitions, after many painful intervals, in which I have more than once trembled and shuddered in my conscience, I am convinced that General Cubières is innocent of the act of fraud, that President Teste is innocent of the act of corruption.

What is this affair then? To my mind, it resumes itself in two words: commission and black-mail; commission deducted by Pellapra, black-mail extorted by Parmentier. A commission tainted with fraud and swindling, was the cause of the first act alleged in the indictment; black-mail was the cause of the scandal. Hence the whole case.

I have no leaning towards guilt which is not invincibly proved to me. My inclination is to believe in innocence. As long as there remains in the probabilities of a case a possible refuge for the innocence of the accused, all my theories, I will not say incline, but precipitate themselves, towards it.

Sunday, July 11th.

An adjournment takes place over to-day. The second and third hearing were devoted to the examination of the accused.

At the opening of Friday's sitting were read communications which had been unexpectedly made by Messrs. Léon de Malleville and Marrast, and which appear to throw a strong light upon this trial. The defendants entered the Court pale and dejected, Parmentier, however, with more assurance than the others. M. Teste listened to the reading of the new documents, while leaning his elbow upon the table and half hiding his face in his hand; General Cubières, with his eyes cast downwards; Parmentier, with perceptible embarrassment.

The examination began with the General.

M. Cubières has a doll-like face, an undecided look, a hesitating manner of speaking, red cheeks; I believe him to be innocent of fraud; however, I am not deeply impressed with him. During the examination he stood up, and gently beat a tattoo upon the table with the tip of a wooden paper knife, with a look of profound ease. The Procurator-General, M. Delangle, a rather commonplace lawyer, treated him once or twice with insolence; Cubières, a Waterloo man, did not venture to say a word in return to make his ears tingle. I felt for him. In the opinion of the Court, he is already convicted.

The first part of the examination was badly conducted. There was but one expression of opinion at the refresh-

ment-bar. The Chancellor is a remarkable veteran, out of the common, but then he is eighty-two years of age; at eighty-two years of age one cannot face either a woman or a crowd.

Parmentier, interrogated by the General, spoke with ease and a sort of vulgar glibness which was sometimes witty, at others shrewd, skilful throughout, never eloquent. He is a man who, to tell the truth, is a scoundrel. He is not aware of it himself. This shameless creature has a twist in his mind, and exposes his nakedness just as Venus would do. A toad who fancies he is beautiful is a repulsive spectacle. He was hissed. At first he either did not hear or did not understand; however, he ended by understanding; then the perspiration stood in beads upon his face; every now and then, amidst the marks of disgust of the assemblage, he nervously wiped the streaming surface of his bald head, looked about him with a certain air of entreaty and bewilderment, feeling that he was lost and trying to recover himself. Yet he continued to speak and to expose his mental defects, while low tones of indignation drowned his utterances, and his anguish increased. At this moment I felt pity for the wretched man.

M. Teste, who was examined yesterday, spoke like an innocent man; frequently he was exceedingly eloquent. He was not an advocate; he was a real man who suffered, who tore out his very vitals and exposed them to view before his judges, saying: See there. He profoundly impressed me. While he spoke, a light broke in upon me that this whole affair might be explained by a fraud committed by Pellapra.

Teste is sixty-seven years of age; he has a Southern accent, a large and expressive mouth, a tall forehead giving him a look of intelligence, the eyes deep set and at times sparkling; his whole bodily activity overwhelmed and crushed, but he is energetic withal. He moved about, started, shrugged his shoulders, smiled bitterly, took snuff, turned over his papers, annotated them rapidly, held in check the Procurator-General or the Chancellor, shielded Cubières, who is his ruin, showed his contempt for Parmentier, who defends him, threw out notes, interruptions, replies, complaints, shouts. He was turbulent yet ingenuous, overcome with emotion yet dignified. He was clear, rapid, persuasive, supplicating, menacing, full of anguish without any trepidation, moderate and violent, haughty and tearful. At one point he powerfully affected me. His very soul found expression in the cries which he uttered. I was tempted to rise and say to him: 'You have convinced me; I will leave my seat and take up my position on the bench at your side; will you let me be your counsel?'—And then I restrained myself, thinking that if his innocence continued to be made manifest to me, I should perhaps be more useful to him as a judge among his judges.

Pellapra is the pivot on which the case turns. Teste appears sincerely grieved at his flight. If Pellapra returns all will be clear. I ardently hope that Teste is innocent, and that if innocent he will be saved.

At the rising of the Court, I followed him with my eyes as he went out. He slowly and sadly crossed the benches of the Peers, looking to right and left upon these chairs, which perhaps he will never occupy again. Two

ushers who guarded him, walked one in front of him, and the other behind him.

July 12th.

The aspect of the case has suddenly changed. Some fresh documents * are terribly incriminating to Teste. Cubières rises, and confirms the authenticity and importance of these documents. Teste replies haughtily and energetically, but for all that his confidence diminishes. His mouth contracts; I feel uneasy about him. I begin to tremble for fear he has been deceiving us all. Parmentier listens, almost with a smile, and with his arms carelessly folded. Teste sits down again, and takes an immense number of pinches of snuff out of his great boxwood snuff-box, then wipes the perspiration off his forehead with a red silk handkerchief. The Court is profoundly agitated.

"I can imagine what he suffers by what I suffer myself," M. de Pontécoulant said to me.—"What torture it is!" said General Neigre.—"It is a slow guillotine stroke," said Bertin de Vaux. Apprehension is at its height among the members of the Court and the public. All are anxious not to lose one word. The

* A letter of Madame Pellapra, signed *Emilie Pellapra*.—Six notes written by Teste and recognised by him (he took them in his trembling hand and said: "They are mine"). An extract from the accounts of Pellapra appearing to show that he had remitted the 94,000 francs to Teste.

Peers cry out to those who address them: "Speak up! Speak up! We cannot hear." The Chancellor begs the Court to consider his great age.

The heat is insupportable.

The stockbroker Goupil gives his evidence. Teste makes a desperate struggle.

M. Charles Dupin questions the stockbroker. Teste follows him with his eyes, and applauds him with a smile. Anything more doleful than this smile could not be imagined.

On this occasion, the private conference was held before the sitting, in the old Chamber. The Peers buzzed like a swarm of bees. The Chancellor came to the bench on which I was seated, and spoke to me of matters connected with the Académie; then of the trial, of his feeling of fatigue and grief; saying how pleasant was a meeting of the Académie after a sitting of the Court of Peers.

In his evidence, M. Legrand, Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, described Teste as: "*A person who is sitting behind me.*" Teste shrugged his shoulders.

After the serious evidence of the notary Roquebert, the face of Teste assumes an agonised expression.

At the production of the document for the Treasury, he turned red, wiped his forehead in anguish, and turned towards his son. They exchanged a few words, then Teste began once more to turn over his papers, and the son buried his head in his hands.

In one hour, Teste has aged ten years; his head moves, his lower lip twitches. Yesterday he was a lion; to-day he is a booby.

Everything in this affair moves by fits and starts. Yesterday, I *saw* that Teste was innocent; to-day I see that he is guilty. Yesterday I admired him, to-day I should be tempted to despise him were he not so miserable. But I no longer feel anything but pity for him.

This trial is one of the most terrible spectacles which I have ever witnessed in my life. It is a moral dismemberment. That which our forefathers saw eighty years ago in the Place de Grève, on the day of the execution of Damiens, we have seen to-day, on the day of the execution of President Teste in the Court of Peers. We have seen a man tortured with hot irons and dismembered, in the spirit. Every hour, every minute, something was torn from him; at twelve o'clock his distinction as a magistrate; at one o'clock his reputation as an upright Minister; at two o'clock his conscience as an honest man; half an hour later, the respect of others; a quarter of an hour afterwards, his own self-respect. In the end, he was but a corpse. It lasted for six hours.

For my own part, as I said to the Chief President Legagneur, I doubt whether I should ever have the hardihood, even were Teste convicted and guilty, to add any punishment whatever to this unparalleled chastisement, to this frightful torment.

July 13*th.*

As I entered the cloak-room, Viscount Lemercier, who was there, said to me: "Have you heard the news?"—"No."—"Teste has attempted to commit suicide and failed."

The fact is as stated. M. Teste, yesterday evening at nine o'clock, fired two pistol-shots at himself; he fired two shots simultaneously, one with each hand. One he aimed in his mouth, and the cap missed fire; the other at his heart, and the bullet rebounded, the shot being fired from too close a distance.

The Chancellor read in the private conference, the official documents detailing the occurrence; they were afterwards re-read at the public sitting. The pistols were deposited upon the table of the Court. They are two very little pistols, quite new, with ivory handles.

Teste, not having succeeded in destroying himself, refuses henceforth to appear before the Court. He has written to the Chancellor a letter in which he abandons his defence, *the documents produced yesterday leaving no room for contradiction.* This is the language of an advocate, not of a man; a man would have said: "I am guilty."

When we entered the Court, M. Dupin the elder, who was seated behind me on the Deputies' bench, said to me: "Guess what book Teste sent for to kill time with?"—"I do not know."—"*Monte-Cristo!* 'Not the first four volumes,' he said, 'I have read them.' *Monte-Cristo* was not to be found in the library of the House of

Peers. It had to be borrowed from a public reading-room, which only had it in periodical parts. Teste spends his time in reading these parts."

My neighbour, the Duke de Brancas, who is a kind and worthy veteran, says to me: "Do not oppose the condemnation. It is God's justice which will be done."

Yesterday evening, when General Cubières was informed that Teste had fired two pistol-shots at himself, he wept bitterly.

I note that to-day is a fatal day, the 13th of July. The seat lately occupied by Teste is empty at the sitting. The clerk of the court, La Chauvinière, reads the indictment. M. Cubières listens with an air of profound sadness, then hides his face in his hand. Parmentier holds his head down the whole time. The events of yesterday, —the attempted suicide of Teste and his letter to the Chancellor,—destroy in its very foundations the abominable line of defence of Parmentier.

At ten minutes past one, the Procurator-General Delangle rises to address the Court. He twice repeats, amidst the painful impression which prevails: "*Messieurs les Pairs . . . .*" then stops short, and continues: "*The trial is ended.*" The Procurator-General spoke only for ten minutes.

It is a curious fact that Teste and Delangle have all their lives been brought into close association, Delangle following Teste, and in the end prosecuting him. Teste was the Bâtonnier of the bar; Delangle held the office immediately after him. Teste was appointed President of the Court of Cassation; Delangle entered the same

court as Advocate-General. Teste is accused, Delangle is Procurator-General.

I now understand the meaning of the movement of the father and son which I noticed yesterday at the moment of the production of the document from the Treasury; the father said to the son: "Give me the pistols." The son handed them to him, and then sank his head in his hands. It is in this way, I think, the sombre tragedy must have happened.

At the opening of the sitting, the Chancellor reads a letter in which Cubières resigns his position as a Peer.

The question is put as to whether the accused are guilty.

"Is Cubières guilty of fraud?"—Unanimously: "*No.*"

Upon the question of corruption:

"Is Teste guilty?"—Unanimously: "*Yes.*"

"Is Cubières guilty?"—Unanimously, with the exception of three votes: "*Yes.*"

"Is Parmentier guilty?"—Unanimously: "*Yes.*"

Sentences:

Teste is sentenced to civil degradation, unanimously, with the exception of one vote.

Upon the question of the fines, I rose in my turn, and said:

"I desire to punish a guilty man; I do not desire to punish a family, that is to say, innocent persons. The restitution of the money received, to my mind, would be sufficient. No fine. My lords, the example is not in a fine; the example is in the terrible things which you have seen; the example is in the terrible act to which you have just committed yourselves. A fine deteriorates

the example. It places a question of money in the place of a question of honour."

Teste was condemned to pay a fine of 94,000 francs.

At half-past six, a fresh letter from General Cubières is read, in which he states that he has requested that he may be placed on the retired list. The unhappy man throws something overboard at every moment.

July 15th.

At half-past twelve, the calling of the names takes place. The court is profoundly and painfully agitated. The law officials claim the whole law, the whole penalty against Cubières; the nobles are more humane.

The Court proceeds to pass sentence.

Upon the question whether Teste should be imprisoned, I said:

"My lords, the guilty man has already been sufficiently punished. At the present moment he is sixty-seven years of age; in five years he will be seventy-two. I will not add one word. No imprisonment!"

Teste is sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Respecting Cubières and the penalty of civic degradation, when my turn came, I said:

"I feel that the Court is weary, and I am suffering myself from a feeling of agitation which unsettles me; I rise notwithstanding. I have studied, as you have, my lords, with whatever intelligence and power of attention I may have, the whole of the indictment in this de-

plorable case. I have examined facts. I have contrasted persons. I have endeavoured to penetrate not only into the heart of the case, but into the heart of these men you are trying at this moment. Well, this is the conclusion I have arrived at: In my opinion, General Cubières was led astray. Led astray by Pellapra, defrauded by Parmentier. Under these circumstances, there has been, I acknowledge, weakness,—a weakness censurable, inexcusable, gravely culpable even,—but, after all, only weakness, and weakness is not baseness, and I do not wish to punish weakness with infamy. I will avow, and the Court will pardon this avowal, that during the many hours that this unfortunate affair has occupied our minds, I imagined that you were going to render an altogether different decision in your all-powerful and sovereign justice. I should have wished to leave in his terrible isolation the painful and conspicuous figure of the principal defendant. This man, who, by dint of talent, has contrived—a miracle which, for my part, I should always have thought impossible—to be great in his abasement and touching in his shame: this man I should have liked to punish simply with civic degradation. And I should have wished to add nothing to this fearful penalty; in such a case that which increases diminishes. For the weak and unfortunate General Cubières, I should have wished a sentence of deprivation, for a certain period of time, of the civic and civil rights mentioned in Article 401. And finally, for the men of money, I should have wished money penalties; for the miscreants, humiliating penalties; for Parmentier, fine and imprisonment. For these men of such diversity of guilt, I should have

wished for a diversity of penalties, which your omnipotence would permit you to decree, and the observance of this proportion between the misdeeds and the punishments appeared to me to be in accordance with conscience, and I will add, although that concerns me less, in accordance with public opinion. In your wisdom you have judged otherwise. I bow to it, but I beg you nevertheless to approve my remaining of the same opinion. In an assembly in which there are so many men of importance, who have occupied, or who will yet occupy, the highest functions in the State and the government, I appreciate, I honour, I respect that noble feeling of outraged decency which leads you to inflict unusually heavy penalties at this juncture, and to afford not only the most just but also the most cruel satisfaction to public opinion. I, gentlemen, am not a lawyer, I am not a soldier, I am not a public functionary, I am an ordinary taxpayer, I am a member, like any one else, of the great crowd from which emanates that public opinion to which you defer; and it is for this, it is because I am simply this, that I am perhaps qualified to say to you: Enough! Stop! Go as far as the limits of justice; do not overstep them. The example has been set. Do not destroy that isolation of the condemned man Teste, which is the grand aspect, the grand moral lesson of the trial. As long as it was a question only of this unhappy man, I spoke to you merely in the language of pity; I speak to you now in the language of equity, solemn and austere equity. I conjure you, give credit to General Cubières for his sixty years of honourable life, give credit to him for the agony he has suffered, for those four years of torture which he

endured at the villainous hands of Parmentier, for this public exposure upon that bench during four days; give credit to him for that unjust accusation of fraud, which was also a torture to him; give credit to him for his generous hesitation to save himself by ruining Teste; give credit to him, finally, for his heroic conduct upon the battle-field of Waterloo, where I regret that he did not remain. I formally propose to sentence M. Cubières to the penalty provided by Article 401, together with Article 42, that is to say, to a suspension of civil and civic rights for ten years. I vote against civic degradation."

At seven o'clock there still remain eighty Peers who have not voted. The Chancellor proposes an adjournment until the morrow. Objections are made: An adjournment while the voting is taking place! M. Cauchy reads precedent from the Quénisset trial. Uproar. The adjournment is carried.

July 16th.

Continuation of the voting upon the question of the penalty to be inflicted upon General Cubières.

The penalty of civic degradation is carried by 130 votes to 48.

He is condemned besides to a fine of 10,000 francs.

No imprisonment.

It appears that the decision in favour of inflicting the penalty of civic degradation upon General Cubières which

has just been arrived at, has reached the prison. Just now I heard in the street the dreadful cries of Madame de Cubières and Madame de Sampays, her sister, who were with the General at the moment when the news was communicated to him.

July 17th.

Sentence upon Parmentier.

Upon the question of civic degradation, I said:

I should have wished, as the Court is aware, in order that a great example might be made, that President Teste should have been left in his degrading isolation, alone under the burden of civic degradation. The Court did not agree with me; it thought proper to associate with him General Cubières. I cannot do otherwise than associate with him Parmentier. I vote for civic degradation, while profoundly regretting that I am obliged, after this great social and public penalty has been inflicted upon two ex-Ministers, upon two Peers of France, to whom it is everything, to inflict it upon this wretch, to whom it is nothing.

Parmentier is condemned to civic degradation and a fine of 10,000 francs. No imprisonment.

As we were about to leave, and were in the cloak-room, Anatole de Montesquiou, who constantly voted in the most lenient sense, pointed out to me, in the second compartment of the cloak-room, near that in which I am putting on my things, an old Peer's robe hanging at the

side of the robe of the Minister of Public Instruction. This robe is worn at the elbows, the gilt of the buttons is rubbed off, the embroidery faded; an old ribbon of the Legion of Honour is in the button-hole, more yellow than red, and half untied. Above this robe was written, according to custom, the name of its owner: M. TESTE.

My opinion is that the public will consider the decree of the Court of Peers just in the case of Teste, harsh in that of Cubières, and lenient in that of Parmentier.

At half-past-four, the doors were thrown open to the public. An immense crowd had been waiting since the morning. In a moment the galleries were noisily filled. It was like a wave. Then profound silence when the calling of the names began. The Peers replied, generally speaking, in a barely audible and weary tone of voice.

Then the Chancellor put on his shaped hat of black velvet lined with ermine and read the decree. The Procurator-General was at his post. The Chancellor read the decree in a firm tone, very remarkable in an old man of eighty years of age. Whatever may have been said by certain newspapers, he did not shed "silent tears."

The judgment will be read presently by the Chief Clerk of the Court to the condemned men.

It will be just a month ago to-morrow, the 18th, that Teste was arraigned by the judicial committee of the Peers and that he said to them: "I thank you for placing me in a position which gives me the precious privilege of defending myself."

July 21*st.*

It is a curious fact that M. Teste, who, as Minister of Public Works, had this Luxembourg prison built, is the first Minister who has been confined in it. This reminds one of the gibbet of Montfaucon, and of Enguerrand de Marigny.

M. Teste occupies in this prison an apartment separated only by a partition from the apartment of General Cubières. The partition is so thin that, as M. Teste speaks loudly, Madame de Cubières was obliged on the first day to tap upon the wall to warn M. Teste that she heard all he said. The pistol-shot, too, made General Cubières start as though it had been fired in his own apartment.

The sitting of the 12th had been so decisive that some act of desperation was thought probable. During the very sitting, the Duke Decazes had had iron bars put to the windows of the prisoners. They found these bars in the windows on coming back, but did not feel any surprise on seeing them. They also had their razors taken from them and had to dine without knives.

Policemen were to remain day and night by their side. However, it was thought that M. Teste might be left alone with his son and the counsel who were defending him. He dined with them, almost in silence: a remarkable fact, for he was a great talker. The little he did say was concerning matters foreign to the trial. At nine o'clock, the son and the barristers retired. The policeman who was to watch M. Teste received orders to go up directly; it was during the few minutes which elapsed between the

departure of his son and the entrance of the policeman that M. Teste made his attempt to commit suicide.

Many persons doubted whether this attempt was seriously intended. This was the tone of the comments in the Chamber. M. Delessert, the Prefect of Police, whom I questioned on this subject, told me there could be no doubt about it that M. Teste had tried to kill himself in downright good earnest. But he believes that only one pistol-shot was fired.

After his condemnation, General Cubières received many visits; the sentence of the Court missed its mark by reason of its excessive severity. The General's visitors, in going to his cell, passed before that of Parmentier, which was only closed with a door having instead of a glass pane a white curtain, through which he could be seen. All of them in passing by loaded Parmentier with terms of contempt, which obliged the fellow to hide in a corner where he was no longer visible.

During the trial the heat was intense. At every moment the Chancellor had to summon back the Peers, who went off to the refreshment bars or the lobbies.

Lord Normanby did not miss a single sitting.

July 22nd.

The name of Teste has already been removed from his seat in the House of Peers. It is General Achard now who occupies his chair.

Yesterday, Tuesday, the 21st of July, as I was proceeding from the Académie to the House of Peers, towards four o'clock, I met, near the exit of the Institut, in the most deserted part of the Rue Mazarine, Parmentier coming out of prison. He was going in the direction of the Quay. His son accompanied him. Parmentier, dressed in black, carried his hat in his hand behind his back; with his other arm he leant upon his son. The son had a downcast look. Parmentier appeared completely overwhelmed. He had the appearance of exhaustion of a man who has just come from a long walk. His bald head seemed to bend beneath his shame. They were walking slowly.

It was stated to-day at the Chamber that Madame Cubières gave a soirée two days after the condemnation. It appears that in reality she simply contented herself with not shutting her door. She has just written to the newspapers a letter, which will not do her husband much good, but in which there is nevertheless one fine passage as follows: "He has had his peerage, his rank, everything taken from him, even to his dignity as a citizen. He retains his wounds."

The Chancellor offered to let M. de Cubières leave the prison by one of the private gates of the Chancellor's official residence in the Luxembourg. A hired conveyance would have awaited M. de Cubières, and he would have got in without being seen by anyone in the street. M. de Cubières refused. An open carriage, drawn by two horses, came and took up its position at the gateway of the Rue de Vaugirard, in the midst of the crowd. M. de Cubières

got into it, accompanied by his wife and Madame de Sampays, and this is how he came out of prison. Since then he has had every evening more than a hundred visitors. There are constantly some forty carriages at his door.

1847.

THE PRISON OF THE CONDEMNED.

THE prison of the condemned, built by the side of, and as a counterpart to, the prison for juvenile offenders, is a living and striking antithesis. It is not only that the beginning and the ending of the evil-doer face each other; there is also the perpetual confronting of the two penal systems—solitary confinement and imprisonment in common. This *vis-à-vis* is almost enough to decide the question. It is a dark and silent duel between the dungeon and the cell, between the old prison and the new!

On one side are all the condemned, pell-mell: the child of seventeen with the old man of seventy; the prisoner of thirteen months with the convict for life; the beardless lad who had filched apples, and the assassin of the highway, snatched from the Place Saint-Jacques, and sent to Toulon in consequence of "extenuating circumstances;" the almost innocent, and the quasi-condemned; the blue-eyed, and the grey-beard; hideous, pestilential workshops, where they sewed and worked in semi-darkness, amid things dirty and fœtid, without air, daylight, speech; without looking at each other; without interest; horrible, mournful spectres; of whom some inspired terror by reason of their age, others by reason of their youth.

On the other side, a cloister, a hive; each worker in his cell, each soul in its alveole: an immense edifice of three storeys, inhabited by neighbours who never see each other: a town composed of small hermitages; nothing but children, and children who do not know each other; who live years close to each other without ever hearing the echo of each other's footfalls, or the sound of their voices—separated by a wall, by an abyss: work, study, tools, books; eight hours' sleep, one hour's repose, one hour's play in a small walled court; prayers morning and evening; thought ever!

On one side a sink; on the other cultivation!

You enter a cell; you find a child standing up before a bench lighted by a dirty window, of which one square pane at the top can be opened. The child is clad in coarse serge; clean, grave, quiet. He ceases working and salutes. You question him; he replies with a serious gaze, and in subdued tones. Some of them make locks, a dozen a day; others carve furniture, &c., &c. There are as many conditions as storeys; as many workshops as corridors. The child can read and write besides. He has in prison a master for his brain as well as for his body.

You must not think nevertheless that, because of its mildness, the prison is insufficient chastisement. No; it is profoundly sad. All the prisoners have an appearance of punishment which is peculiar.

There are still many more criticisms to be passed; the solitary system begins. It has almost all its improvements to come; but, incomplete and imperfect as it is at present, it is admirable when compared with the system of imprisonment in common.

The prisoner—a captive on all sides, and free only on the working side—interests himself in what he makes, whatever it may be. The idle lad who hated all occupations, becomes a most furiously industrious mechanic. When one is in solitary confinement one manages to find light in the darkest dungeon.

5th August.

The other day, I was visiting the prison of the condemned, and I said to the Governor, who accompanied me:

"You have a man condemned to death here now?"

"Yes, sir, a man named Marquis, who murdered a woman of the town, Térisse, with intent to rob her."

"I should like to speak to that man," I said.

"Sir," replied the Governor, "I am here to take your orders, but I cannot admit you into the condemned cell."

"Why not?"

"The police regulations do not permit us to introduce everybody into the cells of the condemned."

I replied:

"I am not acquainted with the conditions of the police regulations, M. le Directeur de la Prison, but I know what the law permits. The law places the prisons under the authority of the Chambers, and the officials under the *surveillance* of the Peers of France, who can be called upon to judge them. Wherever it is possible that an abuse may exist, the legislature may come in and search

for it. Evil may exist in the cell of a man condemned to death. It is, therefore, my duty to enter, and yours to admit me."

The Governor made no reply, and showed me in.

We skirted a small courtyard, in which were some flowers, and which was surrounded by a gallery. This is the exercise-ground of the condemned prisoners. It is surrounded by four lofty buildings. In the centre of one of the sides of the gallery there is a heavy door bound with iron. A wicket opened, and I found myself in a kind of ante-chamber, gloomy, and paved with stone. Before me were three doors, one directly opposite me, the others on either hand: three heavy doors, each pierced with a grating, and cased with iron. These three doors open into three cells, appropriated to the use of the condemned criminals who await their fate after the double appeal to the judge and to the Supreme Courts. This generally means a respite of two months.

"We have never had more than two of these cells occupied at the same time," said the Governor.

The door of the centre one was opened. It was that of the condemned cell then occupied.

I entered.

As I crossed the threshold a man rose quickly and stood up.

This man was at the other end of the cell. I saw him at once. A pale gleam of daylight which descended from a wide deeply-set window above his head lighted it up from the back. His head was bare, his neck was bare; he had on shoes and a strait-waistcoat, and pantaloons of brown woollen stuff. The sleeves of this waistcoat of

coarse grey linen were tied together in front. His hand could be distinguished holding a pipe ready filled. He was about to light this pipe at the moment when the door was opened. This was the condemned man.

Nothing could be seen through the window but a glimpse of the rainy sky.

There was a moment's silence. I was too much affected to be able to speak.

He was a young man, evidently not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. His chestnut hair, which curled naturally, was cut short; his beard had not been trimmed. He had beautiful large eyes, but his expression was mean and ugly, his nose broken, his temples prominent, the bones behind the ears large, which is a bad sign, the forehead low, the mouth coarse, and to the left of the cheek was that peculiar puffing produced by anguish. He was pale. His whole face was contracted; nevertheless at our entry he forced a smile.

He stood upright. His bed was on his left hand, a kind of truckle-bed, in disorder, on which he had in all probability been lying just before; and to his right a small wooden table, coarsely painted a yellow colour, and having for a top a plank painted to imitate St. Anne marble. On this table were glazed earthenware dishes containing cooked vegetables and a little meat, a piece of bread, and a leathern pouch full of tobacco. A straw-bottomed chair stood beside the table.

This was not like the horrible cell of the Conciergerie. It was a good-sized room, fairly light, painted yellow, furnished with the bed, table, and chair aforesaid, a china

stove, and a shelf fitted in the angle of the wall opposite the window, laden with old clothes and old crockery. In another corner was a square chair, which replaced the ignoble tub of the old prisons. Everything was clean, or nearly so, and in good order, being swept and garnished, and had that indescribable homeliness about it which deprives things of their unpleasantness as well as of their attractiveness. The barred window was open. Two small chains for supporting the sashes hung to two nails above the head of the condemned man. Near the stove stood two men, a soldier, armed only with his sword, and a warder. Condemned criminals always have this escort of two men, who do not leave them night or day. The attendants are relieved every three hours.

I did not take in all these details at once. The condemned man absorbed all my attention.

M. Paillard de Villeneuve was with me. The Governor was the first to break the silence.

"Marquis," he said, pointing to me, "this gentleman is here in your interest."

"If you have any complaint to make," I said, "I am here to entertain it."

The condemned bowed and replied with a smile which sat ill upon him:

"I have no complaints, sir; I am quite comfortable here. These gentlemen (indicating the two warders) are very kind and are good enough to talk to me. The Governor comes to see me from time to time."

"How are you fed?" I asked.

"Very well, sir; I have double rations." Then he added after a pause:

"*We* have a right to double rations; and then I have white bread too."

I glanced at the piece of bread, which was in fact very white.

He added:

"The prison bread is the only thing to which I have not been able to accustom myself. At Sainte-Pélagie, where I was detained, we formed amongst ourselves, a society of young men not to mix with the others, and to have white bread."

I replied:

"Were you better off in Sainte-Pélagie than here?"

"I was very comfortable at Sainte-Pélagie, and I am very comfortable here."

I continued:

"You said that you did not wish to mix with the others. What do you mean by 'the others?'"

"There were a great many common men there," he replied.

The condemned was the son of a porter in the Rue Chabanais.

"Is your bed comfortable?" I asked.

The Governor lifted the coverings, and said:

"Yes, sir; a hair mattress, two mattresses, and two blankets."

"And two bolsters," added Marquis.

"Do you sleep well?" I asked.

He replied without hesitation:

"Very well."

There was on the bed an odd volume, open.

"You read?"

"Yes, sir."

I took up the book. It was an "Abridgment of Geography and History," printed in the last century. The first pages and half the binding were wanting. The book was open at a description of the Lake of Constance.

"I lent him that book," said the Governor.

I turned to Marquis.

"Does this book interest you?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "The Governor has also lent me the 'Voyages of La Pérouse' and Captain Cook. I am very fond of the adventures of our great navigators. I have read them already, but I re-read them with pleasure, and I shall read them again with pleasure—one year or ten years hence."

He did not say I could read them, but I *will* read them. The poor young man was a good talker, and was fond of hearing himself speak. "Our great navigators" is literally his own expression. He talked like a newspaper. In all the rest of his remarks I remarked this absence of naturalness. Everything disappears in the face of death except affectation. Goodness vanishes, wickedness disappears, the benevolent man becomes bitter, the rude man polite, the affected man remains affected. A strange thing it is that death touches you, but does not give you simplicity.

He was a poor conceited workman; a bit of an artist, too much and too little, who had been destroyed by vanity. He liked to make a figure and to enjoy himself. He had stolen a hundred francs from his father's desk, and next day, after a course of pleasure and dissipation, had killed a woman in order to rob her. This terrible

ladder, which has so many steps leading from domestic robbery to murder, from the paternal reprimand to the scaffold, criminals like Lacenaire and Poulmann take twenty years to descend; he, this young man, who was a lad but yesterday, had cleared them all in twenty-four hours! He had, as an old convict, a former schoolmaster, said in the courtyard, taken all his degrees.

What an abyss is such a destiny!

He turned over the leaves for a few minutes, and I continued:

"Have you never had any means of existence?"

He raised his head, and replied with some pride:

"Yes, indeed, sir."

Then he proceeded. I did not interrupt him.

"I was a furniture designer. I have even studied to be an architect. My name is Marquis. I was a pupil of M. Le Duc."

He referred to M. Viollet Le Duc, the architect of the Louvre. As he spoke I noticed that he said with some amount of satisfaction the words Marquis, Le Duc! However, he had not yet ended.

"I started a Journal of Design for cabinet-makers. I had already made some progress. I wanted to give carpet-manufacturers designs in the Renaissance style made according to the rules of the trade, which they never had. They are forced to content themselves with engravings of very incorrect styles."

"You had a good idea. Why did you not carry it out?"

"It failed, sir."

He spoke the words quickly, and added:

"However, I do not mean to say that I wanted money. I had talent, I sold my designs, I should certainly have finished by selling them at my own price."

I could not help saying:

"Then, why ——?"

He understood, and answered:

"I really cannot say. The idea crossed my mind. I should not be thought capable of it until that fatal day."

At the words "fatal day" he stopped, then continued, with a sort of carelessness:

"I am sorry I have not some designs here; I would show them to you. I also painted landscapes. M. Le Duc taught me water-colour painting. I succeeded in the Cicéri style. I did things which one would have sworn were Cicéri's. I am very fond of drawing. At Sainte-Pélagie I drew the portraits of many of my companions, but only in crayons. They would not let me have my box of water-colours."

"Why?" I asked, without thinking.

He hesitated. I was sorry I had put the question, for I guessed the reason.

"Sir," he said, "it was because they fancied there was poison in the colours. They were wrong. They are water-colours."

"But," remarked the Governor, "there is red lead in the vermillion?"

"Possibly," he replied. "The fact is, they did not permit it, and I had to content myself with the crayons. The portraits were all good likenesses, though."

"And what do you do here?"

"I do some work."

He remained deep in thought after this reply, then he added:

"I can draw well. This," indicating the strait-waistcoat, "does not interfere with me. At a pinch one could draw." He moved his hand beneath his bonds as he spoke. "And then these gentlemen are very kind (indicating the warders). "They have already offered to let me raise the sleeves. But I do something else. I read."

"You see the chaplain, of course?"

"Yes, sir; he comes to see me."

Here he turned to the Governor, and said:

"But I have not yet seen the abbé Montès."

That name in his mouth had a sinister effect on me. I had seen the abbé Montès once in my life, one summer day on the Pont-au-Change, in the cart which was carrying Louvel to the scaffold.

Nevertheless the Governor replied:

"Ah, dame! He is old; he is nearly eighty-six. The poor old man attends when he can."

"Eighty-six!" I exclaimed. "That is just what we want, provided he only has a little strength. At his age one is so near to God that one ought to say very beautiful things."

"I will see him with pleasure," said Marquis quickly.

"You must live in hope," I said.

"Oh!" said he, "I am not discouraged. First, I have my appeal to the Court of Cassation, and then I have my petition for a pardon. The sentence which has been pronounced may be quashed. I do not say that it is not just, but it is a little severe. They ought to

have taken my age into account, and given me the benefit of extenuating circumstances. And then I have signed my petition to the King. My father, who comes to see me, has told me not to alarm myself. M. Le Duc himself sent the petition to His Majesty. M. Le Duc knows me well; he knows his pupil Marquis. The King is not in the habit of refusing him anything. It is impossible that they will refuse me a pardon—I do not say a free pardon—but——"

He was silent.

"Yes," I said, "be of good cheer; you have here below your judges on one side, and your father on the other. But above, you have also your Father and your Judge who is God, who cannot feel the necessity to condemn you without, at the same time, experiencing the desire to pardon you. You must thus remain in hope."

"Thank you, sir," replied Marquis.

Again silence ensued.

Then I asked: "Do you require anything?"

"I should like to go out and walk in the yard a little oftener. That is all, sir. I only am allowed out for a quarter of an hour a day."

"That is not sufficient." I said to the Governor: "Why is this?"

"Because of our great responsibility," he replied.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "put four guards on duty if two do not suffice; but do not refuse this young man a little air and sunlight. A court in the centre of a prison, locks and bars everywhere, four lofty walls surrounding it, four guards always there, the strait-waistcoat, sentinels

at every wicket, two sentry rounds, and two *enceintes* sixty feet high, what have you to fear? The prisoner ought to be allowed to walk in the courtyard when he asks permission."

The Governor bowed, and said:

"You are right, sir. I will carry out your suggestions."

The condemned man thanked me effusively.

"It is time for me to leave you," I said. "Turn to God, and keep up your courage."

"I shall have courage, sir."

He accompanied me to the door, which was then shut upon him.

The Governor conducted me into the next cell on the right.

It was longer than the other. It contained only a bed and a coarse earthenware vessel.

It was in here that Poulmann was confined. In the six weeks which he spent here he wore out three pairs of shoes walking up and down these boards. He never ceased walking, and covered fifteen leagues a day in his cell. He was a terrible man.

"You have had Joseph Henri?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; but in the infirmary only. He was ill. He was always writing to the Keeper of the Seals, to the Procurator-Général, to the Chancellor, to the Great Referendary, letters—letters of four pages, and in small, close writing, too. One day, I said to him, jocularly: 'It is fortunate that you are not compelled to read what you have written.' No one ever read them evidently. He was a fool."

As I was leaving the prison, the Governor indicated to me the two "rounds" or encircling paths: high walls, a scanty patch of grass, a sentry-box every thirty paces. All this has a freezing effect . . He pointed out to me, under the very windows of the condemned cells, a place where two soldiers on duty had shot themselves the year before. They had blown their brains out with their rifles, and we could see the bullet-holes in the sentry-box. The rain had washed away the blood-stains from the wall. One man had killed himself because his officer, seeing him without his rifle which he had left in the sentry-box, said to him in passing, "Fifteen days n the cells." The motive in the case of the other man was never ascertained.

THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.

18th August, 4 *p.m.*

I HAVE this instant learnt that the Duchess of Praslin was assassinated last night in her own mansion, No. 55, Rue St. Honoré.

20th August.

The Court of Peers is convened for to-morrow, to arraign M. de Praslin.

Saturday, 21*st August. Written at the sitting.*

At seven minutes past two the public sitting opens. The Keeper of the Seals, Hébert, mounts the tribune, and reads the ordinance which constitutes the Court of Peers.

There are women on the benches; a man, stout, bald, and white haired, of ruddy countenance, closely resembling Parmentier, is in the west tribune, and for a moment attracts the attention of the Peers.

The Chancellor causes the tribunes to be evacuated: the Procurator-General Delangle is introduced, and the Advocate-General, Bresson, in red robes. The Chancellor notices that the tribunes are not all empty, those of the reporters amongst others; he becomes angry, and gives orders to the ushers. The tribunes are cleared with some difficulty.

M. de Praslin was arrested yesterday, and transferred to the prison of the Chamber on the Chancellor's warrant. He was committed this morning at daybreak. He is in the cell where M. Teste was.

It was M. de Praslin who, on the 17th of July, handed over the pen to sign the warrant for the arrest of MM. Teste and Cubières. Exactly a month after, on the 17th August, he signed his own warrant with his dagger.

The Duke of Praslin is a man of middle height, and of rather commonplace appearance. He has a very gentle, but a very false, manner. He has a villainous mouth, and a horribly constrained smile. He is a fair, pallid man; pale, washed out, like an Englishman. He is neither fat nor thin, nor good-looking nor ugly. He has no signs of breeding in his hands, which are fat and thick. He has always the air of being about to say something which he never does say.

I have only spoken to him three or four times in my life. The last time we were ascending the great staircase together. I informed him that I would interrogate the Minister of War if they did not pardon Dubois de Gennes, whose brother had been the Duke's secretary; he said that he would support me.

He did not behave well towards this Dubois de

Gennes. He dismissed him for no very substantial reason. The Duke undertook to present his petitions to the King with his own hands, and he put them in the post!

M. de Praslin did not speak in the Chamber. He voted sternly in the trial. He decided very harshly in the Teste affair.

In 1830, I occasionally met him at the house of the Marquis de Marmier, since the Duke. He was then only Marquis de Praslin, as his brother was alive. I had noticed the Marchioness, a good-looking, stout woman,—a contrast to the Marquis, who was then very thin.

The poor Duchess was literally hacked to pieces with the knife, and brained by the butt of the pistol. Allard, the successor to Vidocq, of the Secret Police, said: "It was clumsily done; trained assassins would have worked better; a man of fashion did that!"

The Comte de Nocé came up to me in the robing-room, and said: "Do you understand? He has made a fire to burn his dressing-gown."

I replied: "There was something he should have burnt. It was not his dressing-gown, it was gunpowder."*

A month ago the army received a blow in the case of General Cubières; the magistrature, in President Teste; now the old nobility has had its turn in the Duc de Praslin.

This must, however, come to an end.

* An untranslatable pun upon the phrases *brûler sa robe de chambre*, to burn one's dressing-gown, and *se brûler la cervelle*, to blow out one's brains.—*Translator's note.*

Sunday, 22nd.

At the present moment one can perceive, in the window of Mdlle. de Luzzy, in Madame Lemaire's house, Rue du Harlay, in the court, the melon, the bouquet, and the basket of fruit which the duke brought from the country the very evening before the murder.

The duke is seriously ill. People say he is poisoned. Just now I heard a flower-girl say: "*Mon Dieu*, if only they do not kill him, it will amuse me very much to read the details in the paper every morning."

In his address to the Court, in secret sitting, the Chancellor said the duty which devolved upon the Court, and upon him, was the most painful they had ever been called upon to perform. His voice literally changed while he spoke these words. Before the sitting commenced, he came into the reading-room; I bade him good morning, and we shook hands. The old Chancellor was overcome.

The Chancellor also said: "Rumours of suicide and of escape are in circulation. *Messieurs les Pairs* may rest assured. No precaution will be spared to ensure for the culprit, if he be found guilty, the public and legal punishment which he has incurred and deserves, and which he, in that case, cannot by any means escape."

They say that the Procurator-General Delangle already repeats to his intimates his little "effective bit"—the description of the room after the crime had been committed; here the sumptuous furniture, the golden fringe, the silken hangings, &c.; there, a pool of blood; here,

the open window, the rising sun, the trees, the garden as far as the eye could reach, the songs of the birds, the sunlight, &c.; there the corpse of the deceased duchess. Contrast! Delangle is astonished at the effect beforehand, and is dazzled by himself!

On the 17th, Mdlle. de Luzzy had dined at Madame Lemaire's, at the under-teachers' table. She was pale, and appeared to be suffering. "What is the matter with you?" asked Mdlle. Julie Rivière, one of her companions. Mdlle. de Luzzy replied that she did not feel very well; that she had fainted that day in the Rue St. Jacques, but the doctor had not thought it necessary to bleed her.

Doctor Louis is the Praslin family practitioner. They sent for him to see the duke. The prefect of police made the doctor promise that he would only speak to the duke concerning his health. The precaution turned out to be quite needless. The duke would scarcely respond, even by signs, to the doctor's questions. He was in a strange torpor. M. Louis perceived that he had tried to poison himself by swallowing a narcotic.

M. Louis did not think he ought to be moved on the 20th. He thought that if the Chancellor had him dragged to the Luxembourg, notwithstanding his advice, it was in the hope that the duke would die on the way. I do not think so.

The people are exasperated against the duke; the family is still more indignant than the people. If he were to be judged by his family he would be more severely condemned than by the Court of Peers, and more cruelly tortured than by the people.

21st August.

On Wednesday, when coming from the Academy with Cousin and the Count of Saint-Aulaire, Cousin said:

"You will see this Mdlle. de Luzzy; she is a rare woman. Her letters are masterpieces of wit and style. Her interrogatory is admirable; still, you will not read it except when translated by Cauchy. If you had heard her you would have been astonished. No one has more grace, more tact or intelligence. If she is good enough to write some day for us, we will give her, pardieu, the Montyon Prize. However, she is headstrong and imperious; she is a woman at once wicked and charming.

I said to Cousin: "Ah, so you are in love with her?"

To which he replied: "Hée!"

"What do you think of the affair?" said M. de Saint-Aulaire, addressing me.

"There must have been some motive. If not, the duke is a madman. The cause is in the duchess or in the mistress; but she is in the affair, otherwise the fact is impossible. There is at the bottom of such a crime as this either a very powerful reason or a great folly."

That was, in fact, my opinion. As for the ferocity of the duke, it is explained by his stupidity: he was a beast—and ferocious.

The populace have already coined the verb *Prasliner*—to *Prasliner* your wife.

The examining peers visited the Praslin mansion the day before yesterday. The bedroom is still in the state

in which it was left on the morning of the murder. The blood from red has turned to black. That is the only difference. This room gives one the horrors. One can see the terrible struggle and resistance of the duchess as they actually occurred. Everywhere are the prints of bloody hands passing from wall to wall, from one door to another, from one bell-pull to another. The unhappy woman, like a wild animal caught in a snare, must have rushed round and round the room, screaming and seeking an escape from the dagger-blows of the assassin.

From the gate in the Rue de Vaugirard one can see in the prison three windows which have projecting shafts. These are the only ones. Three months ago they had neither bars nor shafts. The bars were placed for President Teste, and the shafts for the Duke de Praslin.

Doctor Louis told me:

"The day after the murder, at half-past two A.M., I was called, and went to M. de Praslin's house. I knew nothing; judge of my utter stupefaction. I found the duke in bed; he was already in custody. Eight women, who relieved each other every hour, never took their eyes from him. Four police-agents were seated on chairs in a corner. I had noticed his condition, which was terrible. The symptoms gave evidence of cholera or poison. People accuse me of not having said at once 'He is poisoned.' That would have betrayed him and ruined him. Poisoning is a tacit confession of guilt. 'You should have said so,' the Chancellor remarked to me. I replied: 'Monsieur le Chancelier, where an opinion implies the condemnation of a person, a doctor will not give it.'"

"However," continued M. Louis, "the duke was

very gentle: he was passionately fond of his children, and passed his life with one of them on his knee, and sometimes one on his back too. The Duchess was beautiful and intelligent, she had become an enormous size. The duke suffered terribly, but exhibited the greatest fortitude. Not a word, not a complaint in the midst of the tortures of the arsenic.

It would appear that M. de Praslin was a very well-made man. At the *post-mortem*, the doctors were much struck. One of them exclaimed: "What a beautiful corpse!" He was a fine athlete, Doctor Louis told me.

The tomb in which they laid him bears a leaden plate, on which is the number 1054. A number after his death, such as convicts have in life, is the only epitaph of the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin!

Mdlle. Deluzy—not de Luzzy—is still in the Conciergerie. She walks about every day for two hours in the court-yard. Sometimes she wears a nankeen dress, sometimes a striped silk gown. She knows that many eyes are fixed on her at the windows. People who watch her say she strikes attitudes. She is a source of entertainment to M. Teste, whose window looks into the court. She was still in confinement on the 31st.

Granier de Cassagnac, who has seen her, has given me a description of her. She has a very low forehead, her nose turns up a great deal, her hair is very light-coloured. Nevertheless, she is pretty. She looks straight at all who pass, seeking to be noticed, and perhaps to fascinate them.

She is one of those women who have more intelligence than feeling. She is capable of follies, not from passion but from egotism.

August 30th.

A sitting in which the Court is dissolved. At a quarter past one I enter the Chamber; there are but few Peers present. M. Villemain, M. Cousin, M. Thénard; some generals, General Fabvier amongst them; some former presidents, amongst them M. Barthe; there is also M. le Comte de Bondy, who bears a singular resemblance to, with better characteristics than, the Duke of Praslin.

I chat with General Fabvier, then for a long time with M. Barthe, of everything, and of the House of Peers in particular. It is necessary to take up the subject to make the people sympathetic with it, and to make it sympathetic with the people. We spoke of the suicide of Alfred de Montesquiou. In the cloak-room it was the general topic, as well as another sad incident: the Prince of Eckmuhl has been arrested during the night for having stabbed his mistress.

At two o'clock the Chancellor rose: he had on his right the Duke Decazes, and on his left the Viscount Pontécoulant. He spoke for twenty minutes. The Attorney-General was introduced.

There are about sixty Peers. The Duke of Brancas and the Marquis de Fontis are beside me.

M. Delangle laid down his brief for the prosecution, holding that the Court was dissolved by the death of the duke.

The Procurator-General went out. The Chancellor said:

"Does any one wish to address the Court?"

M. de Boissy rose. He partly approved of what the Chancellor had said. The poison had been taken before the Court of Peers had assembled: consequently no responsibility rested on the Court. Public opinion accused the Peers charged with the investigation of having winked at the poisoning.

Count LANJUINAIS: "An opinion without any foundation."

BOISSY: "But universal. (No, no.) I insist that it may be proved that no responsibility for the poisoning rests upon the Chancellor, the investigating Peers, nor on the Court."

The CHANCELLOR: "No one entertains such an opinion: the report of the *post-mortem* quite disposes of the question."

M. Cousin agreed with the Chancellor, and, while sharing the anxiety of M. de Boissy, believed that there was no foundation for the rumour.

M. de Boissy persisted. He believed there had been complicity. But he did not accuse any of the officers of the Court.

M. Barthe rose, and gave way to the Duke Decazes, who related the circumstances of his interview with M. de Praslin the Tuesday he died, at ten o'clock A.M.

This is the interview:

"You are in great pain, my dear friend?" said M. Decazes.

"Yes."

"It is your own fault. Why did you poison yourself?"

Silence.

"You have taken laudanum?"

"No."

"Then you have taken arsenic?"

The sick man looked up, and said "Yes."

"Who procured the arsenic for you?"

"No one."

"What do you mean? Did you buy it yourself at the chemist's?"

"I brought it from Praslin."

Silence. The Duke Decazes continued:

"This is the time, for the sake of your family, your memory, your children, to speak. You confess to having taken poison. It is not to be supposed that an innocent person would deprive his nine children of their father when they are already motherless. You are guilty, then?"

Silence.

"At least you regret your crime. I beg of you to say if you deplore it."

The accused raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and said, with an agonised expression, "If I deplore it!"

"Then confess. Do not you wish to see the Chancellor?"

The accused made an effort, and said: "I am ready."

"Well, then," said the duke, "I will go and inform him."

"No," replied the sick man, after a pause, "I am too weak to-day. To-morrow. Tell him to come to-morrow."

At half-past four that afternoon he was dead.

This could not be put into the pleadings, as it was a

private conversation which M. Decazes repeated because the Court was, in a sense, informal.

M. Barthe called attention to the fact that the poisoning had taken place on Wednesday the 19th, and had not been renewed.

M. de Boissy wished to punish those who watched the duke so carelessly. He poisoned himself on Wednesday, at ten in the evening.

The Chancellor said that M. de Boissy was mistaken: it was four in the afternoon. Besides, such things happen frequently in ordinary cases, and in the best-guarded prisons.

The decree dissolving the Court was voted unanimously.

The Duke de Massa, after the vote, asked that the words "his wife" should be inserted in the sentence. There was a Dowager Duchess of Praslin. This was allowed.

The Procurator-General was recalled, and the sentence was read to him. The sitting broke up at five minutes to three.

Many Peers remained to chat in the hall. M. Cousin said to M. de Boissy: "You were right to ask for information. It was excellent."

M. Decazes added to his former statement the following details:—When the Duke was carried to the Luxembourg he was clad in a dressing-gown and trousers. During the journey he did not vomit. He only complained of a consuming thirst. When he arrived, at five in the afternoon, they undressed him, and put him to bed at once. They did not give him back his dress

until the next day, when they moved him into an adjacent room, to be examined by the Chancellor. After the examination they undressed him again, and put him to bed once more. It is therefore impossible that, even if he had some poison in his pockets, he could have taken it. It is true they did not search him, but that would have been futile. They watched his movements closely.

18th September.

Here are, in this year, 1847 the pleasures of the "bathers," the rich, noble, fashionable, intelligent, generous, and distinguished visitors to Spa:

(1) Fill a bucket with water, throw into it a twenty-sous piece, call a poor child, and say to him: "I will give you that piece of money if you can pick it up with your teeth." The child plunges his head into the water, chokes, suffocates, and comes up all dishevelled and shivering with the piece of silver between his teeth, and they laugh! It is delightful!

(2) Take a pig, grease its tail, and bet who will retain his hold of the tail longest; the pig pulls one way, the gentleman another. Ten, twenty, a hundred louis are staked on this!

Whole days are passed in such amusements.

However, old Europe is falling to pieces, *jacqueries* germinate between the chinks and crevices of the old social order; the future is gloomy, and the rich are on their trial in this century as the nobles were in the last.

BÉRANGER.

4th November.

To-day the Normal School, in the Rue d'Ulm, was opened. M. Dubois had requested me to be present. As I was coming out, I saw approaching me in the corridor which leads to the staircase, a man whom I did not at first recognise. His face was round and red, his eye clear and vivacious, long greyish hair; sixty or more years old; a good smiling mouth; and old frock-coat in very bad condition; a great quaker hat, with a broad brim; inclining to stoutness, and having some resemblance to my brother Abel.

It was Béranger.

"Ah! Good-day, Hugo."

"Ah! Good-day, Béranger."

He took my arm. We proceeded together.

"I will go with you to the end of the street. Have you a carriage?"

"My legs!"

"Well, I have the same."

We went by the Estrapade towards the Rue Saint-Jacques. Two men, dressed in black, approached us.

"Diable," cried Béranger, "here are two vulgar pedants—the one a head-master of a school, the other a

member of the Academy of Sciences. Do you know them?"

"No."

"Happy man. Hugo, you have always been in luck."

The two pedants merely bade us good-day. We proceeded by the Rue Saint-Hyacinthe.

Béranger continued:

"So you have been compelled during the last month to eulogize a great man of an hour, killed between his confessor, his mistress, and his cuckold."

"Ah!" I said, "you do not deserve to be a Puritan. Do not speak thus of Frederic Soulié, who had real talent, and a heart without bitterness!"

"The fact is," replied Béranger, "I said a foolish thing for the sake of being clever. I am not a Puritan, I hate the breed. Whoever says Puritan, says sinner."

And above all "Fool." True virtue, true morality, and true greatness, are intelligent and indulgent.

We now passed the Place Saint-Michel, and entered, still arm in arm, the Rue M. le Prince.

"You have done well," said Béranger to me, "to be content with the popularity which one can regulate. I have a great deal of trouble to withdraw myself from the popularity which carries you with it. What slave is there like the man who has the misfortune to be popular in this fashion! Look at their Reformist banquets! They kill me! and I have the greatest difficulty in the world to avoid them. I make excuses: I am old; I have a bad digestion; I never dine out; I cannot alter my rule, &c. Bah!"—"You owe it to yourself; a man like you must pay this forfeit: and a hundred others in the same way."

"I am exaggerating, eh? Nevertheless, one must smile and put the best face on it! Ah, yes! but that is merely the part of a Court jester. To amuse the prince, to amuse the people—the same thing. Where is the difference between the poet following the Court and the poet following the crowd? Marot in the sixteenth century, Béranger in the nineteenth; but, *mon cher*, it may be the same man! I do not consent to it. I lend myself to it as little as possible. They make a mistake about me. I am a man of opinion, and not of party. Oh, I hate their popularity. I am very much afraid that our poor Lamartine is going in for this popularity. I pity him. He will see what it is! Hugo, I have some common sense. I tell you, be content with the popularity you have; it is true, it is real. Now, I will give you another experience of mine. In 1829, when I was in la Force on account of my songs, how popular I was! There was not a hosier, a pastry-cook, or a reader of the *Constitutionnel*, who did not think it right to come to console me in my cell. 'Let us go and see Béranger!' They came! And I, who was in the mood to muse upon the silliness of poets, or was seeking for a refrain or a rhyme between the bars of my window, was obliged, instead of finding my verse, to receive my hosier! Poor devil—popularity! I was not left alone in my prison. Oh! if it were to happen again! How they did bore me!"

Chatting thus, we reached the Rue Mazarine and the door of the Institut, whither I was bound.

It was the Académie day.

"Won't you come in?" I asked my companion.

"Oh, no, indeed! That is for you to do!"
And he ran away.

30th December.

They wished to make me a director of the Académie. I declined. They named Scribe. I said: "So long as the Académie chooses to keep one of its members 'in the corner,' I will keep company with that member" (M. de Vigny).

They would not nominate M. de Vigny either as director or chancellor, because of his dispute with M. Molé.

THE DEATH OF MADAME ADÉLAÏDE.

31st December.

This lugubrious year, which opened on a Friday, finishes on a Friday.

When I awoke, I was informed of the death of Madame Adélaïde.

At three o'clock, the Peers proceeded to the Palace to offer the King their condolence. We were a large assemblage. The Chancellor was there in his robes, with the antique three-cornered hat of the Chancellors embellished with an enormous gold tassel. Lagrenée, Mornay, Villemain, Barante; Generals Sebastiani, Lagrange; the Duke de Broglie and M. de Mackau, just appointed Admiral of France, were all present, with others.

The King received the Peers in the throne-room; he was dressed in black, without any decorations, and was in tears. The Duke of Nemours, M. de Joinville and M. de Montpensier, were in black, without star or ribbon, like the King. The Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, Mesdames de Joinville and Montpensier, were in deep mourning.

The King came near to me and said: "I thank M. Victor Hugo; he always comes to me on sad occasions." Tears choked his utterance.

What a blow this is for the King! His sister was a

friend to him. She was a woman of intelligence and good counsel, who fell into the King's views without ever upsetting them. Madame Adélaïde had something manly and cordial about her, with considerable tact. She had conversational powers. I remember one evening, she conversed with me for a long while, and intelligently, respecting the *Rancé* of M. de Chateaubriand, which was on the eve of publication. My dear little Didine went with her mother one day to see her. Madame Adélaïde gave her a doll. My daughter, who was then seven years old, came back delighted. Some days afterwards, she happened to hear a great discussion respecting the Philippists and the Carlists. All the while playing with her doll, she said in a low voice:

"I am an Adélaïdist."

So I have been an Adélaïdist, also. The death of this amiable old princess has caused me real grief.

She died in three days from inflammation of the lungs, which supervened upon an attack of influenza. On Monday she attended the Royal Party. Who could have said that she would never see 1848?

Almost every morning the King had a long conversation, principally upon political matters, with Madame Adélaïde. He consulted her upon everything, and never undertook any serious matter contrary to her advice. He regarded the Queen as his guardian angel: one might say that Madame Adélaïde was his guiding spirit. What a loss this is for an old man! A void in the heart, in the house, in his habits. I was pained to see him shed tears. One felt that the sobs came from the bottom of the man's heart.

Her sister never left her. She had shared her exile, she partook in a measure of her state: she lived, devoted to her brother, wrapped up in him; for egotism she had the *I* of Louis-Philippe.

She made M. de Joinville her heir; Odilon Barrot and Dupin her executors.

The Peers quitted the Tuileries in great consternation in consequence of all this sorrow, and uneasy regarding the shock the King had received.

This evening all the theatres are closed.

Thus ends the year 1847.

1848.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

It was M. Crémieux who said to King Louis-Philippe these sad words: "Sire, you must leave Paris."

The King had already abdicated. The fatal signature had been written. He looked fixedly at M. Crémieux.

The sharp firing in the Palais Royal was audible; the Municipal Guards of the Château d'Eau were attacking the barricades in the Rue de Valois and the Rue Saint-Honoré.

Every moment wild shouts arose and drowned the reports of the musketry. It was evident that the populace was coming on the scene. From the Palais Royal to the Tuileries it is but a pace for the Giant who is called Revolt.

M. Crémieux extended his hand in the direction of the ominous shouts which came from without, and repeated his warning:

"Sire, you must leave."

The King, without saying a word in reply, and without taking his eyes off M. Crémieux, took off his general's hat, which he handed to someone beside him at random, doffed his uniform bearing the heavy silver epaulettes, and said,

without rising from the great arm-chair in which he had reclined, as if exhausted, for several hours.

"A round hat, a frock-coat."

They brought them. In an instant he was nothing but an elderly tradesman.

Then he cried in a hasty tone:

"My keys, my keys!"

The keys were not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the noise increased; the firing seemed to be approaching; the terrible uproar increased.

The King kept repeating: "My keys, my keys!"

At length the keys were found and brought to him. He locked a portfolio which he carried in his arms, and a still larger portfolio which his valet took charge of. He displayed a kind of feverish agitation. All was hurry-skurry around him. The princes and the valets could be heard calling out: "Quick, quick!" The Queen alone was cool and proud.

They started. They traversed the Tuileries. The King gave his arm to the Queen, or, to speak more correctly, the Queen gave her arm to the King. The Duchess de Montpensier was supported by M. Jules de Lasteyrie, the Duke de Montpensier by M. Crémieux.

The Duke de Montpensier said to M. Crémieux:

"Remain with us, M. Crémieux; do not leave us. Your name may be useful to us."

In this manner they reached the Place de la Révolution. There the King turned pale.

He looked out for the four carriages which he had commanded from his stables. They were not there.

At the entrance to the stables the driver of the first

carriage had been shot, and at the time the King was seeking them in the Place Louis XV., the people were burning them in the Place du Palais Royal.

At the foot of the obelisk a small hackney carriage with one horse was stopped.

The King walked rapidly on, followed by the Queen.

In the carriage were four women holding four children on their knees.

The four ladies were Mesdames de Nemours and de Joinville, and two ladies of the Court. The four children were the King's grandsons.

The King quickly opened the door, and said to the four ladies: "Get out, all of you, all of you."

He only spoke these words.

The firing became more and more alarming. They could hear the surging of the mob entering the Tuileries.

In the twinkling of an eye the four ladies were standing on the pavement; the same pavement whereon the scaffold of Louis the Sixteenth had been erected.

The King mounted or rather plunged into the empty carriage, the Queen followed him; Madame de Nemours mounted in front. The King still retained his portfolio under his arm. He caused the larger, a green one, to be placed within the cab. This was with some difficulty accomplished. M. Crémieux pushed it in with his fist.

"Go on," said the King.

The cab started. They took the Neuilly road.

Thuret, the King's valet, mounted behind. But he could not hold to the bar which occupied the place of a bracket-seat, and he attempted to bestride the horse, but ended by running on foot. The carriage passed him.

Thuret ran as far as Saint-Cloud, thinking to find the King there. But he found that he had proceeded to Trianon.

At that moment the Princess Clementine and her husband, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, arrived by railway.

"Quick, madame," said Thuret; "let us take the train and go to Trianon. The King is there."

It was in this manner that Thuret proceeded to rejoin the King.

Meanwhile, at Versailles, the King had succeeded in procuring a "berline" and a kind of omnibus. He occupied the carriage with the queen; his *suite* the omnibus. They hired post-horses and set out for Dreux.

As he continued his journey, the King took off his false hair and put on a cap of black silk, which he pulled down to his eyes. His beard had not been trimmed since the previous day. He had had no sleep. He was unrecognisable. He turned to the Queen, who said: "You look a hundred years old!"

There are two roads to Dreux; that to the right is the better, well paved, and is the road generally taken; the other is full of ruts and is the longer.

The King said: "Postillion, take the left road."

He did well; he was hated at Dreux. Some people were waiting on the high road with hostile intentions. In this manner he escaped the danger.

The sous-prefet of Dreux, who had been notified of his approach, joined him and handed him twelve thousand francs—half in notes, and half in silver in bags.

The "berline" left the omnibus behind to do the best it could, and proceeded towards Evreux. The King

[illegible]eagué from the town there lived a [illegible]. de ——.

It was a dark night when the carriage reached the mansion.

Thuret descended, rang for a long time; at last some one appeared.

Thuret asked for M. de ——.

He was away. It was winter. M. de —— was in town.

His farmer, who had opened the door, explained this to Thuret.

"It does not matter," replied Thuret. "I have here an old lady and gentleman, friends of his, who are very tired. Just open the doors for us."

"I have not got the keys," said Renard.

The King was worn out by fatigue, suffering and [illegible]. Renard saw the old man, and had compassion [illegible]

[illegible]" he repeated, "Pray come in. [illegible] for you; but I can open the [illegible] Meanwhile I will go in search of [illegible]."

[illegible] and Queen alighted. Renard conducted them to the lower room in the farm. There was a fine fire in it. The King was chilled to the bones.

"I am very cold," he said. Then he continued: "I am very hungry."

Renard said:

"Monsieur, would you like some onion-soup?"

"Very much," said the King.

They made some onion-soup, and produced the remains

of the farm breakfast, some cold [illegible] omelette.

The King and Queen seated themselves at [illegible] and everyone with them—Renard, the farmer, his sons from the plough, and Thuret the valet.

The King ate greedily what they gave him. The Queen did not eat anything.

In the midst of the repast the door opened. The new-comer was M. de ——, who had hurried out from Evreux.

He perceived Louis-Philippe, and exclaimed: "The King!"

"Silence!" cried the King.

But it was too late.

M. de —— reassured him. Renard was a worthy fellow. They might trust him. They were all people to be depended upon at the farm.

"Well," said the King, "I must pr[illegible] How shall I proceed?"

"Where do you wish to go to?"

"Which is the nearest seaport?"

"Honfleur."

"Well, then, I will make for Honfleur."

"All right," said Renard.

"How far is it from here?"

"Twenty-two leagues."

The King was alarmed, and exclaimed:

"Twenty-two leagues!"

"You will reach Honfleur to-morrow morning," said Renard.

Renard had a trap in which he was accustomed to

go to market. He was a breeder and seller of horses. He harnessed a pair of strong animals to this vehicle.

The King ensconced himself on one side, Thuret on the other. Renard, as coachman, seated himself in the centre, a bag of corn was placed across the apron, and they started.

It was seven o'clock at night.

The Queen did not leave until two hours later in the carriage with the post-horses.

The King had put the bank-notes in his pocket. The money-bags worried him.

"More than once the King was on the point of telling me to throw them away," said Thuret to me later, when narrating these details.

They passed through Evreux not without some trouble. At the end of the town, near Saint-Taurin's Church, there were some people collected who stopped the carriage.

A man seized the bridle, and said:

"They say the King is escaping this way."

Another man held a lantern to the King's face.

At length a sort of officer of the National Guard, who for some moments had been handling the harness in a suspicious way, cried out:

"Hold there; it is père Renard; I know him, citizens."

He added, in a low voice, turning to Thuret:

"I recognize your companion in the corner. Get away quickly."

Thuret has told me since:

"He spoke just in time, for, as I fancied he was going

to cut the traces, I was about to stab him. I had my knife open in my hand."

Renard whipped his horses, and they left Evreux behind them.

They kept on all night. From time to time they halted at the inns upon the road, and Renard baited his horses.

He said to Thuret: "Get down. Be as much at your ease as you can. Talk familiarly to me." He also "tutoyed" the King.

The King pressed his black cap almost down upon his nose, and maintained a profound silence.

At seven a.m. they reached Honfleur. The horses had come twenty-two leagues, without rest, in twelve hours. They were exhausted.

"It is time," said the King.

From Honfleur the King reached Trouville. He hoped to conceal himself in a house formerly occupied by M. Duchâtel when he came to bathe in the vacation. But the house was shut up. He was obliged to take shelter with a fisherman.

General Rumigny came in in the morning, and all was nearly lost—an officer had recognized him on the quay.

At length the King was ready to embark. The Provisional Government greatly assisted him.

Nevertheless, at the last moment, a commissary of police wished to display his great zeal. He presented himself on board the vessel in which the King was, in sight of Honfleur and the bridge.

Between decks he watched the old gentleman and lady

who were seated in a corner, looking as if they were intent upon their slender baggage.

However, he did not stir.

Suddenly the captain took out his watch, and said:

"M. le Commissaire de Police, do you intend to remain on board or go ashore?"

"Why do you ask?" said the commissary.

"Because if you are not in France in fifteen minutes you will be in England in the morning."

"You are about to sail, then?"

"Immediately."

The commissary made up his mind to leave, very discontented, and having vainly attempted to hunt down his prey.

The vessel sailed.

It nearly foundered within sight of Honfleur. It collided, the weather being bad and the night dark, with a large ship, which carried away a portion of the mast and bulwarks. These injuries were repaired as well as possible, and the next morning the King and Queen were in England.

THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY.

THE invasion of the 15th of May was a curious sight. Let the reader picture the confusion in the Senate. Swarms of ragged individuals descending, or rather streaming, down the pillars of the lower tribunes, and even of the upper ones, into the hall; the thousands of flags waving in all directions; the women frightened, and supplicating; the rioters perched in the reporters' gallery; the crowded corridors; heads, shoulders, howling mouths, extended arms, clenched hands, everywhere; no one speaking, everybody yelling; the representatives motionless;—and this going on for three hours!

The President's desk, the secretary's platform, the tribune, had disappeared, and were nothing but a heap of men. Men were seated on the back of the President's chair astride on the brass griffins, standing on the secretary's table, on the shorthand-writers' desks, on the double staircase, on the velvet of the tribunes, the greater number of them with naked feet; but to make up for this, they kept their heads covered!

One of them seized and pocketed one of the two small clocks which were on either side of the tribune for the use of the editors of the *Moniteur*.

An astounding uproar! The dust hung about like

smoke; the noise was like thunder. Half-an-hour was consumed in making half a sentence audible.

Blanqui, pale and cold, in the midst of it all.

The rioters in the tribunes struck the bonnets of the ladies with their flag-staffs; curiosity struggled with fear. The ladies stood it well for three-quarters of an hour, and then they took flight and disappeared. One alone remained some time longer; she was pretty, well dressed, and wore a pink bonnet; she was in great alarm, and was ready to throw herself into the hall to escape the crowd that stifled her.

A member, M. Duchaffaut, was taken by the throat and threatened with a dagger. Many other representatives were maltreated.

A ringleader, who was not of the people, a man of sinister appearance, with bloodshot eyes and a nose resembling the beak of a bird of prey, exclaimed: "To-morrow, we will set up in Paris as many guillotines as we have erected trees of liberty."

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

20th June.

I WENT to the National Assembly to-day for the first time.

The hall is of rare ugliness. Beams in place of columns; partitions instead of walls; distemper instead of marble; something like the theatre of Carpentras largely magnified. The tribune, which bears the date of the days of February, resembles the musicians' platform at the Café des Aveugles. The members are seated on planks covered with green baize, and write on a bare board. In the midst of all this stands the old mahogany bureau of the Peers' Chamber, with its four lacquered brass caryatids, and its scales represented inside crowns.

I found many ushers from the Peers' Chamber there. One of them gazed at me for a long time with a melancholy air.

The three first representatives who escorted me, and with whom I shook hands, were MM. Boulay de la Meurthe, Edgar Quinet, and Altaroche.

I seated myself in the place of Dupont de l'Eure, who is ill just now.

July.

Lamennais, with the face of a pole-cat and the eye of an eagle, a cravat of the colour of badly-dressed cotton, a frock-coat of a saffron-brown; very large and very short nankeen pantaloons; blue socks, and large shoes. The badge of a representative was in his button-hole. His voice is so weak that those present had to group themselves round the tribune, in order to hear what he was saying, and even then they heard him with difficulty.

After the events of June, Blaise, the nephew of Lamennais, went to see his uncle to tell him "I am quite well." Blaise was an officer of the National Guard. Directly Lamennais perceived him, he shouted, without even giving Blaise a chance to open his mouth: "Go away; you are hateful to me; you have just fired upon poor people!"

The *mot* is a fine one.

Lamennais occupies the third place on the third bench on the Radical side, in the second bay to the left of the President, beside Jean Reynaud. He has his hat before him, and, as he is small, his hat hides him. He passes his time trimming his nails with a penknife.

He resided for a long while in the Quartier Beaujon, quite near to Théophile Gautier. Delaage visited them both in turn. Gautier used to say to him, speaking of Lamennais: "Go and see your old man in his clouds."

Proudhon is the son of a cooper at Besançon. He was born in 1805. Lately he has lived in the Rue Dauphine, and published his journal, the *Representative of the People*, there. Those who had business with the editor went up to see him there in a species of frame, and found Proudhon editing in a blouse and wooden shoes.

The Assembly has to-day heard the details of the Proudhon proposition from the author.

They saw appear in the tribune a man about forty-five years old, fair, with little hair but ample whiskers. He wore a black frock-coat and waistcoat. He did not speak; he read. He held his hands clenched upon the red velvet of the tribune, his manuscript between them. His voice is vulgar; his accent is common and hoarse; and he wears spectacles.

The commencement was listened to with anxiety; then the Assembly exploded in laughter and comments; then every one began to chatter. The Chamber began to empty, and the orator ended, in the midst of inattention, the discourse he had commenced in a sort of fright. Proudhon was deficient neither in talent nor in power. Nevertheless, he succumbed visibly at his failure, and displayed none of the sublime impudence of great innovators.

Lamennais listened to the end of Proudhon's discourse, with his red handkerchief pressed to his eyes as if in tears.

THE ALL-NIGHT SITTING OF THE 3RD AUGUST.

Reading of the Report of the Commission of Enquiry concerning the Days of May.

Caussidière, who was absent at first, arrived at half-past two, and seated himself in his place on the top-most benches. He wore a white waistcoat and a black frock-coat.

Louis Blanc was seated on the top benches beside Ferdinand Gambon, and passed his hand continually through his hair.

Pierre Leroux is on the third bench below Louis Blanc, beside Lamennais. Pierre Leroux and Lamennais have opera-glasses. Leroux directs his upon the public tribunes. Lamennais stoops and seems to be reading. From time to time he cleans his nails and plunges his thumb into his snuff-box.

Cavaignac arrives later, and seats himself with folded arms near M. Marie, on the Ministerial benches. Lamartine is in his usual place at the end of the second lower bench of the second bay on the left, separated from Garnier-Pagès by Pagnerre. Lamartine folds his arms like Cavaignac: he is pale and calm in comparison with Ledru-Rollin, who is above him, red and agitated. Ledru-Rollin is a fat man with good teeth, the ideal of Anne of Austria. He has fat white hands, with which he caresses his fringe of beard. Proudhon is seated beside Lagrange, at the last triangular bay on the left at the end of the hall. The ladies of the diplomatic

tribune above his head regard him with a kind of horror, and remark audibly: "What a monster!" Proudhon crosses his legs—grey trousers, brown frock-coat—and is half reclining in his place, in such a fashion that his head is scarcely visible over the back of the seat. Lagrange, beside him, sits bolt upright, his black coat tightly buttoned. People remark his angular features, honest and bewildered. He has a turn-down collar and white cuffs.

Caussidière is often agitated during the reading of the Report. Louis Blanc asked in indignant tones to be allowed to speak. Caussidière cried: "It is shameful!" At the words "stupid people," which the Report attributed to him, he cried: "Calumny!" During the reading of the second part of the Report Ledru-Rollin took a pen and made notes. The reading of the first part lasted an hour.

The *rapporteur*, Bauchart, an advocate of Saint-Quentin, has the voice and gesture of the Procurator-General.

During the reading of the Report it was impossible for me not to believe that I was listening to Franck-Carré in the Court of Peers.

Odilon Barrot ascends the staircase and leaves the Assembly. The tribunes remark his coat of russet green and his crown of white hair, like a bishop's tonsure.

A NIGHT SITTING.

25th August.

Did Louis Blanc and Caussidière participate in the events of the 15th May and 24th June? That is the grave question which the Assembly had to decide in this night's sitting.

The tribunes are filled to overflowing; every member is in his place. The eight lamps and the seven chandeliers are lighted. There is a rumour of an outbreak in the boulevards. There have been gatherings latterly in the Gardens of the Palais Royal. "Why did they not shut the gates?" exclaimed M. de Champvans. They say that the troops are ready for mischief. The tribune has a sombre appearance. Eight o'clock strikes with the lugubrious sound of a tocsin. The hall is insufficiently lighted. One can distinguish beneath the first lustre the venerable and bowed head of Arago; and, near him, the pleasant, calm, and rigid profile of Lamartine.

As I was crossing the floor Lamartine called me. He was seated, conversing with Vivien, who was standing. He said to me: "What do you advise? Shall I speak or not?"

I replied: "Do not say anything. Keep silence. You have very little to do with it. The agitation is below. Remain above it."

He replied: "That is quite my own opinion."

"It is also mine," said Vivien.

"So," replied Lamartine, "I will say nothing." Then, after a pause, he resumed:

"At least, if the discussion does not concern me and damage me."

I replied: "Not even in that case, believe me. Keep your cries of pain for the woes of France and not for our little worries."

"Thank you," said Lamartine, "you are right," and I returned to my place.

Cavaignac is in his place, the first on the left of the Ministerial bench, separated from Goudchaux and Marie by his hat, placed on the Ministerial bench. Caussidière and Ledru-Rollin have not yet arrived.

Louis Blanc began to speak.

During an interruption, caused by Louis Blanc comparing himself to Lamartine, Caussidière arrived, stepped up to the desk of the President, and chatted with Marrast. Then he went to his seat.

There was a man in his shirt-sleeves, a spectator, who was perched up in the very roof of the hall, near the opening of the lustre, and who listened and watched from there.

The Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, and General Lamoricière, Minister of War, come in and seat themselves on the Ministerial bench beside MM. Goudchaux and Marie. Towards the conclusion of Louis Blanc's speech, Colonel de Ludre, who came and sat beside me, and my other neighbour, M. Archambaut,

fell asleep, in the midst of the agitation of the Assembly.

Louis Blanc spoke for an hour and forty minutes. He closed with an eloquent peroration, and with a protest which came from the heart.

At ten o'clock, the Prefect of Police, Ducoux, arrived, and seated himself beside Cavaignac.

It was nearly midnight when Caussidière appeared in the tribune with an enormous roll of papers, which he announced his intention to read. A murmur of apprehension rose in the Assembly. In fact, the manuscript had many pages, but, as the writing was large, each page contained but few words: the reason for this was because Caussidière reads with difficulty, and he must have large letters like a child. Caussidière wore a single-breasted frock-coat buttoned up to his necktie. His Tartar face, his wide shoulders, and his enormous height were in curious contrast with his hesitating accents and his awkward attitude. There are both the giant and the child in this man. Nevertheless, I believed he was mixed up in those affairs in May—nothing has been proved as regards June.

He read, amongst other extracts, a letter from Ledru-Rollin, addressed to him on the 23rd of April: to him as Prefect—Ledru-Rollin being Minister. This letter advises him concerning a conspiracy to strangle him, and ends with these words: "Good-night, as usual, but keep wide awake!"

In another moment Caussidière, refusing to explain

himself, exclaimed: "The National Tribune was not instituted for the purpose of retailing tittle-tattle."

At one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a profound silence which fell suddenly upon the tumultuous assembly, the President, Marrast, read a demand to authorize the Procurator-General, Cornu, to proceed against Louis Blanc and Caussidière.

This brought Louis Blanc to the tribune with an energetic protest. His protest was energetic, but his voice had changed.

At times shouts arose from all parts of the Chamber; the spectators stood up in the tribunes. The chandeliers were extinguished many times, and they had to be re-lighted during the sitting.

At half-past two a.m. Lamartine left, with bent head, and with his hands in his pockets. He crossed the hall from one end to the other. He returned an hour later.

Just as the votes were about to be taken Caussidière, who did not mistake the disposition of the Assembly, approached the Ministerial bench, and said to General Cavaignac: "It is decided, then?" Cavaignac replied: "It is my duty." "General," replied Caussidière, "are you going to have me arrested here in this manner? I have my mother and sisters yonder—*que diable!*"

"What do you wish me to do?" asked General Cavaignac.

"Give me eight-and-forty hours. I have business to attend to. I must have time to turn round!"

"Very well," replied Cavaignac; "only arrange it with Marie."

The Minister of Justice consented to the forty-eight hours, and Caussidière took advantage of them to make his escape.

At daybreak the Assembly was still sitting. The lights were paling. Through the windows the grey and murky dawn was visible. The window-curtains were agitated by the morning breeze. It was very cold in the Chamber. I could distinguish the profiles of men cast upon the inside cornice of the casements, which were thrown there by the increasing daylight.

The voting was carried on with blue and white tickets. The white ones were for the accusation, the blue ones contrary. Each ticket, as usual, bore the name of the member voting.

At the last turn I saw blue tickets put in by nearly all my neighbours, even M. Isambert, who was very indignant against the inculpated representatives.

Urgency was voted by 493 to 292. The majority necessary was 393. 93 thus occurring twice.

The Assembly afterwards approved of the proceedings being taken.

At six o'clock in the morning it was all over; the ladies in crowds descended from the tribunes by the single staircase, the greater number seeking their

husbands. Journalists called to each other in the corridors, the ushers chatted on business. It was stated that gendarmes had been seen in the *salle des pas perdus*. Eyes were dim, faces were pale, and a magnificent sunrise bathed the Place de la Concorde in its beams.

21st September.

Two bishops spoke to-day, the Abbé Parisis, Bishop of Langres, and the Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans. The question was the freedom of instruction.

The Abbé Parisis, a man of ruddy countenance, with great round blue goggle-eyes, carries his fifty-five years with an air which savours more of ecclesiastical gravity and official humility, than of gravity and humility pure. He spoke from memory, with some pomposity, a few sentences which were received with cries of *Très bien*. The effect of the cassock in the tribune is diverse—with Parisis it inspires respect, with the Abbé Fayet it creates laughter. The Abbé Fayet is an easy-going man, a regular lady-bird, more like a cock-chafer than a bishop. In the Assembly he goes from bench to bench; sitting in the ushers' chairs, laughing with the "blues," with the whites, with the reds; laughing with everyone, and getting laughed at by everyone. He wears a skull-cap of black velvet; his white hairs make him venerable in spite of himself. He has a Gascon accent, and ascends the tribune using an enormous coloured

handkerchief, which has all the appearance of an invalid's. They laugh at him. He says, in exaggerated phrase, that the great danger of the period is the Romantic school. (Laughter.) He proposes an amendment. (Laughter.) "Is it supported?"—"No, no." He descends, and blows his nose. (Laughter.) Such are our two bishops!

October.

M. Armand Marrast, who is, by the way, a man of sense, and, I believe, a brave man, before he edited the *Tribune*, then the *National*, had been master in a school. I do not know which. Louis le Grand, I believe. On the day he was elected President of the Assembly, people said of him: "Poor Marrast! He President of the National Assembly! With his little thin voice and his mean air! He, that old usher! He will soon go to the bottom!" Not at all! M. Marrast proved a remarkable President.

Why? Precisely because he had been a schoolmaster. He found that the habits of an usher precisely suited the President of an Assembly. "Silence, gentlemen."—"Mr. So-and-So, go to your seat."—"Bang, bang, bang" (the paper-knife slapping the table).—"Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein, I can hear nobody but you!"—"Messieurs les Ministres, you are talking so loudly that people cannot hear one another!"

And so on.

This is very simple. Schoolboys, or men, it is all the same; because there is already something of the man in the schoolboy, and there is always something of the schoolboy in the man.

1849.

AFTER NATURE.

The night of February 3—4.

She wore a necklace of beautiful pearls and a red Cashmere shawl of great beauty. The fringe, instead of being coloured, was embroidered in gold and silver, and hanging at her heels, so that she had charms at her neck and splendour at her feet. A true emblem of that woman who readily introduced a poet into her alcove, and kept a prince waiting in her ante-room.

She entered, threw her shawl on a sofa, and seated herself at the table ready laid, by the fire; a fowl, a salad, and some bottles of champagne and Rhine wine were prepared.

She seated her painter on her left, and motioned me to a chair on her right.

"Sit there," she said to me, "near me, and do not laugh at me and play the fool. If you only knew it, I am the fool. I love *him*. You see him! He is very ugly."

As she spoke she gazed at Serio with enraptured eyes.

"It is true," she continued, "that he has talent, even great talent, but he took my fancy in such a funny way. Some time since I saw him behind the scenes, and I asked who that very ugly man was. I asked Prince Caprasti, who brought him to supper. When he came near me I said: 'It is an ape!' He looked at me, I can't tell how. Towards the end of the supper I squeezed his hand as I gave him a plate. As he took his leave he asked, in a low tone:

"'On what day shall I come and see you again?'

"I answered: 'What day? Don't come in the daytime, you are too ugly; come at night.' He came one evening; I put out all the candles; and again, and the next night, and so on for three nights. I did not know what possessed me. On the fourth day I said to my music-teacher: 'I do not know what is the matter with me. There is a man whom I do not know—I do not even know his name—who comes every evening. He puts my head on his breast, and then he talks softly to me—so softly. He is very poor, he has not a sou; and he has two sisters who have nothing; he is ill—he has palpitation of the heart. I am dreadfully afraid of being foolishly in love with him.' My teacher replied: 'Bah! the fifth day that will all go off.' I said: 'But he begins to bore me very much, this gentleman!' I did not know what was the matter with me. Monsieur, that lasted for thirty-two days; and just imagine, he does not sleep. In the morning I have to kick him out."

"That is true," said Serio, in a melancholy manner. "She pitches me into the street!"

She leaned towards him, and said to him idolizingly:

"You are truly too ugly, look you, to have a pretty woman like me. In fact, monsieur," she continued, turning to me, "you cannot judge of me. I am rather untidy, that's all; but I have really some very pretty points. Say, Serio, shall I show him my neck?"

"Do so," said the painter.

I looked at Serio; he was pale. She, on her part, with a movement full of coquetry, and with hesitation, pulled aside and opened her dress, at the same time questioning Serio with her eyes full of love, and a smile which mocked him:

"What does it matter to you if I do show him my neck, Serio, eh? He must see it some of these days. I am going to show it to him, Serio."

"Do," said the painter.

His voice was guttural. He was green! He was suffering horribly. She screamed with laughter.

"Well, then, he may see my neck, Serio; everyone has seen it."

At the same moment she resolutely seized her dress with both hands, and permitted me to see one of those beautiful necks of which poets sing. Danaæ must have been in this posture when Jupiter turned himself into a Rothschild to gain access to her.

Well, at that moment, I was not looking at Zubiri; I was looking at Serio.

He was trembling with rage and grief. Suddenly, he adopted a sneering tone, like an unhappy wretch who is in agony at heart.

"Aye, look there," he said to me; "the neck of a virgin and the smile of a bad woman."

I forgot to say that, meantime, someone had carved the fowl, and we were eating our suppers.

Zubiri fastened her dress again, and exclaimed:

"Ah! you know very well that I love you. Do not worry yourself. Because you have only had to do with old women hitherto, you are not accustomed to us, *pardi!* it is very simple. Those old ones have nothing to show. It is true, my poor fellow, that you have had only to do with old women yet. You are so ugly. Well, what can they show you? Your Princess de Belle Joyeuse—that shadow! Your Countess d'Agorta—that witch! and your great devil of a blue-stocking of forty-five, who has blond hair! Do you wish to hide yourself? *A propos*, monsieur, you have never seen my leg!"

And before Serio could interfere, she had placed her heel upon the table and raised her dress, displaying the most beautiful leg in the world, clad in a stocking of transparent silk.

I turned to Serio. He did not speak; he did not move; his head had fallen back—he had fainted!

Zubiri rose, or rather jumped up. Her gaze, which a moment before had worn the most coquettish expression, now was full of anxiety.

"What is the matter?" she cried; "eh? Are you a fool?"

She threw herself upon him, called him by his name, threw water in his face; and in a second, phials, scent-

bottles, elixirs, vinaigrettes, covered the table, mingling with the half-empty glasses and the half-eaten fowl. Serio slowly opened his eyes.

Zubiri retired within herself, and sat down at his feet. She took his hands in her own little white ones, which had been modelled by Coustou, while, fixing her eyes on Serio, who was just opening his, she murmured:

"*Canaille!* To faint just because I showed my leg! Ah, well! if he had known me only for the last six months, he would have had fainting fits in plenty! But you are a stupid, Serio; you know very well that Zurbara painted me from the nude!"

"Yes," said Serio, languidly; "and he produced a gross, heavy woman—a Fleming. It is very bad."

"He is a beast," replied Zubiri; "and as I have not money enough to pay for the portrait, he is offering it to somebody or other for a timepiece. Well, you see, there is no need to put yourself out. What is a leg after all? Besides, it is certain that your friend will be my lover after you, do you see? Oh, Monsieur, I could not! You might be Louis XIV., and I could not. You might offer me fifty thousand francs, but I could not deceive Serio. Then Prince Cafrarti will come back one of these days. Then another yet. You know one always has a reserve fund. And then there are other people who are anxious to know me. But I wish for no one. I am accustomed to Cafrarti. Monsieur, when Cafrarti comes back I shall not be able to put up with him for more than ten minutes. If he remains a

quarter of an hour I will kill him. That is what I have come to. I adore this fellow. Isn't he a beast to have been taken ill, and to frighten me like that? I ought to have called Cœlina. She is my maid. A fashionable woman would have awakened her, but we women—we let the girls sleep. We are good-natured, having nothing else. Ah! there he is all right again. O my poor old fellow, how I do love you! Monsieur, he wakes me every morning at four o'clock, and talks of his family, of his poverty, and of the great picture which he has painted for the Council of State. I don't know what is the matter with me, but it makes me shudder and cry. After all, he is making game of me very likely with his jeremiads; it is perhaps a yarn which he has told before to his former women! All men are so rascally. I am a fool to be taken in by all this, am I not? But for all that, I am taken in. I think of him during the day—it is very odd! There are moments when I am quite sad. Do you know I wish to die? I am twenty-four, and I am likely to live long. What is the good of getting wrinkled and faded by degrees and dying by inches? It is much better to go out at once. Then the loungers at Tortoni's will say while they smoke their cigars: 'Ah, you knew that pretty girl! she is dead!' A little later they will say: 'When will that awful-looking creature die? Why does she continue to exist like that? She is a nuisance!' These are the elegies which will be spoken of me. But I am in love in earnest. In love with this monkey, Serio! *Enfin*, fancy I call him my mother!"

Here she looked at Serio. He raised his eyes to Heaven. She asked softly:

"What are you doing?"

He replied: "I am listening to you."

"Well, then, what do you hear?"

"I hear a hymn!" said Serio.

THE CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.

9th February.

YESTERDAY, Thursday, as I was leaving the Académie, where we had been discussing the word *accompagner*, I heard my name pronounced in the court.

"Monsieur Hugo, Monsieur Hugo!"

I turned round. It was M. Pasquier.

"Are you going to the Assembly?"

"Yes."

"May I take you there?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Chancelier."

I got into the carriage, which was a small brougham, lined with grey velvet. He made a great dog which was there lie down under his feet, and then we chatted.

"How are your eyes, M. le Chancelier?"

"Bad, very bad."

"Is it cataract?"

"Which is thickening. Well, I am like the governments, I am becoming blind."

I said, laughing:

"Perhaps that is in consequence of having governed!"

He took the allusion in very good part, and replied with a smile:

"It is not only myself who am going, it is everything. You are all in a worse plight than I am! I am eighty-

two years old, but you are a hundred. This Republic, born in February last, is more decrepit than I, who am no more than an old fellow, and will be dead before I think of dying. What things have I seen pass away! I shall see that go too."

As he was in the vein I let him proceed. I encouraged his reminiscences. "It seems to me that I hear the past judging the present." He continued:

"Who said that about universal suffrage? It is the scourge which has been our safety. Our only fear a year ago, our only hope to-day. Providence has its own ways. I have never been religious, I am a little bitten by Voltaire; but before the things which are coming, I may say my *Credo* like an old woman."

"And your *Confiteor* a little also," I remarked.

"Oh, yes. You are right; *nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa!* What a year was 1847! How 1847 led up to 1848! Take only our Chamber of Peers—Teste and Cubières condemned for corruption. The word *pick-pocket* attached to the epaulets of a general, and the word *thief* to the robe of the President. And then Count Bresson cut his throat. The Prince of Eckmuhl stabbed his mistress, an old prostitute, who was not worth a kick. Count Mortier wants to kill his children. The Duke de Praslin murdered his wife. Is not there a fatality in all this? The upper class of society has shocked the lower. With regard to the people now, we shall never efface their impression that we poisoned the Duke de Praslin. Thus the accused murderer and his poisoning judges is the idea which is generally received of all this affair. Others believe that we have saved this wretched Duke, and that

we have substituted a corpse in his place. There are people who declare that Praslin is in London. He is there enjoying a hundred thousand francs a year with Mdlle. de Luzzy. It is with all this gossip and chatter that they undermine the mouldy old world. Now this is done with. They have not gained much by it. All these follies have been launched at once. However, I believe that 1847 has left a sadder impression than 1848. All those horrible trials. The Teste case. I could not make it out at that time. I was obliged to read all the documents, to have always behind me M. de la Chauvinière to be my eyes when I could no longer use my own. You can imagine how tiresome it is. Nothing is so wearing to the mind. I do not know how I managed to preside over the affair. And those six last hours over the Duke de Praslin. What a sight! Ah, you, a tragic poet, who seek for horror and for pity—you had them there! That unhappy man from whom everything departed at once, who writhed in a double agony, who had poison in his body and remorse in his soul. It was horrible. He refused everything, and he clung to everything. Occasionally he bit his hand in agony; he looked at us and watched us with a fixed stare; he seemed to be asking for life and demanding death. I have never beheld such terrible despair. The poison he swallowed was such as to increase his strength at the last, one which gave him extra vitality while it consumed him. As he was dying, I said to him: 'Confess, in pity to yourself. Are you guilty?' He looked at me in fear, and replied, faintly, 'No.' That was a fearful moment. He had a lie on his lips and truth in his eyes.

Oh, I would you had been there, M. Hugo. But all is over now. The other day I had an idea of going to see the Luxembourg."

He paused. I said:

"Well?"

"Well, they have spoiled it; all is rebuilt, that is to say, all is defaced. I did not enter the palace; but I saw the garden. Everything is topsy-turvy. They have made walks in the nursery. English alleys in the nursery-ground! Can you understand that? It is folly!"

"Yes," I said, "it is characteristic of the time; small follies are mingled with great ones."

We had got so far, when the carriage stopped at the entrance to the Assembly. I got out. We had only time to exchange our addresses.

"Where do you live now, M. Hugo?"

"No. 37 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. And you, monsieur?"

"No. 20 Rue Royale."

"By the way," he said, as he shut the door, "it is still called Rue Royale!"

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

9th April.

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES came to me the other day and said:

"I have come to you. I am in despair. What you have said about Antonin Moyne has pained me greatly. I assure you, that one of these fine days something dreadful will happen to me. I have been to see Boulay de la Meurthe; he used to breakfast with me when I had Harel. He denied himself to me; he would not see me. He is a miser. He is very rich, as you may imagine. Well, he would allow himself to be kicked for a crown piece, and afterwards cut it in quarters. I have been to see Jérôme. He received me. He said: 'What do you want, Georgina?' I replied, 'I want nothing. I believe I am still richer than you, although I have nothing. But walk before me; hold yourself up; it seems to me that I see something of the Emperor. That is all I require.' He laughed and replied: 'You are right; I am poorer than you. You have no money, but you can eat potatoes. But I have not a sou, and I must eat with people who have truffles. Fancy, they send me candles by dozens of pounds, and send me an account. They say

"Beg." But I reply, '"I am accustomed to command, and not to entreat."' Monsieur Hugo, so much for Jérôme! As for the President, he is a simpleton. I detest him. In the first place, he is very ugly. He rides and drives well. That's all! I went to him. He replied he could not see me. When he was only poor Prince Louis, he received me in the Place Vendôme for two hours in succession, and the idiot made me look at the column. He has an English mistress, a pretty blonde, who deceives him in every possible way. I do not know whether he is aware of it, but everybody else is. He goes to the Champs-Elysées in a little carriage, which he drives himself. He will be upset some day by his horses, or by the people. I told Jérôme I detested that *soi-disant* nephew of his. Jérôme put his hand on my mouth, and said: 'Hold your tongue, stupid.' I said: 'He speculates. Achille Fould goes and sees him every day, and gets the news before everybody else, then he goes and speculates for a rise or a fall. This is quite certain with regard to the recent events in Piedmont. I know it.' Jérôme said to me: 'Don't talk of such things. Such chatter as that ruined Louis-Philippe.' What is Louis-Philippe to me, M. Hugo? He never did anything for Harel. That is the truth. I am in poverty. I plucked up courage, and went to call on Rachel—Mdlle. Rachel—to ask her to play *Rodogune* with me at my benefit. She did not admit me, and requested me to write. Oh, certainly not! I have not got to that yet. I am a queen of the theatre as well as she, and one day she will be a poor old pauper like me. Well, I will not write to her. I will not ask

for alms from her. I will not wait in her ante-chamber. But she does not remember that she was once a beggar. She does not think what she will come to. A mendicant in the *cafés*, M. Hugo, she sang, and they threw her coppers. Good. Now she plays *lansquenet* with Véron for a louis, and wins or loses ten thousand francs a night. But in thirty years she will not have six farthings, and she will walk in the mud with her shoes worn down at heel. In thirty years she will not call herself Rachel as easily as I call myself Georges. She will find that some child with talent and youth will trample upon her, and she will grovel before her, mark you. She will be down, and for this reason, that she is insolent. No, I will not go. No, I will not write to her. I have nothing to eat, it is true. Toto earns nothing. He has a place in the President's household which does not bring him anything. I have a sister—you know Babelle?—to take care of. Hostein would not engage her at the Historique—the Théâtre-Historique—for fifteen hundred francs. I have been to Boulay's house, to the President's, to Rachel's; I can see no one except you. I owe ten francs to my doorkeeper. I was obliged to pawn and sell the diamond studs which the Emperor gave me. I play at the *Théâtre Saint-Marcel;* I play at the *Batignolles;* I play in the suburbs, and I have not twenty-five sous to pay for my cab. Well, no; I will not write to Rachel; I would rather drown myself!"

1850.

14th January.

Alfred de Vigny and I have frustrated the election at the Académie to-day.

Empis and Victor Leclerc were proposed. We would have neither of them. We put in white tickets.

There were thirty-four voters; majority, eighteen votes. There were five ballots. M. Empis had fifteen votes, M. Leclerc sixteen. There were votes given at times to MM. Émile Deschamps, Lamennais, Alfred de Musset, and Béranger. With our two votes we could decide the election. We stood firm. It had to be postponed, and it is left over for a month!

At the first ballot, when the two white tickets were announced, M. Flourens said: "There are two votes lost."

I replied: "Lost! Say put out at interest!" My intention is to make one of the two parties come to an arrangement with us, who are the all-powerful make-weights, and to nominate Balzac or Dumas in exchange for our votes. In this way I got Alfred de Vigny nominated two years ago.

At this moment, I was taking Dupin to task upon the subject of Balzac. He interrupted me:

"Diable! diable! You would have Balzac enter the Académie unopposed the first time like that! You quote as examples Patin, Saint-Marc Girardin, Brifaut; but they prove nothing. Only think! Balzac in the Académie without any more ado! You have not thought it over. Is it possible?' But you do not think of one thing: he deserves it!"

19th March.

At the Académie-Française we decide upon the Prose Competition. This is how we do it.

M. de Barante reads a pamphlet. M. Mérimée writes. MM. Salvandy and Vitet talk aloud. MM. Guizot and Pasquier talk in low tones. M. de Ségur holds a newspaper. MM. Mignet, Lebrun, and Saint-Aulaire laugh at some jest or other of M. Viennet. M. Scribe makes sketches with his pen on a paper-knife. M. Flourens comes in and takes off his overcoat. Messrs. Patin, De Vigny, Pougerville, and Empis look at the ceiling or the carpet. M. Sainte-Beuve exclaims from time to time. M. Villemain reads manuscript, while complaining of the sun in his face. M. de Noailles is absorbed in a kind of directory which he holds open. M. Tissot sleeps. As for me, I am writing this. The other Academicians are absent.

The subject of the competition is a panegyric on Madame de Staël.

THE DEATH OF BALZAC.

On the 18th of August, 1850, my wife, who had been during the day to see Madame de Balzac, told me that M. de Balzac was dying. I hurried to him.

M. de Balzac had been suffering for eighteen months from an aneurism of the heart. After the revolution of February, he went to Russia, and there married. Some days before his departure I met him on the boulevard. He was already complaining, and breathed noisily. In May, 1850, he returned to France, married, rich, and dying! When he arrived his legs were already swollen. Four doctors who were consulted auscultated him. One of them, M. Louis, told me on the 6th of July: "He has not six weeks to live." It is the same disease that Frederic Soulié had.

On the 18th August, my uncle, General Louis Hugo, was dining with me. As soon as the table was cleared I left, and took a cab to No. 14, Avenue Fortunée, in the Quartier Beaujon. It was here that M. de Balzac lived. He had purchased what remained of the mansion of M. de Beaujon, some portion having escaped demolition. He had furnished it magnificently, and made it a very pretty little house, having a carriage entrance in the Avenue Fortunée, and for garden a long and narrow court, in

which the pavement was here and there cut into flower-beds.

I rang. The moon shone, but was obscured by clouds. The street was deserted. No one came. I rang again. The door opened. A servant appeared with a candle. "What do you want, Sir?" she asked. She was crying.

I told her my name. She ushered me into a room on the ground floor, in which, on a bracket opposite the chimney-piece, was a colossal bust of Balzac, by David. A wax-candle was burning upon a splendid table in the centre of the *salon*, with six statuettes for legs, gilt with the purest gold.

Another woman, who was also crying, came and said:

"He is dying. Madame has gone to her own room. The doctors have not been here since yesterday. He has a wound in the left leg. Gangrene has set in. The doctors do not know what they are doing; they say that the dropsy is a buffy dropsy, an infiltration—that is what they called it—that the skin and the flesh were like fat, and that it was impossible to tap him. Last month, when going to bed, master ran against a piece of ornamental furniture and tore the skin of his leg, and all the water in the body ran out. The doctors were much astonished, and since then they have made punctures. They said: 'Imitate nature.' But an abscess in the leg has supervened. M. Roux performed the operation. Yesterday they removed the dressing; the wound, instead of having suppurated, was red, dry, and angry. Then they said: 'There is no hope for him,' and did not return any more.

Four or five were sent for in vain. Everyone said: 'It is no use.' He has had a bad night. This morning at nine o'clock Monsieur could not speak. Madame sent for a priest; he came, and has administered extreme unction to Monsieur. One hour afterwards he shook hands with his sister, Madame de Surville. Since eleven o'clock he has had a rattling in the throat, and he can no longer see. He will not live through the night. If you wish, Sir, I will go and look for M. de Surville, who has not yet retired."

The woman left me. I waited for some minutes. The candle scarcely lighted the room, its splendid furniture and fine paintings by Porbus and Holbein. The marble stood out vaguely against the gloom like the spectre of the man who was dying. A corpse-like smell pervaded the house.

M. de Surville entered, and confirmed all that the servant had said. I asked to see M. de Balzac.

We proceeded along a corridor, ascended a staircase covered with red carpet, and laden with objects of art—vases, statues, pictures, credence-tables—and then another corridor, and I perceived an open door. I heard a loud and sinister rattling noise. I was in the death-chamber of Balzac.

A bed stood in the middle of the room, a mahogany bedstead having a suspensory arrangement at the head and foot for the convenience of moving the invalid. M. de Balzac was in this bed, his head supported on a pile of pillows, to which had been added the red damask cushions from the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, and leaned towards the right side, his beard un-

trimmed, his grey hair cut short, his eyes fixed and open. I saw him in profile, in which way he bore a resemblance to the Emperor.

An old woman (the nurse), and a man-servant, stood at each side of the bed; a candle was burning behind the head of the bed upon a table, another upon the drawers near the door. A silver vase was placed on the night-table. This man and this woman stood silent in fear, and listened to the loud death-rattle of the dying man.

The candle behind the bed lighted up brightly the portrait of a man, young, ruddy and smiling, hanging near the fireplace.

An insupportable smell issued from the bed. I lifted the counterpane and took the hand of Balzac. It was clammy. I pressed it. He did not respond to the pressure.

This was the same room in which I had come to see him a month previously. He was then cheerful, full of hope, having no doubt of his recovery, showing his swelling, and laughing. We had a long conversation and a political difference. He reproached me for my demagogic tendency. He was a Legitimist. He said to me: "How could you discard so coolly the title of Peer of France, the best after that of King of France?" He also said: "I have the house of M. de Beaujon without the garden, but with the seat in the little church at the corner of the street. A door in my staircase opens into this church, one turn of the key and I am at mass. I think more of the seat than of the garden." When I was

about to leave him he conducted me to this staircase with difficulty and showed me the door, and then he called out to his wife: "Mind you show Hugo all my pictures."

The nurse said to me: "He will die at daybreak."

I came downstairs again bearing in mind this livid countenance. Crossing the dining-room, I found the bust motionless, impassive, haughty, vaguely radiant, and I compared death with immortality.

*

When I reached home it was Sunday. I found many people awaiting me, amongst others Riza-Bey, the Turkish chargé d'affaires, Navarrete, the Spanish poet, and Count Arrivabene, the exiled Italian. I said to them, "Gentlemen, Europe is on the point of losing a great mind."

He died in the night. He was fifty-one years of age.

They buried him on the Wednesday.

He lay first in the Beaujon Chapel, passing through the door the key of which was more precious to him than all the beautiful gardens of the old farmer-general.

Giraud took his portrait on the very day of his death. They wished to take a cast of his face but could not; decomposition was too rapid. The morning after his death the modellers who came found his face deformed

and the nose fallen upon the cheek. They put him in an oak and lead coffin.

The service was performed at Saint-Philippe du Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there my second daughter had been baptized, and I had not been in the church since. In our memories death is allied to birth.

The Minister of the Interior, Baroche, came to the funeral. He was seated by me in church, near the bier, and from time to time spoke to me. He said: "He was a distinguished man." I replied: "He was a genius."

The procession traversed Paris and went by way of the Boulevards to Père-Lachaise. A few drops of rain fell as we were leaving the church and as we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days on which it seems that the heavens shed tears.

We walked all the way. I proceeded in front of the coffin, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall; Alexander Dumas was on the opposite side.

When we came to the grave, which was some distance up the hill, we found an immense crowd. The road was rough and narrow; the horses had some difficulty in pulling the hearse, which rolled back again. I found

myself imprisoned between a wheel and a tomb, and was very nearly crushed. The spectators who were standing on the tomb helped me up.

The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is close to those of Charles Nodier and of Casimir Delavigne. The priest said the last prayer, and I spoke a few words. As I was speaking the sun set. All Paris appeared in the distance enveloped in the splendid haze of the setting orb. Some lumps of earth fell into the grave almost at my feet, and I was interrupted by the dull sound of this earth dropping on the coffin.

1853.

HUBERT, THE SPY.

Jersey

YESTERDAY, the 20th of October, 1853, contrary to my custom, I went out in the evening. I had written two letters, one to Schœlcher in London, the other to Samuel in Brussels, and I wished to post them myself. I was returning by moonlight, about half-past nine, when, as I was passing the place which we call Tap et Flac, a kind of small square opposite Gosset the grocer's, an affrighted group approached me.

They were four refugees: Mathé, a representative of the people; Rattier, a lawyer; Hayes, *alias* Sans-Couture, a shoemaker; and Henry, *alias* Little Father Henry, of whose profession I am ignorant.

"What is the matter with you?" I said, seeing them greatly agitated.

"We have just passed sentence on a man," said Mathé, as he waved a roll of paper which he held in his hand.

Then they rapidly gave me the following details. (Having retired since May from the society of refugees and having lived in the country, all these facts were new to me.)

In the month of April last a political refugee landed in Jersey. The inn-keeper, Beauvais, who is a generous-hearted fellow, was walking on the quay when the packet came alongside. He saw a man pale, exhausted, and in rags, carrying a little bundle. "Who are you?" said Beauvais.—"A refugee."—"What is your name?"—"Hubert."—"Where are you going?"—"I do not know."—"Do you know of an inn?"—"I have no money."—"Come home with me."

Beauvais took Hubert to his little house, at No. 20 Don Street.

Hubert was a man of about fifty, with white hair and a black moustache. His face was marked with small-pox. His appearance was robust, his eye intelligent. He said he had been a schoolmaster and a surveyor. He came from the department of the Eure; he had been exiled on the 2nd of December. He reached Brussels, where he came to see me; driven from Brussels, he went to London, and in London he lived in the lowest depths of an exile's poverty. He had lived five months, five winter months, in what they call a "Social," a large dilapidated sort of room, the doors and windows of which admit draughts, while the roof lets in the rain. He slept the two first months side by side with Bourillon, another refugee, on the flagstone in front of the fireplace.

These men lay on this stone without mattress or covering, without even a handful of straw, with their wet, ragged clothes on their bodies. There was no fire. It was not till the end of the two months that Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin gave them some money with to buy coal. When these men had some potatoes they

boiled them and dined; when they had none they ate nothing at all.

Hubert, without money or a bed, almost without shoes or clothing, lived there, slept on the stone, shivered continually, ate seldom, and never complained. He took his large share of the general suffering stoically, impassively, and in silence. He was a member of the Society called *La Délégation;* then he quitted it, saying: "Félix Pyat is no socialist." Afterwards he joined the Society called *La Révolution,* and left it declaring that Ledru-Rollin was not a Republican.

On the 14th of September, 1852, the Prefect of the Eure wrote to him asking him to send in his "submission." Hubert answered the Prefect in an outspoken letter, full, as regards his "Emperor," of the coarsest terms, such as *clique, canaille, misérable.* He showed this letter, dated the 24th of September, to all the refugees he met, and posted it up in the room where the members of the *Révolution* used to meet.

On the 5th of February he saw his name in the *Moniteur* amongst the pardoned. Hubert was filled with indignation, and instead of returning to France he went to Jersey, declaring that there were better Republicans there than in London. So it came to pass that he disembarked at St. Heliers.

When he reached Beauvais' house, Beauvais showed him a room.

"I told you I had no money," said Hubert.—"Never mind," said Beauvais.—"Give me a corner and a truss of straw in the loft."—"I would rather give you my own room and bed," said Beauvais.

At meal-times Hubert would not sit down to table. Several refugees were living in Beauvais' house, where they breakfasted and dined for 35 francs a month.

"I have not 35 sous," said Hubert. "Give me a snack. I will eat it at the corner of the kitchen-table."

Beauvais was annoyed. "By no means," he said; "you will dine with us, citizen."—"And pay you?"—"When you can."—"Never, perhaps."—"Well, then, never."

Beauvais procured for Hubert some pupils in the town, to whom he taught grammar and arithmetic, and with the produce of these lessons he compelled him to buy an overcoat and some shoes. "I have shoes," said Hubert. "Yes, you have shoes, but they have not any soles."

The refugees were moved to pity on seeing Hubert's condition, and they granted him the ordinary assistance allotted to the necessitous with no wife nor child, namely, seven francs a week. With that and his lessons he existed. He had no more. Many people, Gaffney amongst others, offered him money; but he never would accept it. "No," he would say; "there are people more unfortunate than I."

He made himself very useful in Beauvais' house, occupying the least possible room, rising from table before dinner was over, drinking no wine or brandy, and refusing to have his glass filled. He was an ardent communist, did not recognize any chief, declared the Republic was betrayed by Louis Blanc, Félix Pyat and Ledru-Rollin, by myself; recommending at the fall of Napoleon, whom he always called Badinguet, a "six months' massacre" *to have done with it;* wringing by dint of his sufferings

and his earnestness, a certain respect even from those who avoided him, having about him some indescribable air of rugged honesty. A moderate said of him to an enthusiast: "He is worse than Robespierre." The other replied: "He is better than Marat."

This was the mask which had just fallen. This man was a spy.

The fact was discovered on this wise.

Hubert, among the refugees, had an intimate friend named Hayes. One day, in the beginning of September, he took Hayes aside, and said to him, in a low and mysterious tone: "I am going away to-morrow."—"You going away?"—"Yes."—"Where are you going to?"—"To France."—"What, to France?"—"To Paris."—"To Paris?"—"They expect me there."—"What for?"—"To strike a blow."—"How will you enter France?"—"I have a passport."—"From whom?"—"From the Consul."—"In your own name?"—"In my own name."—"That is very odd."—"You forget that I was pardoned in February."—"That's true; and the money?"—"I have some."—"How much?"—"Twenty francs."—"Are you going all the way to Paris with twenty francs?"—"As soon as I reach Saint-Malo I shall go as I can, on foot, if necessary. If necessary I will not eat. I will go straight on by the shortest way."

Instead of taking the shortest, he took the longest way. From Saint-Malo he went to Rennes, from Rennes to Nantes, from Nantes to Angers, from Angers to Paris, by the railway. He took six days on the journey. As he proceeded he saw in every town the democratic leaders: Boué at Saint-Malo, Roche, Doctor Guépin and the

Mangins at Nantes; Rioteau at Angers. He announced himself everywhere as being on a mission from the refugees of Jersey, and he easily gained assistance everywhere. He neither hid nor displayed his poverty, people could see it. At Angers he borrowed fifty francs from Rioteau, not having enough to go to Paris.

From Angers he wrote to a woman with whom he had lived in Jersey, one Mélanie Simon, a seamstress, lodging at No. 5, Hill Street, and who had actually lent him 32 francs for his journey. She had concealed this money from Hayes. He told this woman that she might write to him to No. 38 Rue de l'École de Médecine, that he did not lodge there, but he had a friend who would forward his letters.

Arriving in Paris he went to see Goudchaux; he found out in some way which could not be ascertained, the residence of Boisson, the agent of the Ledru-Rollin faction. The said Boisson lived concealed in Paris. He presented himself to Boisson as an envoy from us, the refugees of Jersey, and entered into all the combinations of the party called the Party of Action.

Towards the end of September he disembarked in Jersey from the steamer *Rose*. The day after his arrival he took Hayes aside and declared that a blow was about to be struck, and that if he, Hubert, had arrived some days sooner in Paris, the blow would have been struck then; that his advice, which had almost been accepted, had been to blow up a railway bridge while "Badinguet's" train was passing; that men and money were both ready, but that the people had no confidence except in the refugees, and that he was going to return to Paris

on this account. As he had taken part in every blow struck since 1830, he was not the man to back out of this; but he himself was not sufficient, he required ten refugees, who would volunteer to put themselves at the head of the people when the time for action arrived, and he had come to seek them in Jersey. He ended by asking Hayes if he would be one of the ten. "That I will," replied Hayes.

Hubert saw the refugees, and confided in them in the same mysterious way, saying, "I have told no one but you." He enrolled, amongst others, in addition to Hayes, Jego, who was recovering from typhoid fever, and Gigoux, to whom he declared that his name of Gigoux would "stir the masses." Those he enlisted thus with a view of taking them to Paris, said: "But the money?"—"Never fear," replied Hubert, "there is money in hand; you will be expected at the landing-stage. Come to Paris, the rest will arrange itself. You will have a lodging found for you."

Besides Hayes, Gigoux, and Jego, he interviewed Jarassé, Famot, Rondeaux, and others.

Since this dissolution of the General Society, two Societies of Refugees were formed in Jersey, the *Fraternelle* and the *Fraternité*.

Hubert belonged to the *Fraternité*, of which Gigoux was treasurer. He drew from it, as I have said, seven francs a week. He claimed from Gigoux who paid it to him the fourteen francs for the two weeks he was away, as he had been absent in the service of the Republic.

The day when Hubert and those I have mentioned were to leave was fixed for Friday, the 21st of October.

However, a refugee, named Rattier, a lawyer of Lorient, being one morning in the shop of Hurel, the tobacconist, saw a man enter to whom he had never spoken, but whom he knew by sight. This man, perceiving him to be a Frenchman, said to him: "Citizen, have you change for a hundred franc note?"—"No," replied Rattier. The man unfolded a yellow paper, which he held in his hand, and presented it to the tobacconist, asking for change. The shopkeeper had not sufficient. During the colloquy, Rattier recognised the paper as a Bank of France note for one hundred francs. The man went away, and Rattier said to Hurel: "Do you know that man's name?"—"Yes," replied Hurel, "he is a French refugee, named Hubert."

Almost at the same time Hubert, when paying for his lodgings, took from his pocket handfuls of shillings and half-crowns.

Mélanie Simon demanded the 32 francs; he refused to pay her, and at the same time, by a strange sort of contradiction, he allowed her to see a pocket-book full, as Mélanie afterwards said, of yellow and blue papers. "They are bank-notes," said Hubert to Mélanie Simon. "I have three thousand five hundred francs in this."

However, the contradiction was explained. Hubert, about to return to France, wished to take Mélanie Simon with him; he refused to pay her in order that she might go with him; and that she might be under no apprehension in going with him, he showed her that he was rich.

Mélanie Simon did not wish to leave Jersey, and again demanded her 32 francs. Disputes arose; Hubert still

refused. "Listen to me," said Mélanie; "if you do not pay me, I have seen your money; I guess you are a spy, and I will denounce you to the refugees."

Hubert laughed.

"Make them believe that of me," said he. "*Allons donc.*"

He hoped to disabuse Mélanie Simon of this idea by putting a good face on the matter.

"My thirty-two francs," said Mélanie.

"Not a sou," replied Hubert.

Mélanie Simon went and sought Jarassé and denounced Hubert.

It seemed at first sight that Hubert was right. The refugees vied with each other in laughing aloud at it.

"Hubert a spy?" it was said. "Nonsense."

Beauvais recalled his sobriety and Gaffney his disinterestedness, Bisson his republicanism, Seigneuret his communism, Bourillon the five months they slept on the stones, Gigoux the assistance they had given him, Roumilhac his stoicism, and all of them his poverty.

"I have seen him without shoes," said one.

"And I without a lodging," said another.

"And I without bread," added a third.

"He was my best friend," said Hayes.

Then Rattier related the incident of the 100 franc note; the details of Hubert's journey leaked out by degrees. They asked themselves the meaning of this curious itinerary. They learned that he had gone about from place to place with wonderful facility. A resident of Jersey declared that he had seen him walking on the quay of Saint-Malo amongst the custom-house officers and

gendarmes without their noticing him. Suspicion was awakened, Mélanie Simon called aloud from the house-tops, the poet wine-grower Claude Durand, who was respected by all the proscribed, shook his head when speaking of Hubert.

Mélanie Simon told Jarassé of Hubert's letter, giving his address in Paris at No. 38 Rue de l'École de Médecine, where a friend received his letters. Now the son of Mathé, the representative, when he went to Paris some months before, had by a curious coincidence lodged in that very same house.

Jarassé having shown to Mathé Hubert's letter to Mélanie, the address and the friend attracted the attention of Mathé's son, who was present, and who exclaimed, "Why, that is the very house in which I lived. Among the lodgers there was a member of the police force named Philippi."

A low murmur began to spread amongst the refugees.

Hayes and Gigoux, Hubert's friends, whom he had enrolled for Paris, said to him:

"People are certainly talking."—"About what?" said Hubert.—"About Mélanie Simon and you."—"Well they say she is my mistress, I suppose."—"No, they say that you are a spy."—"Well, what is to be done about it?"—"Demand an enquiry," said Hayes.—"And a judgment," said Gigoux.

Hubert made no answer. His friends frowned.

Next day they pressed him again. He was silent. They returned to the charge. He almost refused to speak. The more he hesitated, the more they persisted. They ended by declaring that he must clear the matter up.

Hubert, being unable to avert the enquiry, and perceiving that suspicion grew stronger, consented.

It is at Beauvais' house, No. 20, Don Street, that is held what is called the Refugees' Club.

Refugees who follow no occupation and refugees out of work meet there in a common room. Hubert posted in this room a declaration addressed to his brothers in exile, in which, with reference to the "infamous calumnies" spread concerning him, he placed himself at the disposal of all, demanded an investigation, and requested that he should be judged by all the refugees.

He wished for an *immediate* investigation, reminding them that he contemplated leaving Jersey on Friday the 21st of October, and concluded by saying: "The justice of the people ought to be prompt."

The last words of this proclamation were: "The truth will come to light. Signed, Hubert."

The "Fraternity" Society to which Hubert belonged assembled, ordered the enquiry, and nominated five of its members to take the preliminary steps in connexion with this domestic trial among the refugees, namely, Mathé, Rattier, Rondeaux, Henry, and Hayes. Mathé, since his son's exclamation of surprise, was convinced of Hubert's guilt.

This Commission made a regular judicial enquiry, called witnesses, heard Gigoux and Jego, who had been enrolled by Hubert for Paris, Jarassé, Famot, to whom Hubert had spoken of the six months' massacre to make an end of it; collected the reports of Rattier and Hayes; called Mélanie Simon, confronted her with Hubert; called for the letter written by Hubert from Angers, which had

been torn up, and pieced it together again; drew up an official report of it all. When confronted with Hubert, Mélanie Simon confirmed all her statements, and told him plainly that he was a spy of Bonaparte's.

Suspicions abounded, but proofs were wanting.

Mathé said to Hubert: "You leave on Friday?"—"Yes."—"You have a trunk?"—"Yes."—"What do you carry in that trunk?"—"A few old clothes of mine and copies of the Socialist and Republican publications."—"Will your permit your trunk to be searched?"—"Yes."

Rondeaux accompanied Hubert to Beauvais' house, where he lodged, and where his trunk was. It was opened. Rondeaux found in it some shirts, one or two handkerchiefs, an old pair of trousers and an old coat. Nothing more.

The absence of positive proofs weakened suspicion, and the opinion of the refugees became once more favourable to Hubert.

Hayes, Gigoux, and Beauvais defended him warmly.

Rondeaux reported what he had found in the trunk.

"And the Socialist publications?" asked Mathé.

"I did not see any," replied Rondeaux.

Hubert said nothing.

However, the report of the searching of the trunk having got abroad, a carpenter in Queen Street said to a refugee, Jarassé I think it was: "But have you opened the false bottom?"—"What false bottom?"—"The false bottom of the trunk."—"Do you mean to say that the trunk has a false bottom?"—"Certainly."—"How do you know?"—"Because I made it."

This was repeated to the commission. Mathé said to Hubert: "Your trunk has a false bottom?"—"Certainly."—"Why this false bottom?"—"*Parbleu!* To hide the democratic writings which I carry about."—"Why did you not tell Rondeaux of it?"—"I did not think about it."—"Will you allow it to be examined?"—"Yes."

Hubert gave his consent in the calmest manner in the world, giving answers in monosyllables and scarcely removing his pipe from his mouth. From his laconic answers his friends argued his innocence.

The commissioners decided that they would all be present at this inspection of the trunk. They set out. It was Thursday—the day before that fixed by Hubert for his departure. On the way: "Where are we going?" asked Hubert.

"To Beauvais' house," said Rondeaux, "since your trunk is there."

Hubert replied:

"There are a number of us, it will be necessary to break open the false bottom with a hammer—that will create excitement at Beauvais' house, where there are always a number of refugees. Let two of you come with me and carry the trunk to the carpenter's house, while the others await us there. As the carpenter made the false bottom, he will be able to remove it better than anybody else. Everything will take place, as before, in the presence of the commission, and there will be no scandal."

They consented to this. Hubert, assisted by Hayes and Henry, carried the trunk to the carpenter's shop, and

the false bottom was opened. It was full of papers. There were Republican writings—my speeches, the *Bagnes d'Afrique* of Ribeyrolles, the *Couronne Impériale* of Cahaigne. They found there three or four passports of Hubert's, the last issued in France *at his request.* A complete set of documents were there found relative to the internal organisation of the society *La Révolution* organised in London by Ledru-Rollin, all this mixed up with many letters and a mass of bundles of papers.

Amongst these bundles were found two letters which seemed singular.

The former, dated the 24th of September, was addressed to the Prefect of the Eure, rejecting the offer of an amnesty with a prodigality of epithets. This was the letter which Hubert had shown to the refugees in London, and placarded in their meeting-room.

The second letter, dated the 30th, only six days later, was addressed to the same Prefect, and contained, in the form of a request, very plain offers of service to the Bonapartist Government.

These two letters being at variance with each other, it was evident that only one could have been sent, and it appeared probable that this was not the former. According to every appearance, the second was the true letter; the first was "for show."

The two letters were shown to Hubert, who continued to smoke his pipe calmly.

The two letters were put aside, and the examination of the papers was continued.

A letter in Hubert's writing commencing "My dear mother," fell into the hands of Rattier. He read the

opening sentences, but as it seemed a private letter he was about to discard it, when he perceived that the sheet was double. He opened it almost mechanically, and it was as though a flash of lightning struck his eyes. His gaze had fallen at the head of the second sheet on these words in Hubert's handwriting: "*To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police. Monsieur le Ministre.*"

Then followed the following letter, a letter signed "Hubert."

"*To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police, Paris.*

"M. LE MINISTRE,

"I received, under date of the 14th of September last, with a view to my return to France, a letter from the Prefect of the Eure.

"On the 24th and 30th of the same month I wrote two letters to M. le Préfet, neither of which has been answered.

"Since then my name has figured in the *Moniteur* in the list referring to the decree of the 5th of February instant, but I was not ready to go at that time, as I wished to finish in London a pamphlet entitled '*The Republican refugees, and the Republic rendered impossible by these same pretended Republicans.*' This pamphlet, full of truths and facts which no one can deny, will produce, I think, some effect in France, where I wish to have it printed. I had my passport viséd for France yesterday; nothing of any interest therefore will keep me in England, unless it is that before leaving, I should

like to know whether I shall receive what is due to me, and what I claim in my aforesaid letter of the 30th September.

"The Prefect of the Eure, who was begged to communicate this letter to the proper person, must have forwarded it to the Government. I still await the result, but seeing that so long a time has elapsed and I have received nothing, I have decided to address this letter to you, in the hope of obtaining an immediate settlement.

"My address in London, England, is 17, Church Street, Soho Square.

"And my name, Hubert Julien Damascéne, surveyor, of Henqueville, near Andelys (Eure).

"(Signed) HUBERT.

"25*th of February*, 1853."

Rattier raised his eyes and looked at Hubert.

He had dropped his pipe. The perspiration stood on his forehead in great beads.

"You are a spy!" said Rattier.

Hubert, pale as death, fell into a chair without uttering a word in reply.

The members of the commission tied up the papers, and went immediately to report the result to the Fraternity Society, which was then assembled.

It was on their way thither that I met them.

When these facts came to light, a sort of electric shock thrilled the refugees throughout the town. They ran about the streets, they ran against each other, the

most ardent politicians were the most astounded. That Hubert in whom they had believed!

An occurrence added to the excitement. Thursday is the post day when the papers from France arrive in Jersey. The news which they brought threw a lurid light upon Hubert. Three hundred arrests had been made in Paris. Hubert had seen Rocher of Nantes at Saint-Malo; Rocher had been arrested. He had seen Guépin and the Mangins at Nantes; the Mangins and Guépin had been arrested. He had seen Rioteau at Angers, and had borrowed money from him; Rioteau was arrested. He had seen Goudchaux and Boisson at Paris; Goudchaux and Boisson were arrested.

Facts and reminiscences came in shoals. Gaffney, one of those who to the last moment had supported Hubert, related that, in 1852, he had forwarded surreptitiously from London to Havre, a parcel containing eighty copies of *Napoleon the Little*. Hubert and an Attorney of Rouen, a refugee named Bachelet, were in his room when he closed the parcel. He made in their presence a calculation, from which it appeared that the parcel would be at his (Gaffney's) mother's house, on the day when a friend, previously notified, would come and take it away. Hubert and Bachelet went out. After their departure Gaffney rectified his calculation, and found out that the parcel would arrive at his mother's house at Havre a day earlier. He wrote accordingly to his mother and his friend. The parcel arrived and was taken away by the friend. The following day, which was the day previously fixed by Gaffney in the presence of Hubert and Bachelet, the police made a raid upon Madame Gaffney's

house with a view of finding the books which they said should have been sent to her from London.

At about ten o'clock in the evening twelve or fifteen refugees were assembled at Beauvais' house. Pierre Leroux, and a Jersey gentleman, M. Philippe Asplet, the constable's officer, were seated in a corner. Pierre Leroux conversed with M. Asplet about table-turning.

Suddenly Henry entered and told them about the false bottom in the trunk, the letter to Maupas, the arrests in France; Hayes, Gigoux, and Rondeaux confirmed his statements.

At that moment the door opened and Hubert appeared. He had come back to sleep, and as usual took his key off a nail in the common room.

"There he is," cried Hayes.

They all rushed upon Hubert.

Gigoux slapped his face, Hayes seized him by the hair, Heurtebise seized his cravat and wrung his neck, Beauvais drew his knife; Asplet held Beauvais' arm.

Beauvais told me an hour later that if it had not been for M. Asplet, Hubert would have been a dead man.

M. Asplet, in his official capacity, intervened and rescued Hubert from them. Beauvais threw away his knife; they left the spy alone. Two or three went into the corners, hid their faces into their hands and wept.

Meanwhile I had gone home.

It was close on midnight; I was going to bed. I heard a carriage stop at the door. The bell rang, and the moment afterwards Charles came into my room and said: "It is Beauvais."

I went downstairs. All the refugees had assembled in

force to pronounce sentence there and then on Hubert. They kept him in strict custody, and they had sent Beauvais to fetch me. I hesitated. To judge this man at this night sitting, this Vehmgericht of the refugees, all this seemed strange and repugnant to my habits. Beauvais insisted.

"Come," he said to me; "if you do not, I cannot answer for Hubert."

Then he added: "I cannot answer for myself. If it had not been for Asplet I should have stabbed him."

I followed Beauvais, taking with me my two sons. On the way we were joined by Cahaigne, Ribeyrolles, Frond, Lefèvre the cripple, Cauvet, and several other refugees who live at Havre-des-pas.

Midnight was striking when we reached our destination.

The room in which they were going to try Hubert is called the Refugees' Club, and is one of those large square rooms which one finds in almost all English houses. These rooms, not much appreciated by us French people, overlook the two façades of the mansion, back and front.

This one, situated on the first-floor of Beauvais' house, No. 20, Don Street, has two windows looking into an inner court, and three upon the street, opposite the great red front of the building destined for the public balls, which is here called Hôtel-de-Ville. Some of the inhabitants of the town, in a state of excitement owing to the rumours in circulation, were chatting in low tones beneath the windows. Refugees were arriving from all directions.

When I entered, they had nearly all assembled. They were distributed in the two compartments of the room, and whispered together with a grave air.

Hubert had come to see me in Brussels and in Jersey, but I had no recollection of him. When I entered I asked Heurtebise where Hubert was.

"Behind you," said Heurtebise.

I turned round and saw seated at a table with his back to the wall, near the street, beneath the centre window, having a pipe in front of him, and his hat on his head, a man of about fifty years of age, ruddy, marked with small-pox, with very white hair and a very black moustache. His eyes were steady and calm. From time to time he raised his hat and wiped his forehead with a large blue handkerchief.

His brown overcoat was buttoned to the chin. Now that it was known who he was, people thought he looked like a policeman.

People passed and repassed before him, and round him, speaking of him.

"That is the coward," said one.

"There is the ruffian," said another. He heard these remarks exchanged and seemed as indifferent to them as if they had been spoken of someone else.

Although the room was crowded by the new arrivals there was a space left near him. He was alone at the table and on that bench. Four or five refugees stood up by the window guarding him. One of them was Boni, who shows us how to ride.

The refugees were nearly all there, although the gathering had been arranged hastily in the middle of the night

when the greater number of them were in bed and asleep.

Nevertheless, the absence of one or two was commented upon. Pierre Leroux having taken part in the first collision between Hubert and the refugees, had gone away and had not returned; and of all the numerous family which they call here the Leroux tribe, Charles was the only member present. There were also absent the greater number of those whom we call the Extremists, and amongst them the author of the so-called manifesto of the Revolutionary Committee.

The commission which had conducted the enquiry was sent for. It arrived. Mathé, who had just got out of bed, seemed still half asleep.

Amongst the refugees present, one old man grown aged in conspiracy was conversant with those kinds of summary process amongst refugees in the catacombs, or free-justice meetings where mystery does not exclude solemnity, and where he more than once had pronounced terrible sentences which all sanctioned and some carried out. This old man was Cahaigne. Old in face, young in heart, his flat-nose buried in a grey beard; with white hair, a republican with the face of a Cossack, a democrat with the manners of a gentleman, a poet, a man of the world, a man of action, a fighter at barricades, a veteran in conspiracy. Cahaigne is a character.

They called on him to preside. For secretaries they gave him Jarassé, who is of the *Fraternité* Society, and Heurtebise, of the *Fraternelle* Society.

These Societies do not live fraternally together.

The sitting was opened.

A deep silence prevailed.

The room at this moment presented a strange aspect. In the two compartments, each lighted, and very feebly, by two gas jets, were arranged and grouped, seated, standing up, stooping, leaning with their elbows, on benches, chairs, stools, tables, on the window-sills, some with arms folded leaning against the wall, all pale, grave, severe, almost sinister, were the seventy refugees in Jersey. They filled the two compartments of the room, leaving only, in the compartment with the three windows looking into the street, a small space occupied by three tables, the table by the wall where Hubert sat alone, a table close by at which were Cahaigne, Jarassé, and Heurtebise, and opposite a very small one, on which Rattier, the chief of the commission, had placed the documents containing the case for the prosecution. Behind this table a bright fire was burning in the grate, and was from time to time attended to by a lad. On the mantelpiece above a pipe-rack, amid a number of enormous placards emanating from the refugees, between the announcement of Charles Leroux, recommending his book-stitching establishment, and the placard of Ribot, inaugurating the hat shop of the *Chapeau rouge*, was exhibited, stuck up with some wafers, the placard calling for an investigation and "prompt justice," signed Hubert.

Here and there upon the table were glasses of brandy and pots of beer. All round the room, hung on hooks, were glazed caps, straw and felt hats. An old draught-board, the white squares of which were scarcely whiter than the black ones, hung on the wall above Hubert's head.

I was seated with Ribeyrolles and my sons in a corner near the chimney piece.

Some of the refugees were smoking, either pipes, or cigars. So that there was little light and much smoke in the room. The upper part of the windows *en guillotines* English fashion, were open to let out the smoke.

The proceedings began with the examination of Hubert. At the first words Hubert took off his cap. Cahaigne questioned him with a somewhat theatrical gravity, but whatever the tone, one felt that there was something solemn and lugubrious behind it.

Hubert gave his two Christian names, Julien Damascène.

Hubert had had time to regain his presence of mind. He answered precisely and without agitation. At one moment when they were speaking to him concerning his return by way of the department of the Eure, he rectified some little mistake of Cahaigne's. "Pardon me, Louviers is on the right bank and Andelys on the left." Beyond that he confessed nothing.

The examination being at an end, they proceeded to the reading of the official report of the commission, the witnesses, and the proofs.

This reading commenced amid profound silence, which was succeeded by a murmur increasing in volume by degrees as the black and odious facts were dragged to light. Low murmurs were to be heard. "Ah, the rascal, the scoundrel, why do not we strangle the blackguard on the spot?"

In the midst of this volley of imprecations the reader was obliged to raise his voice. Rattier was reading.

Mathé passed him up the sheets of paper. Beauvais held a candle for him; the tallow kept dropping on the table.

After the depositions of the witnesses had been read, Rattier announced that he had now come to a document which decided the matter. Silence was renewed, a feverish restless silence. Charles whispered to me, "You might hear a police spy moving."

Rattier read the letter from Hubert to Maupas.

So long as the letter was being read the audience contained itself, hands were clenched, some men bit their handkerchiefs.

When the last word had been read, "The signature?" cried old Fombertaux.

Rattier said, "It is signed Hubert."

Then the uproar broke out. The silence had only been caused by expectation mingled with a sort of hesitation to believe such a thing possible. Some had even doubted up till then and said, "It is impossible." When this letter appeared, written by Hubert, dated by Hubert, signed by Hubert, evidently real, indubitable, before everyone, within everyone's reach, the name of Maupas written by Hubert, conviction fell upon the assembly like a thunderbolt.

Furious faces were turned towards Hubert. Many individuals leaped upon the benches; threatening hands were raised against him. There was a frenzy of rage and grief; a terrible light filled all eyes.

Nothing was heard but cries of "Scoundrel!" "You, villain, Hubert!" "Ah, you Rue de Jerusalem rascal!"

Fombertaux, whose son is at Belle Isle, exclaimed:

"Those are the scoundrels who have betrayed us for twenty years past."

"Yes," added another, "it is thanks to such creatures as he that the young are in prison and the old in exile."

A refugee, whose name I forget, a fine, fair-haired young man, leaped upon the table, pointed to Hubert, and cried: "Citizens, death!"

"Death! Death!" shouted a chorus of voices. Hubert looked about him with a bewildered air.

The same young man continued:

"We have one of them, do not let him escape us."

One cried: "Throw him into the Seine."

At this there was an explosion of sardonic laughter.

"Do you think that you are still on the Pont Neuf?"

Then they continued: "Throw the spy into the sea, with a stone round his neck!"

"To the sea with him!" said Fombertaux.

During the turmoil Mathé had handed me Hubert's letter, and I was examining it with Ribeyrolles. It was in fact written on the second page of a private letter in a rather long neat legible hand, with some erasures, but altogether in Hubert's hand. At the bottom of this rough draft, by a sort of instinct of an illiterate man, he had signed his name in full.

Cahaigne proclaimed silence, but the tumult was indescribable. Every one spoke at the same time, and it seemed as if a single mind was hurling from sixty mouths the same curse upon the wretched man.

"Citizens," cried Cahaigne, "you are judges!"

This was sufficient. All were silent, raised hands were

lowered, and each man, folding his arms, or resting his elbow on his knee, resumed his place with gloomy dignity.

"Hubert," said Cahaigne, "do you recognize this letter?"

Jarassé presented the letter to Hubert, who replied: "Yes."

Cahaigne continued: "What explanation have you to give?"

Hubert was silent.

"So," pursued Cahaigne, "you confess yourself a spy?"

Hubert raised his head, looked at Cahaigne, struck his fist upon the table, and said: "That—no!"

A murmur ran through the audience like an angry shudder. The explosion, which was only postponed, very nearly re-commenced, but as they saw that Hubert was still speaking, they kept silence.

Hubert declared, in a thick broken voice, which had, nevertheless, a certain firmness and, sad to say, sincerity in it, that he had never done any one any harm; that he was a Republican; that he would die ten thousand deaths before he would harm through his own fault a hair from the head of a Republican. That, if arrests had been made in Paris, he was innocent of them; that they had not paid sufficient attention to the first letter to the Prefect of the Eure. That, as regards the letter to Maupas, it was a draft, a project; that he had written it, but had never sent it. That they would recognize the truth too late, and would regret their action. That, as for the pamphlet "The Republic Im-

possible because of the Republicans," he had written that too, but had not published it.

They all cried: "Where is it?"

He calmly replied: "I have burnt it."

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Cahaigne.

Hubert shook his head and continued:

"He owed nothing to Melanie Simon; those who had seen money in his possession were mistaken. The citizen Rattier was mistaken; he (Hubert) had never been in the shop of the tobacconist Hurel. His passports were a very simple matter; being amnestied he had a right to them. He had paid back the 50 francs to Rioteau of Angers; he was an honest man; he had never had a bank note. The money he had expended he had received from the woman, about 160 francs in all. He had met citizen Boisson in Paris at a twenty-two sou restaurant. This was how he knew his address. If he had intended to bring the refugees to Paris, it was with a view to overturn 'Badinguet,' not to betray his friends. If the gendarmes had allowed him to move about freely in France it was not his fault. Finally, there was an understanding amongst some of them to ruin him, and all were 'victims' of it."

He repeated two or three times, without their being able to understand to what the phrase referred—"The carpenter who made the false bottom is here to confirm this."

"Is that all?" said Cahaigne again.

"Yes," he said.

This word was received with a shudder. They had heard the explanation, but it had explained nothing.

"Take care," continued Cahaigne. "You yourself

have said we can judge you; we do judge you; we can condemn you."

"And execute you," cried a voice.

"Hubert," continued Cahaigne, "you risk all the dangers of punishment. Who knows what will happen to you? Take care! Disarm your judges by candid confession. Our friends are in the hands of Bonaparte, but you are in ours. Tell the facts clearly to us. Aid us to save our friends, or you are lost. Speak."

"It is you," said Hubert, raising his head, "it is you who ruin 'our friends' in Paris by speaking their names as loudly as you do in a gathering (and he looked round him) in which there are evidently spies. I have nothing more to say."

Then the uproar was renewed, and with such fury that it was feared some would pass from words to acts.

The cries of "Death!" again arose from a number of angry mouths.

There was in the assemblage a shoemaker of Niort, a former artillery subaltern named Guay, a fanatical Communist, but an excellent and honest workman nevertheless; a man with a long black beard, a pale face, rather sunken eyes and slow speech, of grave and resolute demeanour. He rose and said:

"Citizens, it seems that you wish to condemn Hubert to death. That surprises me. You forget that we are in a country which has laws. Those laws we must not violate; we must not attempt anything contrary to them. Nevertheless Hubert must be punished, both for the past and for the future, and he must have an ineffaceable stigma put upon him. So, as we must do nothing unlaw-

ful, this is what I propose. We will take Hubert and shave his hair and beard, and as hair will grow again we will cut a centimetre of his right ear off. Ears do not grow again."

This proposal, enunciated in the gravest tone and with an air of perfect conviction, was received in that lugubrious assembly with a shout of laughter which continued for some time, and which added another horror to the dread realities of the scene.

Near Guay, at the entrance to the other compartment of the room, beside Doctor Barbier, was seated a refugee named Avias. Avias, a subaltern in the army of Oudinot, had deserted before Rome, not wishing, as a republican, to overturn a Republic. He was caught, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. He succeeded in making his escape the day before the execution was to have taken place. He took refuge in Piedmont. On the 2nd December he crossed the frontier and joined the republicans of the Var in arms against the *coup d'état*. In an engagement a bullet shattered his ankle. His friends carried him out of action with great difficulty, and his foot was amputated. Expelled from Piedmont he went to England, and thence to Jersey. When he arrived he came to see me. Some friends and myself assisted him, and he ended by setting up as a dyer and scourer, and so lived.

Avias seemed to have been well acquainted with Hubert. While the extracts were being read he continued to cry: "Ah, rascal! ah, *j*—— *f*——! To think that he told me Louis Blanc was a traitor; Victor Hugo was a traitor; Ledru-Rollin was a traitor!"

When Guay sat down, Avias rose and stood on his bench, then on a table.

Avias is a man of 30 years of age, tall, with a wide red face, projecting temples, goggle eyes, a large mouth, and a Provençal accent. With his furious eyes, his hands discoloured by dye, his foot beating time on the table—nothing more savage could be conceived than this giant with his harsh voice, and his head nearly touching the ceiling.

He exclaimed: "Citizens! none of this: let us put an end to it. Let us draw lots who is to give this traitor his *coup de grâce*. If no one will, then I will volunteer."

A shout of assent arose: "All! all!"

A small young man with a fair beard who was seated in front of me said: "I will undertake it. The spy's business will be settled to-morrow morning."

"No," said another, in the opposite corner. "There are four of us here who will undertake it."

"Yes," added Fombertaux, holding out his fist close to Hubert's head. "Justice upon that rascal: death!"

Not a dissenting voice was raised. Hubert himself, terrified, bent his head and seemed to say: "It is just."

I rose.

"Citizens," I said, "in a man whom you have fed, supported, and made friends with, you have found a traitor. In a man you have accepted as a brother you find a spy. This man is still wearing a coat you bought for him, and the shoes with which you provided him. You are tremulous with indignation and sorrow. This indignation I share, this sorrow I can appreciate. But take care. What mean these shouts for death? There

are two beings in Hubert—a spy and a man. The spy is infamous, the man is sacred."

Here a voice interrupted me, the voice of a worthy fellow named Cauvet, who is rich and sometimes tipsy, and who, because he is a follower of Ledru-Rollin, thinks he must be a fanatic for the guillotine. A deep silence supervened. Cauvet said, in an undertone: "Ah, yes! that's it: always for leniency."

"Yes," said I, "leniency. Energy on one side, leniency on the other. Those are the arms which I wish to place in the hands of the Republic."

I resumed:

"Citizens, do you know what belongs to you in Hubert? The spy, yes! the man, no! The spy is yours: the honour of the traitor, the name of the traitor, his moral being, you have the right to do as you please with them: you have the right to crush them, to tear them out, to tread them under foot—yes, you have the right to tear the name of Hubert to pieces, and to scrape up the hideous fragments in the mud. But do you know what you have no right to touch?—not a hair of his head."

I felt the hand of Ribeyrolles pressing mine. I continued:

"What Messrs. Hubert and Maupas have tried to do here is monstrous. To secure the support of a spy out of your poor needy funds; to mix together in the same pocket the bank-note of the police and the brotherly pence of the refugees; to throw our alms in our eyes to blind us; to arrest the men who serve us in France through the man we feed in Jersey; to pursue the proscribed in ambush; not to leave even the exile in

peace; to attach the thread of an infamous plot to the holiest fibres of our hearts; to betray us and rob us at the same time; to pick our pockets and sell us;—that is the pie in which we find the fingers of the Imperial police.

"What have we to do? Publish the facts! Take France, Europe, the public conscience, universal honesty to witness. Say to the whole world, It is infamous! However sad the discovery may be, the opportunity is a good one. In this business the moral advantage lies with the proscribed, with the democracy, with the Republic. The situation is excellent. Do not let us spoil it!

"Do you know how we may spoil it? By misconceiving our rights, and behaving like the Venetians of the sixteenth century, instead of like Frenchmen of the nineteenth: by acting like the Council of Ten—by killing a man.

"In principle let us have no death penalty either for a spy or for a parricide. In fact, it is absurd!

"Touch this man, wound him, only beat him, and to-morrow the opinion that is with you will be against you. The English law will arrest you. From judges you will become the accused! M. Hubert disappears, M. Maupas disappears, and what remains? You proscribed Frenchmen before a British jury.

"And instead of saying, 'Look at the baseness of that police,' they will say, 'Look at the brutality of those demagogues.'

"Citizens," I added, extending my arms towards Hubert, "I take this man under my protection—not for the man's sake, but for the Republic. I oppose any-

one who will do him harm now or in future, here or elsewhere. I sum up your rights in a word: Publish—do not kill! Punishment by publicity, not by violence. A deed in open day, not by night. Hubert's life! Heavens, what is it worth? What can you do with the life of a spy! I declare no one shall touch Hubert, no one shall ill-treat him. To poignard M. Hubert would be to degrade the poignard. To whip M. Hubert would only sully the whip."

These words, which I reproduce from memory, were listened to with profound attention and gained increasing support every moment. When I sat down again, the question was decided. To tell the truth, I did not think Hubert was in any danger during the sitting, but the morrow might have been fatal.

When I seated myself I distinctly heard a refugee behind me named Fillion, who had escaped from Africa, say, "That is it. The spy is saved. We should have acted instead of talking. This will be a lesson to us not to gossip."

These words were drowned in a general cry of "No violence. Publish the facts, appeal to public opinion, hold the police and Hubert up to execration; that is what we'll do."

Claude Durand, Berlier, Rattier, Ribeyrolles, Cahaigne congratulated me warmly. Hubert looked at me with a mournful gaze. The sitting had been as it were suspended after my speech. The refugees of the school called terrorist looked at me angrily.

Fillion came up to me and said, "You are right. From the moment deliberation took place nothing could

be done. Is it necessary when you execute a traitor to proclaim the fact from the house tops? We are sixty here, fifty-six too many. Four would suffice. In Africa we had a similar case. We discovered that a man named Auguste Thomas was a member of the police force, although a former Republican and in every plot for the past twenty years. We had proofs of the facts, one day, at nine o'clock in the evening. The next day the man disappeared, without anyone knowing what had become of him. That is the way these things should be managed."

As I was about to reply to Fillion the business was resumed. Cahaigne raised his voice and said:

"Be seated, citizens. You have heard Citizen Victor Hugo. What he proposes is moral punishment."

"Yes, yes. Hear," exclaimed a multitude of voices.

Cauvet, the man who had interrupted me, moved uncomfortably upon the table on which he was seated.

"A nice thing forsooth—a moral punishment, and you are going to let the man go! To-morrow he will go to France to denounce and betray all our friends. We ought to kill the scoundrel!"

This was one great objection. Hubert at liberty was dangerous.

Beauvais interfered.

"There is no need to kill him, and you need not let him go. I have kept Hubert since April, and lodged him for almost nothing. I was willing to help a refugee, but not to feed a spy. Now M. de Maupas must pay me M. Hubert's expenses. They come to eighty-three francs. To-morrow morning M. Asplet will collar M. Hubert and

put him into prison for debt—at least unless he produces the bank notes which M. de Maupas gave him. I shall be glad to see them."

There was laughter at this. Beauvais had in fact settled the question.

"Yes," said Vincent, "but he will be off to-morrow morning."

"We will guard him," said Boni.

"Search him," cried Fombertaux.

"Yes, yes, search the spy."

A number of men rushed towards Hubert.

"You have neither the right to guard him nor to search him. To guard him is to curtail his liberty, to search him is to assault him," I said.

The searching moreover was foolish. It was evident that Hubert, since the investigation, had nothing compromising about him.

Hubert exclaimed, "Let them search me—I consent to it."

There was nothing astounding in this.

"He consents," they cried. "He consents. Let us search him."

I stopped them, and asked Hubert:

"Do you consent?"

"Yes."

"You must give your consent in writing."

"I am quite willing."

Jarassé wrote out the consent, and Hubert signed it. Meantime he was being searched, for they had not the patience to wait for the signature.

His pockets were emptied and turned out. Nothing

was found, except a few coppers, his large handkerchief, and a piece of the *Jersey Chronicle*.

"The shoes—search his shoes!"

Hubert pulled off his shoes and put them on the table.

There was nothing in them, he said, but the feet of a Republican.

Cahaigne then spoke. He returned to my proposal, and had it carried. No hand was held up against it.

While the proposal was being signed, Hubert had put on his shoes and his hat, he had taken up his pipe, and seemed as if he wanted someone to give him a light.

At this moment Cauvet approached him, and said in a low voice:

"Would you like a pistol?"

Hubert made no answer.

"Would you like a pistol?" repeated Cauvet.

Hubert kept silence. Cauvet began again:

"I have a pistol at home—a good one. Will you have it?"

Hubert shrugged his shoulders, and pushed the table with his elbow.

"Will you?" said Cauvet.

"Leave me alone," said Hubert.

"You don't want my pistol!"

"No."

"Then shake hands."

And Cauvet, quite drunk, held out his hand to Hubert, who did not take it.

Meanwhile I was speaking to Cahaigne, who said to me:

"You have done well to put them off, but I am afraid that to-morrow two or three like Avias will become angry once more, and that they will kill him in some dark spot."

I had not signed the deposition. All had signed except me.

Heurtebise handed me the pen.

"I will sign in three days," I said.

"Why?" asked several.

"Because I am afraid some rash act may be committed. I will sign in three days' time, when I shall be sure that the threats have not been carried out, and that no harm has come to Hubert."

A shout arose on all sides:

"Sign, sign; we will not harm him."

"You will guarantee it?"

"We promise you."

I signed.

Half an hour after I reached home; it was six o'clock in the morning. The sea-breeze whistled about the Rocher des Proscrits. The first rays of dawn were lighting up the sky. Some little silver clouds played amid the stars.

At that same hour M. Asplet, at the instance of Beauvais, arrested Hubert, and put him in prison for debt.

On the morning of the 21st October, about six o'clock, a man named Laurent, who assumes the rank of French Vice-Consul here, called at M. Asplet's house. He came, he said, to claim a Frenchman illegally imprisoned.

"For debt," replied M. Asplet. He then produced the order of arrest signed by the Deputy-Viscount M. Horman.

"Will you pay the amount?" said M. Asplet.

The Consul hung down his head, and went away.

It seems to be Hubert's destiny to be fed at the expense of the refugees. At this moment they are keeping him in his prison at an expense of sixpence (13 sous) a day.

Looking over my papers I found a letter from Hubert. There is in this letter a sad phrase: "Hunger is a bad counsellor!"

Hubert has known hunger.

1855.

TAPNER.

GUERNSEY, 6—12*th December.*

M. MARTIN, the Queen's Provost in Guernsey, came to see me on my arrival. I returned his visit on the 5th December, 1855. He offered to accompany me to the prison, which I wished to see.

We went by way of the streets which rise behind the Royal Court. While strolling about Saint Peter's Port, I had already noticed in the town—mid-way—a high wall in which was a high gate with a G with a crown carved in the granite on the top of it. I said to myself: "That must be the prison." So in fact it was.

The gaoler received us. He is named Barbet, so that the Guernsey thieves call the prison the Hôtel Barbet. This man had the same frank, firm, face, the same pleasant and determined manner, which I had already remarked in many other gaolers. His wife and daughter were preparing soup in the corner.

Barbet took a heavy key, opened a barred door, and introduced us into a vast empty court, bounded on three sides by the high wall which had already attracted my attention. On the south of the court rises a new

building of grey granite, the two-storied front of which is composed of two rows of seven arches on top of each other. Beneath the arches are the windows. Through the glass we perceive the heavy bars painted white. That is the prison, and those are the cells.

"Guernsey is an honest island," said the Provost—a distinguished and intelligent man—a nonconformist, of the Independent sect, as Cromwell and Milton were. And he added: "We have at present only three prisoners, two men and a woman, out of a population of 40,000."

One of the prisoners entered the court at that moment. He was a young man with a pleasing face, sentenced to ten years at Botany Bay for robbery. He was dressed in linen trousers, a small blue overcoat, and a cap.

The Provost, who is also called the sheriff, and who in this capacity is governor of the prison, and accompanies the condemned to the scaffold—a circumstance which makes him averse to capital punishment—explained to me that the young man would not be transported, and that he would get off with two or three years' solitary confinement.

The English "cellular prison," imbued and penetrated by the freezing spirit of Anglican Protestantism, proves that severity and callousness can be carried to a ferocious pitch. In one of the prisons, Millbank, I think, silence is imposed. The sheriff told me that when visiting that prison he found in a cell a young man from Guernsey whom he knew, and who had been convicted of theft. The young man was in a consumption and was dying. When he saw the Provost, he clasped his hands and exclaimed:

"Ah, Monsieur, is my grandmother still alive?"

The Provost had scarcely time to reply, when the gaoler said to the dying man: "Hold your tongue!"

The young man died soon after. He passed from the prison to the tomb: from one silence to the other, and can hardly have perceived the change.

Beneath the seven arcades on the ground floor are the debtors' cells. We entered them. They were unoccupied. A wooden bed, a palliasse, and a rug, are all the prison authorities give to a debtor. The last debtor imprisoned was a Guernsey man, whose name has escaped me. He was put there by his wife, who kept him there ten years, gaining her own liberty by his imprisonment. At the end of ten years the husband paid his wife and got out. They lived together again, and the Provost says they are a very happy couple.

There was, I repeat, no prisoner for debt there at the time.

This prison is a silent tribute to the Guernsey population. It contains twelve cells, six for debtors, six for ordinary offenders, besides two punishment cells. There are also for the women two cells only, of which one is a punishment cell.

One of the seven chambers on the ground floor is the chapel, a small room without an altar, having a wooden pulpit for the chaplain in the left corner, and in front of the door, with their backs to the window, four or five wooden benches with desks, upon which are scattered a few prayer-books.

It is on the first floor that the criminals are imprisoned. We went upstairs. The gaoler opened a well-

lighted cell, furnished only with a wooden bed. At the foot of the bed the clothes were rolled up, and the blankets, like the counterpanes, were of coarse wool, only they seemed to me to be knitted. The palliasse had been removed, so that one could see the wooden frame of the bedstead, on which a number of names and inscriptions had been cut and scratched with knives or nails. These formed a forest of almost obliterated letters. We distinguished amongst others the following words, which were more legible than the others:

WAR.

HISTORY.

CAIN.

Is not all crime included in those words? In a corner of the frame were some rudely-sketched ships in outline.

The cell behind this is a punishment cell. There is only a plank bed in it, and a small window opening to the north. The last occupant had marked in black on the wall a species of labyrinth, which made the gaoler very angry. He had had the whiteness of his sepulchre made black in consequence.

All the cells are whitewashed.

The row of arcades in front of the cells form a sort of gallery, open to the air and southern sun, where the prisoners take exercise in wet weather.

There is in this gallery an old dilapidated bedstead, on which they mount, and from which they can see the sea. "This is a great treat for them," said the gaoler. I stood upon the bedstead. I could see the island of Sark, and

vessels on the horizon. I was desirous of visiting Tapner's cell. The sheriff conducted me to it.

This cell and the punishment cell near it make up the women's quarters of the prison.

From the court facing the prison it can be seen that the first of the seven upper arcades to the left is barred towards the court and walled up towards the gallery. The small space between the railing and the wall was the special yard of Tapner. There he paced backwards and forwards all day like a wild beast in a cage, in view of the other prisoners, but separated from them. The window looking into this cage is the window of his cell.

The door is thick, painted black, and bound with iron. Two great bolts above and below, and a lock mid-way.

The gaoler opened this door, and let us in.

The cell, of the same dimensions as the others, about ten feet square, is clean, white, and well-lighted; a chimney-piece at the end in the left-hand corner of which the angle is cut off, a bucket, a wooden ledge fixed to the wall facing the door; on the right of the door under the window a wooden bedstead, of which one of the four posts is broken. On the bed a palliasse, a rug, and coarse woollen blankets.

This pallet was Tapner's bed. After the death of Tapner, this cell was given up once more to the women to whose quarters, with the other room I have mentioned, it belongs.

No fire may be lighted in the grate without the doctor's orders.

At the moment we entered a woman was sitting, or

rather crouching, upon the bed, with her back to the door. I took my hat off. Mr. Tyrrel, a young English painter, who accompanied me, did the same.

This woman, the only prisoner at that time, was—so the sheriff told me—a thief, and an Irishwoman into the bargain, added the gaoler. She was a youngish woman, and kept on darning an old stocking, without appearing even to see us.

This woman, in whom the last remains of curiosity were extinct, seemed to personify the gloomy indifference of misery.

Tapner spent his dying moments in this cold, white, clear cell.

This John Charles Tapner, a gentlemanly kind of man who held a Government appointment, derived no benefit from the education which it had been sought to give him, and had become a thief and a murderer through debauchery, wine, and gin. He was born of an honest family and a religious father, at Woolwich, in 1823. He died before he was 31, on the 10th February, 1854.

He lived with two sisters, married to one, the paramour of the other. He had insured his life to the full amount of his salary, £150 sterling, which absorbed all his income, and seemed to indicate a determination to live by crime. The assurance was in his wife's name and his own for the benefit of the survivor.

I asked: "Did the Company pay it?"

"Oh!—no," replied the sheriff.

"Has it refunded, or given to the poor, the annual premiums which it received from Tapner?"

"Oh no."

Under the virtuous pretext that there had been a crime, the Company robbed the widow.

"Tapner appeared indifferent," said the Provost, and the Provost concluded therefore that he was not in pain. "That is a mistake," I said. "Do you not believe people are not cold under ice?"

The day before his death a daguerreotype portrait of him was taken. The apparatus was placed in the railed yard opening out of his cell, where there was plenty of sunlight. Tapner could not help laughing as he stood to be taken. The death's head too appears to laugh.

"Do not laugh," said the Provost to him; "keep serious. Your portrait will be unrecognizable. You cannot laugh to-day; it is not possible."

It was so far possible that he was laughing.

One day the Provost lent him a prayer-book. "Read this, Tapner," said he, "if you are guilty." "I am not guilty," replied Tapner. "In any case," replied the Provost, "you are a sinner, as we all are. You have not served God. Read this book." Tapner took it, and when the Provost entered the cell an hour later he found him, book in hand, bursting into tears.

"His last interview with his wife was heartrending," said the Provost. "Nevertheless this woman was aware of his intrigue with her sister. But who can fathom all the mysteries of forgiveness?"

The night before my visit to the prison, Mr. Pearce, one of the two chaplains who had attended Tapner on the day of his death, came to see me at Hauteville House with the Provost. I asked Mr. Pearce—a very venerable and dignified gentleman:

"Did Tapner know that I was interested in him?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Pearce. "He was very much touched by your intervention, and very grateful for it, and he particularly asked that you might be thanked on his behalf."

I note as a characteristic detail of the liberty of the English Press that at the time of Tapner's execution all the newspapers in the island having more or less demanded it, and being very much shocked by my letter to Lord Palmerston, agreed to pass over in silence the circumstances which Mr. Pearce revealed to me. They seemed to want to make it appear that the condemned man himself was on the side of the gallows, and if I had liked, I might have believed that Tapner was angry with me.

"There is," said the Provost to me, "another thing of which you are ignorant, and which was also passed over in silence. You think you completely failed in your intervention, and nevertheless you have gained an enormous victory, of which you have no idea. This island is like the whole of England, a country of tradition. What has been done yesterday, must be done to-day, to be done again to-morrow. Now, tradition ordained that the condemned man should go to the gallows with a rope round his neck. Tradition ordained that the gallows should be erected on the beach, and that the condemned to reach it should march through the most public thoroughfares of the town, the College quarters, the High Street, and the Esplanade. On the occasion of the last execution, twenty-five years ago, it had been so

arranged. So of course it must take place in the same way with Tapner. After your letter they did not dare to do it. They said, let us hang the man, but in secret. They were ashamed. You did not tie the hands of capital punishment, but you made it blush. They gave up the cord round the neck, the gibbet on the beach, the procession through the streets and the crowd. It was decided that Tapner should be hanged in private in the prison garden. Nevertheless the law willed that the execution should be in public, and the matter was arranged by my signing tickets of admission for 200 people. Feeling the same distress as they, and more, I agreed to all they decided upon. I signed tickets for those who wanted them. Nevertheless a difficulty presented itself —the garden adjoining the prison is separated from it by the same wall as that of the yard. The door of this garden is in College Street—to reach this door it was necessary for the condemned man to leave the prison and walk about 100 paces in public. They did not dare to have this done, so to avoid it they made a hole in the wall and let Tapner pass through it. Decency begins to manifest itself."

I do not reproduce here the exact words of the sheriff, but the exact meaning.

"Well," said I, "show me this garden."

"The breach is closed, the wall is re-built; I will take you round by the street."

At the moment of leaving the prison the gaoler brought me some of the soup which is supplied to the prisoners, and inviting me to taste it, handed to me a large and very clean tin spoon. I tasted the soup, which is good and

wholesome. The bread is excellent. I compared it in my mind to the horrible bread of the French prisons which they showed me at the Conciergerie, and which is earthy, clammy, and fetid; often full of worms, and mouldy.

It was raining; the weather was grey and lowering.

It was not really more than a hundred paces from the prison to the entrance of the garden. We turned to the left, up College Street, along the high dark wall. All at once, the Provost stopped in front of a rather low door. On the panels of the door, which leads to the place where this man, ruined through drunkenness and the want of education, met his death, there are several strips of old bills—yellow, white, green—relating to all kinds of things, on which the rain which effaced them, and the weather which had torn them to pieces, had only left two words distinguishable—UNIVERSAL EDUCATION—TEMPERANCE.

The Provost had a great key in his hand and unlocked the door, which probably had not been opened since the day of the last execution, and which grated noisily on its hinges. We entered.

The Provost shut the door behind us. We found ourselves in a narrow square space, shut in on three sides by high walls, and opening on the fourth side on a steep staircase, which was dark though in the open air. Opposite the staircase, the Provost pointed out to me the repaired breach in the wall. Through that breach Tapner had passed; the staircase was the first ladder to the gallows. He had mounted it. We mounted it. I do not know why I counted the steps at that moment; there were fourteen of them. This staircase leads to an

oblong and narrow garden, overlooked by another, which forms a terrace. We reach this by seven granite steps like the fourteen we have already traversed.

At the top of these seven steps we are in full view of a bare enclosed space, a hundred feet square, surrounded by low walls intersected by two transverse avenues, which form a cross in the centre. This is what they call the garden. Here Tapner was hanged.

The December sleet continued to fall; a few briars rustled in the wind. There were no flowers or verdure in the garden, but only one little, thin, stunted fruit-tree at one of the four corners formed by the intersection of the walks. The whole appearance was heartrending. It was one of those sad places which are made melancholy by the sun and gloomy by the rain.

This garden does not belong to any house. It is nobody's garden, except that of the spectre which has been left there; it is deserted, abandoned, uncultivated, tragic. Other gardens surround and isolate it. It has no connexion with the town, with life, with men—except through the prison. The houses in the low-lying streets which surround it are visible afar off, and present the appearance of scared faces looking over the wall into this ill-omened place.

Seeing on one side a sort of little walk, low, narrow, long, and rather deep, on which abutted the first fourteen steps, and on the other this funereal garden, intersected by those two transversal alleys, it was impossible not to think of a grave by the side of which had been spread out the funeral drapery cloth with the cross.

We had on our right a wall which is the top of the

great wall in which the gate is let in, and of which one sees the back from the street. A walk lower than the rest of the garden skirts this wall. A range of thick rusty tenter-hooks, and of long, thin sticks, silvered and polished by the frost, were fixed vertically to the wall at distances of six to eight paces, indicating that formerly there had been an espalier here. It has now disappeared, and nothing of the sticks is left but a sort of skeleton.

A few paces further, we reach a flight of three steps, which leads from the garden to the walk. Here we notice more sticks in the wall. They reappear again a little farther on, leaving a space of fifteen feet unoccupied.

Here the Provost stopped in silence. I saw that the sticks were wanting, and I understood. This was where the scaffold had been erected. Looking up, one sees nothing except the broken glass upon the wall, and the round tower of the neighbouring church, painted yellow and grey.

The scaffold was erected here. Tapner turned to the left, took the middle walk, and reached, by one of the arms of the cross formed by the walks, the steps of the gallows placed immediately above the three steps I have mentioned. He mounted on the platform, and thence, while he was saying his last prayers, he could see the sea-birds flying in the distance; the pale clouds of February, the ocean, immensity yonder; and at the same time, by the opening in his mind at that dark hour, he could perceive the mystery, the unknown future, the escarpments of the tomb—God, infinity above.

The gallows was composed of two supports and a cross

bar; in the centre of this bar, a rope with a knot at the end hung over a closed trap-door. On this trap, the snare of the law, Tapner was placed, and remained standing while the noose was adjusted round his neck. From the street behind the wall, from the College garden at the other side of the street, could be seen the supports of the gallows, the cord, the knot, and the back of the condemned man until the trap-door was opened and he fell. Then he disappeared from the view of the spectators outside.

From the interior of the garden, and from the houses of which I have already spoken, could be seen the rest.

The punishment was that frightful thing which I had described in my letter to Lord Palmerston. The Provost recalled it to my mind, and confirmed all the details. He considered I had rather attenuated than exaggerated them.

At the moment when Tapner fell, the cord tightened, and he remained fifteen or twenty seconds motionless, and as if he were dead. The Queen's representative, the chaplains, the magistrates, believing that it was all over, or fancying that it had not begun, hurried away, the Provost told me, and the Provost remained alone with the criminal, the executioner, and the sight-seers. I described the agony of the unhappy wretch, and how the executioner had to drag him down by the feet.

Tapner being dead, and the law satisfied, superstition now asserted itself; it never fails to come to the rendezvous given to it by the gallows. Epileptics came, and could not be prevented from seizing the convulsive hand of the dead man and passing it frantically over their faces. The

dead man was cut down in an hour, and then there was a rush to pillage the rope. All present sprang forward, and each one claimed a piece; but the sheriff took it and threw it in the fire.

When it was burned, some men came and collected the ashes.

The wall against which the gallows was erected supported a hut, which occupied the south-east angle of the garden; this is where the corpse was taken. They made ready a table, and a plasterer whom they found there made a cast of the man's face. The visage, violently deformed by strangulation, had resumed its natural appearance, and bore the expression of sleep. The rope being removed, calmness returned. It appears as if death, even after capital punishment, always wishes to be serene, and as if its last word is always peace.

I went to this hovel; the door was open; it was a miserable cell, scarcely plastered, which served as a garden shed. Some tools were hung upon the wall. This apartment was lighted by a window opening into the garden, and by another looking into the street, which had been closed up when Tapner was brought there, and had not since been re-opened. With the exception of the table, which had disappeared, the place was the same as when the corpse had been there. The closed window was then closed; the shutter which had been put up by the hangman remained shut. In front of this window was a piece of furniture, full of little drawers, some of which were missing. On this, beside a broken bottle and some dried flowers, stood one of these drawers full of plaster. It was the same plaster which had been used.

I opened at hazard another drawer, and found more plaster, with the imprints of fingers. The floor was littered with discoloured grass and dead leaves. A net was thrown into a corner on a heap of dust. Near the door, in an angle of a wall, was a shovel, the gardener's shovel probably, or the gravedigger's.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the body being nearly cold, the sheriff put Tapner in the coffin. They did not bury him. They did not go to the expense of a winding-sheet; they simply nailed him down with his clothes on. In Guernsey, the clothes of the deceased are his own property, not, as in London, the hangman's perquisite. At nightfall, ten or twelve persons only being present, they carried the coffin to the cemetery, where a grave had been dug in the morning.

"You must see everything," said the Provost; so we went out, and I followed him. We plunged into the poor thoroughfares, and arrived in a narrow, steep, angular street lined with hovels, at the corner of which I read, *Lemarchand Street*. The Provost left me, went down a dark alley, and came back with the key, which seemed larger than the key of the garden. An instant after we were in front of a great folding door.

My conductor opened this door, and we found ourselves in a sort of dark and lofty shed.

"Look up," said the Provost; "you have before you the gallows of Beasse."

This Béasse, who was hanged in 1830, was a Frenchman; he had been as a subaltern through the Spanish war of 1823 under the Duke d'Angoulême; then, becoming rich through a legacy or some other means, he retired to

Guernsey. There, with his income of 15,000 francs, he was a gentleman. He bought a fine house, and became a grandee. In the evening he played cards with the magistrate, M. Daniel Le Brocq.

When any one went to see Béasse he sometimes found a man working in his garden planting cuttings, grafting, destroying the caterpillars on the trees, straightening the espaliers. This gardener was the hangman. The hangman of Guernsey was a skilful horticulturist and shunned by all; man being unfriendly to him, he turned to Nature, and was no less skilful in the garden than on the gallows. Beasse, having no prejudices, employed him.

Béasse was therefore looked on with favour on account of his *pounds*, even by the haughty aristocracy of Guernsey, even by the *forty* and the *sixty*.

One day it was noticed that his servant was about to have a child. Then the symptom disappeared. What had become of the child? The neighbours were aroused; rumours were circulated. The police paid Béasse a visit; two constables came with a doctor. The doctor saw the servant, who was in bed; then the constables said to Béasse: "The woman has been confined. There was a child; we must find it." Béasse, who up to that moment had declared he did not know what they wanted, took a shovel, went into a corner of his garden, and began to dig furiously. One of the constables, thinking that he wished to give a blow with the spade to something which was buried, and afterwards pass the mark off as an accidental wound, took the spade himself and continued to dig more carefully. In a moment or so the child was

discovered. The poor little thing had one larding-pin buried in its mouth and another at the other end of the body. Béasse denied that he was the father of the child. He was tried, condemned to be hanged, and it was his friend the magistrate, Daniel Le Brocq, who read out to him his sentence of death.

His property was confiscated.

The Provost, after relating this horrible story, said: "Béasse was deficient in coolness. By going himself to dig up the ground where the body was, he ruined himself. He could easily have saved himself. He had only to say, 'The child was dead. I gave it to be buried to a beggar who was passing, and to whom I gave a louis. I don't know who he is, and I should not know him again.' No one could have proved the contrary. No one would have known what had become of the child, and he could not have been condemned, Guernsey being still ruled by the Norman custom, which insists on material proof—*corpus delicti*—before condemnation.

The Provost asked me: "Would you have maintained the inviolability of human life for Béasse as you did for Tapner?" "Unquestionably," I said. "This Tapner and this Béasse are scoundrels, but principles never assert their grandeur and beauty so well as when they defend those whom even pity does not defend."

At the time when Béasse was convicted, the Revolution of 1830 broke out. He then said to the same Mr. Martin now Provost: "I would rather be in France to be shot than in Guernsey to be hanged."

Here is a detail. The magistrate was a friend of his, and had to pronounce sentence on him; his gardener was

the hangman who executed him. The magistrate did not hesitate. But behind the gardener there was a man. Perhaps the gardener had lost the art of hanging. Perhaps his hands, after training roses and lilies, were incapable of making nooses. Perhaps quite honestly, this legalised slayer was kinder than the law, and was disinclined to stretch the neck of the man whose bread he had eaten. At any rate, the day after the sentence the hangman of Guernsey disappeared. He escaped in some smuggling cutter, and left Saint Peter's. They sought for him. They searched the island; but he never returned.

The matter had to be considered.

A man, an Englishman, was in prison for some offence or other. They offered him a pardon if he would become the executioner, and hang Béasse to begin with. Men call that a pardon. The prisoner accepted. Justice breathed again. It had foreseen the time when its death's-head would no longer have anything to devour, not that the upper jaw, the judge, would have failed, but because the lower jaw, the hangman, had disappeared.

The day of execution arrived.

Béasse was led to the gallows with the rope round his neck, through the streets on to the beach. He was the last who was subjected to this ceremonial of the gallows. On the scaffold, at the moment when the dreadful white cap was being pulled over his eyes, he turned towards the crowd, and as if he wished to leave a painful impression behind him, he threw at the spectators this phrase, which might be uttered by a criminal as well as by an innocent man: "*It is only crime that dishonours!*"

It was some time before the platform fell. It had no trap-door, and had to fall down entire. It was fastened to the planks at the extremities of the scaffold by cords which had to be cut on one side in order that it might disappear while remaining suspended on the other. The hangman, the pardoned prisoner, the same inexperienced wretch who, 35 years later, hanged Tapner, took an axe and cut the cord; but as he was nervous, he was a long time about it. The crowd murmured, and did not think of saving the culprit, though they nearly stoned the hangman.

I had this scaffold over my head.

I looked up as the Provost requested me to do.

The hut in which we were had a pointed roof, of which the woodwork inside was bare. Upon the beams of this roof, and immediately over our heads, were placed two long joists, which had been the supports of Béasse's gibbet. At the upper end of these could be seen the holes in which the cross-bar had been inserted, to which the cord was fastened. This bar had been taken out, and was lying with the joists. Towards the centre of these joist beams were nailed two wooden knobs, the projecting parts of which had served to support the platform of the gallows. These two beams, supported by the timber-work of the roof, themselves supported a massive, long, narrow plank, from the ends of which hung some ropes. This plank was the platform of the gibbet, and those cords were the same which the hangman had been so long cutting. Behind, could be perceived a kind of step-ladder, with flat wooden steps, lying near the platform. Béasse had ascended this. All this hideous

machine—supports, cross-beams, platform, ladder—was painted iron-grey, and seemed to have been used more than once. Rope marks could be seen on the beams here and there; two or three long ladders of ordinary make were leaning against the wall.

Near these ladders, in the left-hand corner from where we stood, the Provost showed me a kind of wooden lattice composed of a number of disused templets.

"What is that?" I asked him. "One would say it is a cage."—"It is a cage; it is the pillory," he replied. "It is fifteen or twenty years since they used to put that up in the market-place and expose criminals in it. It is now out of date."

Like the gallows of Béasse, this cage was painted a dark grey. Formerly, the cage was of iron, then it was made of wood and painted to look like iron, then it was done away with. That is, and will continue to be, the history of all the old penal systems.

Dust and darkness now cover this apparatus of terror. It rots in one of the dark corners of oblivion. Spiders have found this pillory cage a good place to spin their webs in and to catch flies.

The platform of the old gibbet having acted badly for Béasse, a new one was built expressly for Tapner. They adopted the English system of the trap, which opens under the victim. "An officer of the garrison invented for the opening of this trap a very ingenious contrivance," said the Provost, "and it was made use of."

I had come back to the scaffold of Béasse. Looking again at one of the ends of the cord, I could see the

grooves which the axe in the trembling hands of the hangman had made.

"Now, sir," said the Provost, "turn round."

He pointed out in the other compartment of the shed, also in the beams of the roof, a quantity of woodwork of the ruddy hue of the fir-tree. This was like a bundle of planks and beams thrown pell mell together, amongst which one could distinguish a long and heavy ladder with flat steps like the other, which appeared to me enormous. They were all clean, new, fresh and forbidding. It was the scaffold of Tapner.

It had not been thought necessary to paint it an iron colour. One could see the beams, one could distinguish the crossbeam, one could count the planks of the platform and the steps of the ladder. I was considering from the same point of view the ladder which had borne Béasse and the ladder which Tapner had mounted. I could not keep my eyes off those steps, which had been trodden by ghostly steps, and to which were added, farther than my mind's eye could reach, the sombre steps of the infinite.

The shed in which we were is composed of two buildings, the geometrical plan of which presents a right angle, in the form of a square or a gibbet. The opening of the square is occupied by a little triangular court which suggests the knife of the guillotine. Grass grows between the paving-stones. The rain was falling there—it was repulsive.

This funereal shed formerly served as a stable for the country magistrates when they came to sit in the town. One can still see the numbers on the boxes in which they stabled their horses while they were on the bench. I

stopped between the two posts marked 3 and 4. An old broken basket was lying on the ground at the bottom of the stall between the two posts; above this stall the largest beams of the gallows were stored.

"For whom do you keep them there?" I said to the Provost. "What is going to be done with them? This wood would keep a poor family warm during the whole winter."

Between the figures 3 and 4, one could perceive high up on the roof a startling object, the trap that opened under the feet of Tapner. One could see the bottom of it, the massive black bolt, the hinges that turned upon eternity, and the two black joists which united the planks. One also distinguished the ingenious mechanism of which the Provost had spoken. It is this too narrow trap which caused the death agony. The culprit could hang on by the elbows and remain suspended from the sides. It is scarcely three feet square, which is not sufficient space on account of the oscillations of the rope. However, the Provost explained that Tapner had been badly pinioned, so that he had been able to move his arms; if he had been better secured, he would have fallen straight and would not have moved. The guardian of the shed had entered and joined us while the Provost was speaking. When he had finished the man added: "Yes, it was the bad pinioning of Tapner that did the mischief, otherwise it would have been magnificent."

Coming out of the shed, the Provost begged to take leave of me, and Mr. Tyrrell offered to conduct me to the house of the plasterer who had taken a cast of Tapner. I accepted.

I knew so little as yet of the streets of the town, that they seemed to me like a labyrinth.

We traversed many of the high streets of Saint Peter Port, where grass grows, and went down a wide street which plunges into one of the four or five ravines by which the town is intersected. Opposite a house, before which grow two cypresses trimmed in the shape of cones, there is a stonemason's. We entered the yard. At first sight, one is struck by the number of crosses and tombstones standing in the passage or against the walls. A workman, alone in a shed, was cementing together some squares of earthenware. Mr. Tyrrell spoke to him in English. "Yes, sir," replied the workman, and he went to the planks in tiers at the end of the shed, searched among the plaster and the dust, and brought back in the one hand a mask, and in the other a head. These were the mask and head of Tapner. The mask had been coloured pink—the plaster of the head remained white. The mask had been modelled on the face with the whiskers and hair still clinging to it, then they had shaved the head and moulded it with the skull, the face and the neck bare. Tapner was famous in Guernsey as Lacenaire had been in Paris.

As the Provost had said, his face was strangely calm. It recalled to me, in a singular way, the admirable Hungarian violinist Reményi. The physiognomy was youthful and grave, the eyes shut as if in sleep, only a little foam, sufficiently thick for the plaster to have taken the impression, remained at the corner of the upper lip, which gave to the face, when regarded for a long while, a sort of ironical sneer. Although the elasticity

of the flesh made the neck at the moment of moulding very nearly the natural size, the mark of the cord was plainly visible, and the running knot, distinctly imprinted under the right ear, had left a hideous swelling.

I wanted to take this head. They sold it to me for three francs.

I had still to make the third stage in this thorny way, for crime has its own as well as virtue.

"Where is Tapner's grave?" I asked Tyrrell.

He made a gesture and walked on; I followed him.

At Guernsey, as in all English cities, the cemetery is in the town, in the midst of the streets. Behind the College, a massive building in English Gothic, which dominates the whole town, there is one of these cemeteries, the largest, perhaps, in Saint Peter Port. A street was cut through it in the early years of the century, and it is now in two parts. On the western side lie the Guernsey people, on the eastern side the strangers.

We passed along the street which separates the two cemeteries. This street, planted with trees, has scarcely any houses in it, and above the walls which border it, one can see tombstones upright or flat on either side.

Mr. Tyrrell showed me an open door on the right, and said to me: "It is here."

We passed through into the strangers' portion of the cemetery.

We found ourselves in a long parallelogram enclosed by walls, grass grown, in which some tombs are scattered. There was no rain, the grass was damp, and the long grey clouds were sweeping slowly along the sky.

As we entered we heard the sound of a pickaxe. The

noise ceased, and a living head and shoulders emerged from the ground at the end of the cemetery, and regarded us with astonishment.

It was the gravedigger digging a grave, and standing in it waist deep.

He ceased working when he saw us, not being accustomed to the entrance of living bodies, and being the host only of an hotel of the dead.

We went towards him across the tombs. He was a young man. There was behind him a stone already mossy, on which one could read:

To André Jasinski
16th June, 1844.

As we approached him, he resumed his work. When we reached the edge of the grave he looked up, saw us, and tapped the ground with his spade. The ground sounded hollow. The man said to us: "There is a dead body in my way there." Then we understood that he had come across an old grave in digging a new one.

Having said that, he, without waiting our reply, and as if he were talking less to us than to himself, bent down and began to dig once more without troubling himself any more about us. One might have supposed that his eyes were full of the darkness of the grave, and that he could see us no longer.

I spoke to him.

"Are you the man," I said, "who buried Tapner?"

He stood up and looked at me like a man trying to recall something to mind.

"Tapner?" said he.

"Yes."

"The fellow who was hanged?"

"Yes; did you bury him?"

"No," replied the man. "It was Mr. Morris, the manager of the cemetery. I am only a journeyman myself."

There seems to be a hierarchy amongst gravediggers.

I resumed:

"Can you point out the grave to me?"

"Whose grave?"

"Tapner's."

The man replied:

"Close to the other man who was hanged."

"Show me the place."

He stretched his arm out of the grave and indicated a spot near the gate by which we had entered, a grassy corner, about fifteen paces square, where there were no stones. The tombstones which filled the cemetery extended to the borders of this funereal square, and stopped as if there were a barrier there insurmountable even to death. The nearest stone backed against the wall of the street bore this epitaph, below which one might read four lines in English, hidden by bushes:

To the
Memory of
AMELIA,
daughter
of JOHN and MARY WINNECOMBE.

I entered the solitary square which the gravedigger pointed out. I advanced slowly, my gaze bent on

the ground. Suddenly I felt under my feet a mound, which I had not seen because of the length of the grass. This was where they had buried Tapner.

Tapner's grave is very near the entrance to the cemetery, at the foot of a small hut where the grave-diggers leave their spades and pickaxes. This hut stands against the gable-end of a large building, at the side of which its lofty door opens. The wall which skirts the square in which Tapner is buried has a projecting top, under which are suspended four or five ladders, fastened with chains and padlocked. At the spot where the ladders cease the tombs commence. Benediction and malediction are side by side in the cemetery, but they do not mingle. Near the shed one distinguishes another mound, more elongated, and not so prominent as that of Tapner. This is where Béasse is buried.

I spoke to the gravedigger.

"Do you know where the hangman lives who hanged Tapner?"

"The hangman is dead," he replied.

"When did he die?"

"Three months after Tapner."

"Did you bury him?"

"No."

"Is he here?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do not know."

I snatched a handful of grass from the grave of Tapner, put it in my pocket-book, and came away.

1871.

1st October.

I WENT to see M. Thiers for Rochefort. At half-past twelve departure for Versailles. In the train a man with yellow gloves seemed to recognise me, and looked at me angrily.

Arrival at Versailles at half-past one. Rain and sunshine. At two o'clock I entered the Prefecture, where M. Thiers lives. I was conducted into a room draped with crimson silk.

A moment afterwards, Thiers entered. He held out his hand, and I took it. He led me through corridors and staircases to a secluded apartment where he had a small fire lighted. We conversed. The interview was a long one and was somewhat cordial. I congratulated him on what he had done for the liberation of the territory, and added: "But there is a great gulf between my opinion and yours. Between us there are dissensions in which you remain firm, and so do I; but a mutual examination of conscience is possible. The so-called Commission for Pardons is so ferocious that we cannot hope for any official commutation for Rochefort, but in default of that we may have a commutation in fact." This is what I obtained from Thiers for Rochefort.

Rochefort will not be sent away yet. He will undergo

his punishment in a French fortress. I objected to a fortress, to Belle Isle, to Mont Saint-Michel.

Thiers said to me: "I will bear your wish in mind; I will do more." I declared in favour of Nice. Rochefort will be able to see his family as much as he pleases. So, as he must live, he will be able to write the history of Napoleon III. as he wishes to do, and then in six or seven months the amnesty will come and he will be free.

I should add that Thiers went a good deal into details. Notably he described to me the private scenes in the Assembly and in the councils of war, and his conversation with the Emperor of Austria about the Emperor of Germany, whom the Emperor of Austria calls "my uncle." Suddenly he stopped and remarked: "I have said too much." Then continuing, he said: "No; I know what an honest man I have to deal with," and I told him he might rest assured. For this reason I do not relate the conversation more in detail.

He said: "I am like you, a conquered man with the air of a conqueror. I, like yourself, am in the midst of a whirlwind of abuse. A hundred journals drag my name in the gutter every morning, but I do not read them." I replied: "That is precisely my case, and," I added, "to read diatribes is to breathe the decomposition of one's reputation." He laughed and shook hands with me.

I called his attention to the atrocities already committed, and I recommended him not to execute any of the condemned.

I begged that he would muzzle those people in epaulets. I insisted on an amnesty, and he replied: "I am only a poor devil of a dictator in a black coat."

The interview began at a quarter-past two and lasted until half-past three.

At four o'clock I started for Paris.

In the train were two young officers fresh from Saint-Cyr, and a young woman with a young man, probably her husband. She was reading a paper, the *Éclipse*, in which was a caricature of Henry V. by Gill. I was looking at Sèvres and the woods of Meudon. Suddenly the young woman pointed to a line in the paper, and said: "Ah! very good, Victor Hugo." "Take care," said the young man, "he is there." And he pointed me out discreetly. The young woman took my hat, which was in the rack, kissed the crape upon it, and then she said to me:

"You have suffered greatly, sir. Continue to defend the vanquished." Then she wept.

I kissed her hand. She was a charming creature, and had beautiful eyes.

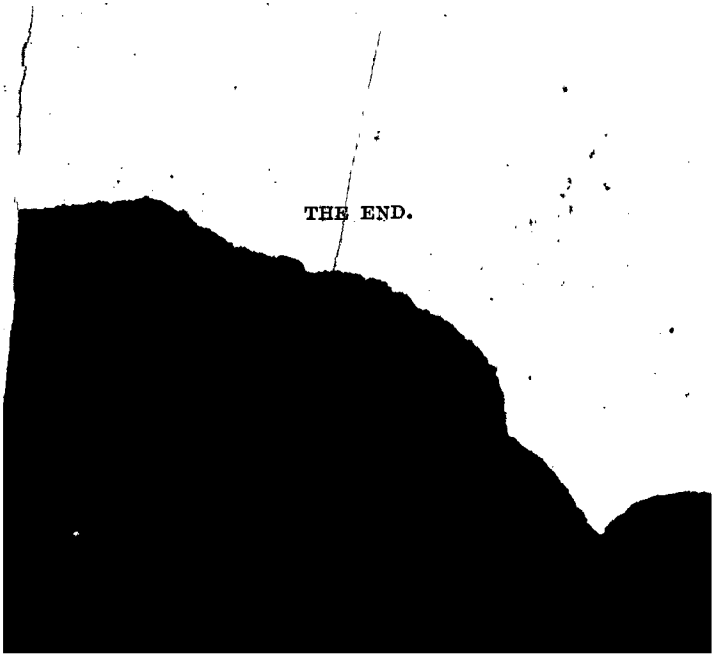
I assisted her to descend from the train at Paris, and after saluting her, we went our way in opposite directions and mixed with the crowd.

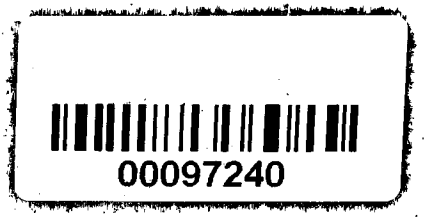
1875.

31st December.

I HAVE had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and according to the changes and chances of destiny, I have received in my house, sometimes in intimacy: of chancellors, peers, dukes, Pasquier, Pontécoulant, Montalembert, Bellune, and of great men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Chateaubriand; of Presidents of the Republic, Manin; of leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Héliade; of leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Microslawski; of artists, Rossini, David D'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugène Delacroix; of Marshals, Soult, Mackau; of Sergeants, Boni, Heurtebise; of Bishops, the Cardinal of Besançon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and of comedians, Frederick-Lemaître, Mdlle. Rachel, Mdlle. Mars, Mdme. Dorval, Macready; of Ministers and Ambassadors, Moli, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; of Princes, Imperial and Royal Highnesses and plain Highnesses, the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis, Charles, Pierre, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of Kings and Emperors, Jerôme of

Westphalia, Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of street conjurors, Bourillon. I have sometimes had at one and the same time in my two hands the gloved and white hand of the upper class, and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognised that there is but one man. After all these have passed before me, I say that Humanity has a synonym—Equality; and that under Heaven there is but one thing that one should bow to—Genius; and but one thing that one should kneel to—Goodness.




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